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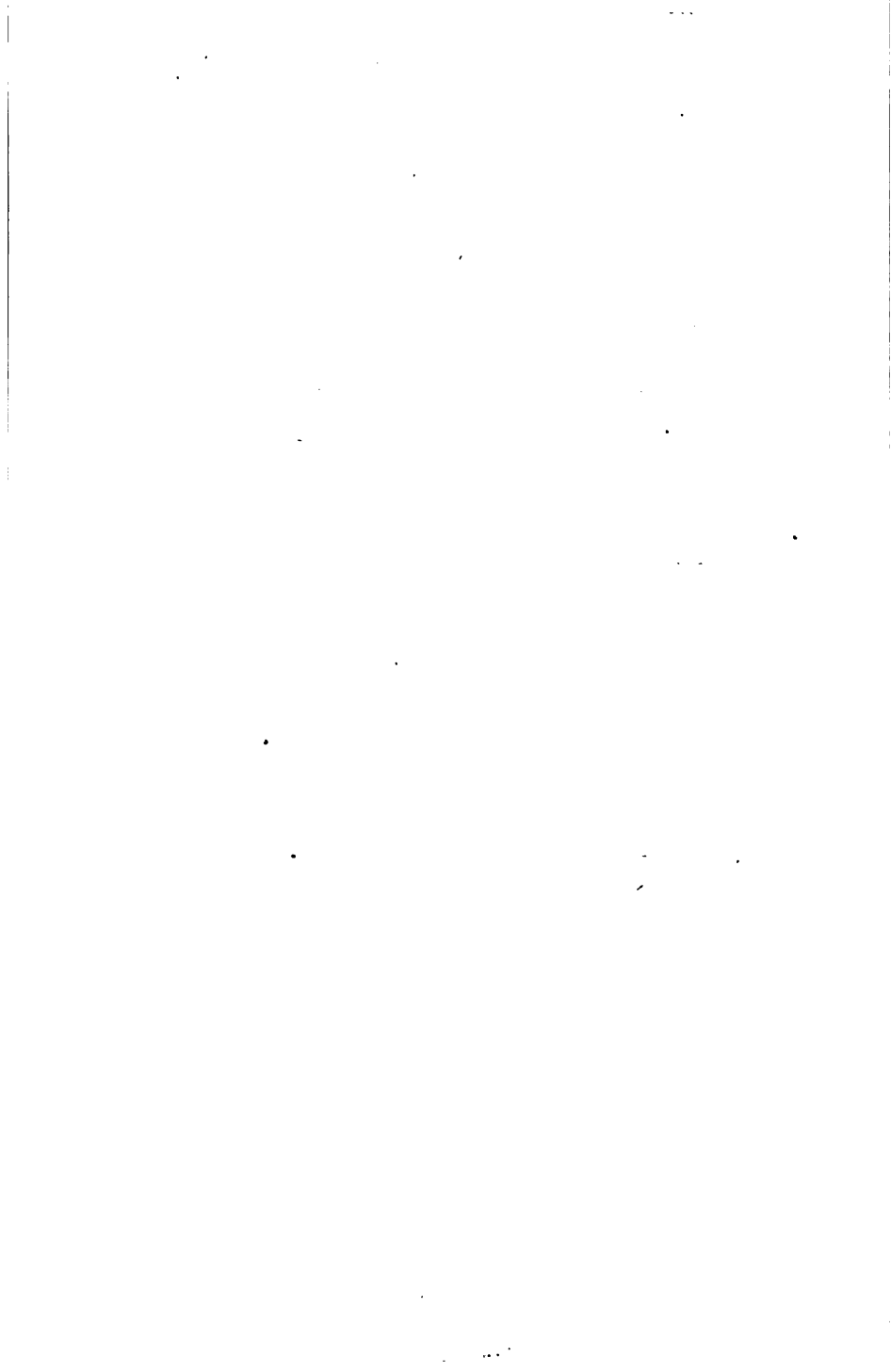


THE BEQUEST OF
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Class of 1891

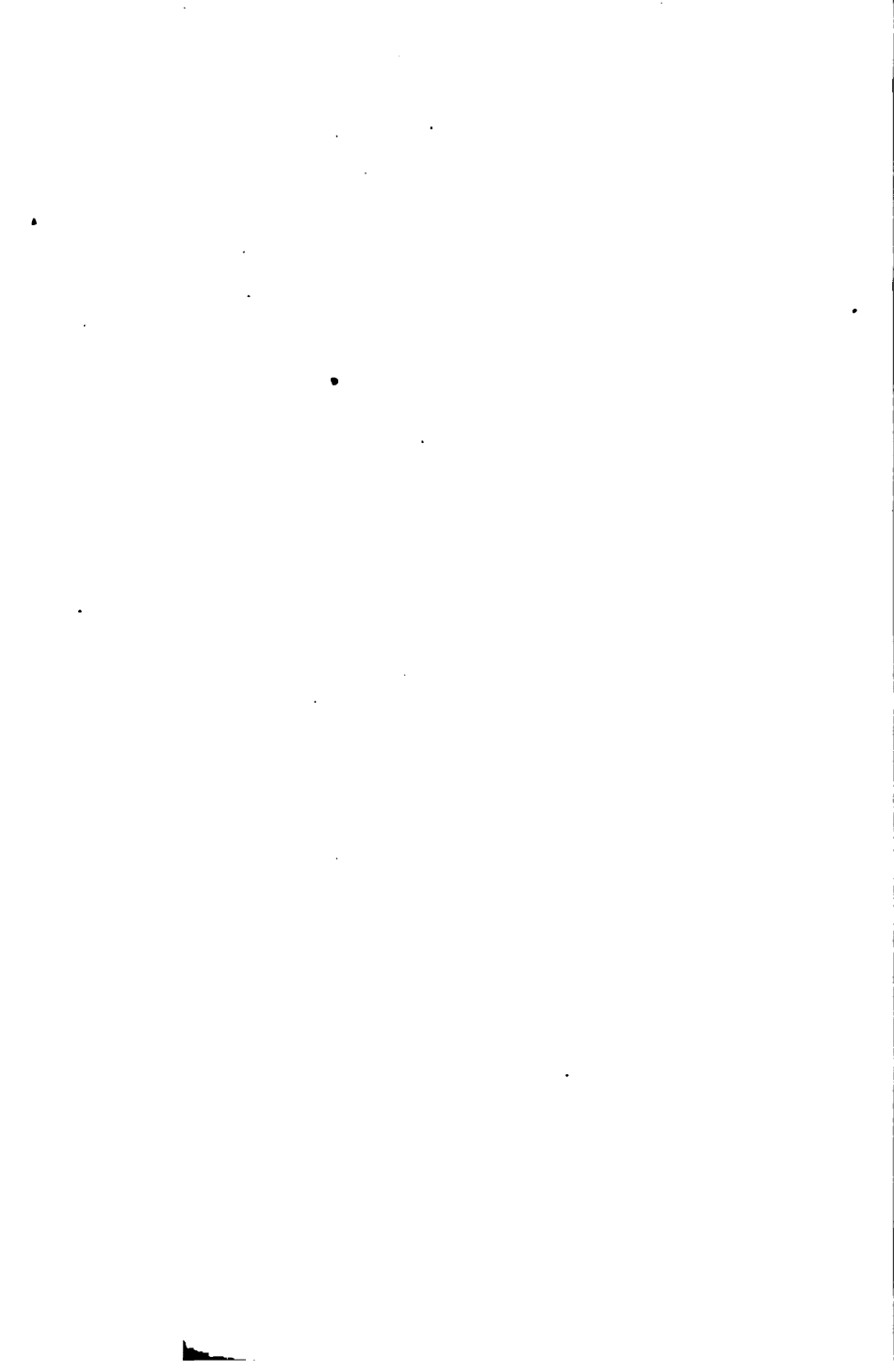
JUNE 1, 1923





B. S. Walcott.

1876.







David Scott Buchanan

Head of the "Scott and Buchanan" Affair

*Engraved by the Hon. John Buchanan, Esq. of the
Scott and Buchanan, Esq. of the*





FIFTY YEARS



OF MY LIFE

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FIFTY YEARS

OF

MY LIFE

BY

GEORGE THOMAS, EARL OF ALBEMARLE



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1876

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Request of
Arthur Stuart Walcott

PREFATORY.

FOR some years past my wife and children have been asking me to give some account of the race from which I spring, and of myself, its living representative. A compliance with the first part of the request presented no great difficulty—the materials were at hand, and only wanted putting together.¹ To do the rest of the bidding—to become the hero of my own tale—has not proved so easy a matter ; for although I have “seen much of the world,” literally and figuratively, it has not been my wont, as my family well know, to commit to writing my thoughts on things seen, heard, or done. On two occasions, it is true, I kept regular diaries, but these had reference to journeys which lay out of the ordinary track of travellers, and have already been laid before the public.² I was set, as it were, to furnish the “tale of bricks” without any allowance of straw. Shrinking from the task, I used to put off my importuners with, “Wait till I am seventy, and then—perhaps ” a phrase intending a postponement of the un-

¹ The result is the Appendix of this edition.

² Keppel's “Overland Journey from India, 1827,” Keppel's “Journey across the Balkan, 1831.”

dertaking to the Greek Kalends ; but when, contrary to expectation, I reached the Psalmist's standard of longevity, I was left without an excuse for at least not attempting to fulfil the implied promise. From that time forth, therefore, I have been in the habit of making notes of occurrences as they suggested themselves to a tolerably retentive memory, and of throwing my jottings into a box. The contents of that box will be found embodied in the following pages.

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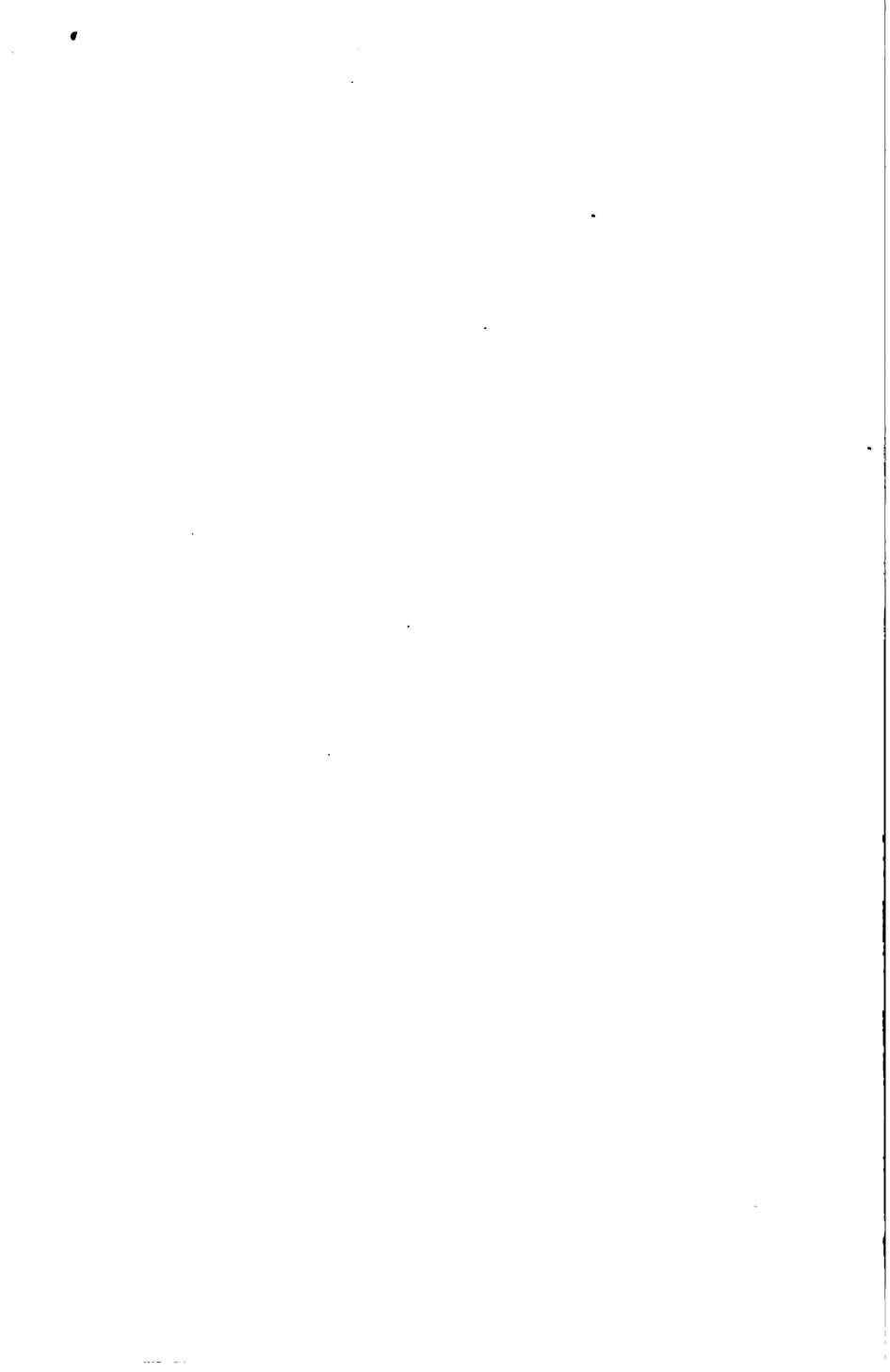
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FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

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ON the fly leaf of a family Bible is the following record, in my father’s handwriting, of the first important event of my life :—

“George Thomas Keppel,* born y^e 13 June 1799, christened by the Rev. — Croft, July y^e 7, 1799, in the Parish of Marylebone.”

My earliest childhood was passed principally at Elden Hall, Suffolk : an estate bequeathed to my father by Admiral Viscount Keppel. Charles Fox, the statesman, who was in the habit of shooting there, both in my uncle’s and father’s time, used to speak of Elden as the best sporting manor for its size in the kingdom. The property has passed out of the family ; it is now the residence of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and its fame as a preserve has suffered no diminution in the hands of its present princely owner.

My memory carries me back to a very early period. I have a distinct recollection of the dress and personal appearance of

* For an account of the Keppel family, of which the Earls of Albemarle are members, see Appendix.

my eldest brother William, who died upwards of seventy years ago (1804) in consequence, as was believed in the family, of ill treatment at Harrow School.

Equally present to my mind's eye with my brother's form is that of the starch little governess who taught me my letters. How well I remember when one day she was directing my attention, pin in hand, to some such letters as c, a, t, cat, and my forefinger came in contact with the point, how the smart, the sight of the blood and the sense of injury called forth a flood of tears ; how the little lady raised her hands and eyes in affected astonishment that a nephew of THE Admiral should cry at the prick of a pin. Her voice and manner led me to resolve for the future, better to sustain the credit of the family, but my powers of endurance were put to a sore proof by a pretty nursery maid, Sally Martindale by name. Cruelty is proverbially the attendant of beauty, but Sally's attribute was not of that nature of which lovers complain ; it was not so much the hardness of her heart, as of her hand, that has left its mark on my memory.

Although my father was one of the most good-natured of men, it never entered his head to check the severe discipline carried on in the nursery. He was born in an age when the *pater-familias* was not wont to spoil the child by a too sparing use of the rod. The coercive system had the sanction and the example of the first man in the realm. In the matter of chastisement George the Third gave a *carte blanche* to the persons charged with the education of the young princes. The Duke of Sussex, in whose household I was some years an equerry, used frequently to speak of the barbarous treatment which the Duke of Kent and he experienced from their pedagogue ; and it is on record that the sub-governor of the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick (Duke of York), a clergyman of the name of Arnald (a very different man from the Arnold of Rugby celebrity), exercised his discretionary power so *indiscreetly*, that his pupils one day rose against their tormentor, and he, in turn, became the *floggee*.*

* "Georgian Æra of Eminent Persons." Vol. i. p. 105, 106.

Four miles distant from Elden is Euston Park, the residence in my young days, of Augustus Henry, the third, or, as he was popularly called, the "Junius" Duke of Grafton. As I was twelve years old before he died I had frequent opportunities of seeing so near a neighbor. Once seen he was not easily forgotten. Not that I would pretend to any personal acquaintance with this formidable individual, for he had no liking for children, and when my mother took me to lunch with the ladies at Euston, if the Duke happened to enter at one door, I was always smuggled out at the other. It was while fishing sometimes for roach and dace in the stream that runs through the Park, that I used to see an elderly gentleman pass by mounted on a thorough-bred horse, which he bestrode with much grace and dignity. He was of low stature and spare figure, had lank silver hair, a long nose, high cheek-bones and a stern expression of countenance, which a picture of him at Euston forcibly recalls to me. He was usually habited in a peach-colored, single-breasted coat extending below the knee, leather breeches, and long topless boots, then only worn by bishops and butchers. On his head was a small gold-laced three-cornered hat—this whole style of dress he might almost have worn when he was Lord of the Bedchamber to George the Third's father, Frederick Prince of Wales.

The Duke was a keen sportsman, and in his autobiography takes himself to task for liking hunting better than politics. His principal kennel was in Northamptonshire, but he used to bring his hounds to Euston for a part of every season. He had a great aversion to our broad ditches with their honeycombed banks, and used to call them "Suffolk graves." Indeed the whole country is a mere rabbit warren, and still goes by the name of the holey (holy) land.

In the field the Junius Duke was a strict disciplinarian. Woe betide the wight who uttered a sound when the pack was making a cast. His nephew, General William Fitzroy, told me that on one of these occasions an old gentleman happened to cough; the Duke rode up to him, and taking off his gold-laced hat, said to him, in a voice in which politeness and

passion strove for the mastery, "Sir, I wish to heaven your cold was better."

But although of an irascible temper and a somewhat cold and repulsive exterior, the Duke was capable of warm and lasting friendships. With the Keppel family (my generation excepted) he lived on terms of great cordiality. It will be seen by the memoir of his life, to which I have already alluded, that some hundred and thirty years ago, he was a guest of William Anne, Lord Albemarle, then Ambassador at Paris.

But it was with this Lord Albemarle's second son, and his own near neighbor, Admiral Keppel, that the Duke was best acquainted. Although both professed the common name of Whig, they were, as not unfrequently happened in those days, diametrically opposed to each other in politics, yet this difference of opinion never for one moment marred their private friendship. Evidence of this feeling pervades the autobiography in which the name of the Admiral is always mentioned with honor and regard.

A few extracts from the MS. while affording evidence of the estimation in which the writer held his neighbor, will show also the opinion of a distinguished statesman upon a subject that crops up from time to time—the description of person to whom the direction of naval affairs in this country ought to be consigned.

Speaking of 1770, soon after he had resigned the post of First Lord of the Treasury, the Duke writes :—

"There was a strong belief about this time that I was invited to become First Lord of the Admiralty and in the opinion of many it was thought that I was particularly desirous of holding that office. Having gone so far I will not close the subject (very uninteresting to any but my own friends) without mentioning my real sentiments. I was always strongly of opinion that a naval officer should preside at the head of the Admiralty. Any other could never know enough to answer satisfactorily to the incessant questions which must be necessarily put to him by a cabinet composed of landmen. In such cases, what can the first Lord do but run out to get the information from others, who, in consequence, must be let into the secret of what is passing, the knowledge of which ought to be confined as much

as possible to the cabinet alone? Admiral Keppel and Lord Howe were, as men and officers, well qualified for the station, though probably Mr. Keppel would have declined it, as he was much connected with Lord Rockingham and his friends who were hostile to the Ministry."

The Duke reverts to the subject in 1782 when he and his friend had become members of the same Cabinet, the one as Lord Privy Seal and the other, who had just been created Viscount Keppel, as first Lord of the Admiralty.

England was then at war with France and Spain.

"Great was the anxiety of the public on the perilous state of Gibraltar, against which a force so very formidable had been collected both by sea and land. The enemy thought they were marching down to certain conquest, and the French Princes of the Blood came in order to be eyewitnesses of the downfall of this mighty fortress. . . . At Paris nothing could be admitted as fashionable which was not '*a la Gibraltar*.' The ladies' dresses were entirely so, and their very fans represented on one side '*Gibraltar comme il était*,' on the other were so constructed as to fall to pieces in order to exhibit '*Gibraltar comme il est*.' . . .

"Before the arrival of General Elliot's account of the glorious defence of Gibraltar, a Cabinet was summoned to take into consideration the most effectual means for the relief of that important fortress. I was alone with Lord Keppel some time, and he opened to me the plan of operations he had prepared, and which appeared to me to be entitled to great applause, for none could be more rational or simple, or better calculated to answer the different services; and I may say that whenever I have related the detail of this business, it always conveyed to those present a high idea of Lord Keppel's naval character, with a strong conviction of the great utility of placing a seaman at the head of the Admiralty.

"On Lord Thurlow's coming into the room where we were all assembled, he asked, in his blunt manner, where was the man who could point out the means to save Gibraltar? Lord Keppel answered to the Chancellor and to us that he certainly had a plan prepared for our consideration and approval, which he would proceed to open to the Cabinet. But he

expressed his concern that he was obliged to state to them another service as pressing and equally necessary as the Relief of Gibraltar, namely, to get the Baltic Fleet safe into our ports."

After giving in detail the deliberations of the Cabinet, the Duke continues:—

"We were all so well pleased with the relief which Lord Keppel had given to our minds that, after a few questions to indulge the curiosity of us landsmen, we assured him we concurred most cordially with every part of his scheme. He then acquainted us that Mr. Stephens with two Lords of the Admiralty were waiting to sign the instructions, which should go into no other hands in order to greater secrecy. We undertook to assure His Majesty the absolute necessity for the service that the whole plan should be put into motion instantly.

"The wisest of human schemes are under superior control, and the present well-digested plan must have been deferred at least, had the wind come about too soon; but all was propitious, and gave just time to the officer commanding at Bergen to receive his orders and execute them instantly with success."

One of my first friendships, begun in the Elden nursery, continued till after I had passed my climacteric, and then only ended by death, was the late Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist. He was born in 1764, and lived to be upwards of ninety. His father was Staff-Surgeon to George III., his mother my father's aunt, Lady Caroline Keppel.

His name calls up the image of a tall, thin man, with a sallow complexion and a melancholy cast of features, who was known in the family as the "knight of the woeful countenance." Like his cousins, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Albemarle,* he wore his hair *à la guillotine*, that is to say, he kept it cut short, and had neither powder nor pigtail. This *coiffure* derived its name from a practice of the French Royalists who, during the Reign of Terror, being liable to be

* Elizabeth, Marchioness of Tavistock, mother of the Duke of Bedford, and Lady Caroline Adair, were sisters of George, Lord Albemarle.

summoned suddenly from their cells to the scaffold, cut off their *queues* in prison to prevent the executioner from performing that office for them. As the fashion in England was mainly adopted by members of the Whig party, their political opponents affected to believe it was a symbol of their sympathy with *sans culotterie*. It is in this sense that Adair figures in the "Anti-Jacobin." In "A Bit of an Ode to Fox," he is described as undergoing the metamorphosis of a goose, and is thus made to address his political chief :—

"I feel the growing down descends
Like goose-skin to my fingers' ends ;
Each nail becomes a feather.
My cropped head waves with sudden plumes,
Which erst (like Bedford's and his grooms)
Unpowdered braves the weather."

Adair took early to politics. At six years old, in the Wilkes and Liberty riots, he broke his father's windows,—because he was a placeman.

Like most of his mother's male relations, he was sent to Westminster School ; and with a view to his future profession of diplomatist, finished his education at the University of Gottingen. On his return to England he became a constant guest of his uncle, Lord Keppel, and was staying at Elden when the Whigs came in for their short tenure of office in 1782. In the autumn of that same year, he went over to Euston to shoot pheasants in Fakenham wood. He there first became acquainted with his celebrated cousin, Charles James Fox. That most good-natured of men, seeing a shy youth, whom nobody knew or noticed, did all in his power to set him at his ease. "Well, young 'un," said Fox, "where do you spring from?" "From Gottingen," was the reply. "Not much shooting there, I suppose?" "Oh yes, we used to shoot foxes." "Hush!" said Fox ; "never pronounce that word again, at least in this house, for if the Duke were to hear that you had ever killed one of my namesakes, he would swear it belonged to Fakenham wood."

In order to acquire a knowledge of continental politics,

Adair, after making the tour of Europe, took up his residence for a time at St. Petersburg. Bishop Tomline in his "Life of Pitt," asserts that he went to the Russian capital on a political mission from Fox, then a member of the Opposition. The statement was untrue, and although it met with a strenuous denial, it furnished another stanza to the "Bit of an Ode," at Adair's expense still in his character of goose.

" I mount, I mount into the sky
Sweet bird, to Petersburg I fly,
Or if you bid, to Paris.
Fresh missions of the *Fox and Goose*
Successful treaties may produce,
Though Pitt in all miscarries."

While in the Russian capital Adair was presented to the Empress Catherine. He does not seem to have been favorably impressed with the personal appearance of that famous princess, whom he used to describe to me as vulgar-looking and shabbily dressed.

Adair once accompanied Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador, to a dinner which Her Imperial Majesty gave at Tzarskeselo. The hour of the meal was at three in the afternoon. After dinner the guests lounged about the gardens till sunset. One of the ladies of the company wishing to show her friends an ornamental box which lay on her toilet table, a general officer sent his aide-de-camp to bring it down. Unfortunately for the young man he fetched the wrong one. Whereupon his chief began boxing his ears and pulling his hair. The aide-de-camp fell upon his knees and implored pardon for his blunder; but the general was implacable, and kicked him while in the posture of supplication. "This is not a scene for Englishmen to witness," said Lord Whitworth, significantly, and he and Adair each turned upon his heel.

The acquaintance between Fox and Adair, begun at the Euston *battue*, soon ripened into friendship. In 1788 there was the prospect of a change of ministry in consequence of the King's illness. It had been Fox's intention to make Adair his Under Secretary in the Foreign Office, and when the great

Whig leader came into power in 1806 he sent him ambassador to Vienna. Such confidence did Fox place in Adair, that upon his going to him for instructions, he received for answer, "I have none to give you. Go to Vienna and send me yours."

The Austrian aristocrats, aware of the profession of Adair's father, complained that he was not of sufficient rank to be accredited to their court, "Que voulez vous?" said a pretended apologist; "c'est le fils du plus grand *Saigneur* (Seigneur) d'Angleterre."

An early effusion of his pen was a defence of his cousin, the Duke of Bedford, against Burke's attack upon him in his celebrated "Letter to a Noble Lord." He was also a contributor to the *Rolliad*, and other satirical Whig publications. Sir Gilbert Elliot speaks of him as "a young man who wrote in the probationary odes, and is a great buff and blue squib maker."

It was this literary partisanship which brought down upon him the hostility of the "Anti-Jacobin." Canning, the principal contributor, made Adair the chief butt against which he directed his shafts.

Throughout life my kinsman was an enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex, which he generally "loved not wisely but too well." Canning seized upon this foible in his character, and in the "Rovers," Adair figures as the captive in the dungeon in which he has been immured eleven years and fifteen days, and sings to the guitar his reminiscences of his college life and his college love :—

"This faded form, this pallid hue,
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many—They were few
When first I entered at the U-
-NIVERSITY of *Göttingen*.

"There, first for thee, my passion grew
Sweet Matilda Pottingen;
Thou wast the daughter of my Tū-
TOR, Law Professor of the U-
-NIVERSITY of *Göttingen*."

Besides the squib of the "Fox and Goose," we have the "Translation of a letter in oriental characters from Bawba-Dara-Adul-phoolah, Dragoman to the Expedition to Neek-Awl-Aretched-kooez" (Bob Adair a dull fool to Nicholl* a wretched quiz).

In 1808, Canning became Foreign Secretary. England was at war with all Europe. It was expedient to make peace with Turkey. The unwise passage of a British fleet up the Dardanelles and its disastrous return through the same straits had thrown obstacles in the way of pacific proposals. The services of a skilful diplomatist were wanting, no person of sufficient ability for such a post was to be found among the Tory supporters of the Government. Secretary Canning was obliged to seek for such a man in the Whig camp, and whom should he pitch upon but—"Bob Adair, the dull fool."

Before Adair accepted the appointment he consulted his political friends. He was then member for Camelford, a nomination Borough of the Duke of Bedford's, to whom he thus wrote :—

"June 2, 1808.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"As it appears to be your opinion that I ought to accept the proposal made to me by Mr. Canning on my return, and which, as I explained it to you at the time, arose out of my letter to him at Malta; I think it right, in conformity with those principles of publick conduct which have invariably guided me, to request that you would dispose of my seat in Parliament. Of my steady and inviolable fidelity to those principles it will be needless to assure you. It is equally true (and on this point I am anxious to do the fullest justice to Mr. Canning's liberality) that there is nothing in the sort of duty I am about to execute which can alter my political connections; but it is no less clear that I ought not to retain a situation which my absence will, for a time, necessarily render inefficient. It would great-

* Mr. John Nicholl was member for Tregony. A hostile writer describes him as blind of one eye, altogether ugly, his delivery ungraceful, and his action much too vehement.

ly grieve me were any act of mine to have the effect of weakening, even by the suspension of a single vote, the efforts of a party in the consolidation of whose strength, and in the prevalence of whose principles this country, in my opinion, can alone hope for salvation. I say this without any exception or reserve ; but I am perhaps more particularly induced to say it from the circumstances of my not having been able to take my seat on the 25th, in time enough to support the Catholick Petition. I should be sorry, very sorry indeed, that my vote were neutralized in any further discussion of the Catholick claims.

“ I am, my dear Duke,

“ &c., &c.,

“ R. ADAIR.”

The Duke writes in answer :—

“ STANHOPE STREET, *June 5, 1808.*

“ DEAR ADAIR,

“ I called upon you yesterday to answer verbally your letter, and to explain to you the reasons which must induce me to decline the request you make me, to dispose of your seat in Parliament. I perfectly understand the feelings which have urged you to make this offer, and I never could for a single moment allow myself to doubt your steady and unvarying attachment to those principles upon which we have uniformly acted together through life, and which ought now to be more than ever dear to us, from the irreparable loss we have sustained by the death of him, who was the invigorating soul of those principles ; but under all the circumstances attending your acceptance of the offer made you by Mr. Canning, arising out of your communication to him from Malta, I must entreat of you to retain your seat in Parliament. The length of your stay abroad is of course very uncertain, from the nature of the mission, and as I should at all events restore you on your return to that seat which you had temporarily vacated, it would subject me to frequent elections at Camelford, an inconvenience which I must at all times wish to avoid : moreover,

the electors of the Borough have retained an attachment to you, from the circumstance of your having been the means of bringing about that spirit of harmony and confidence subsisting between them and me which would make them very reluctant to see the seat filled by any one but yourself. These are the motives which urge me to reject your proposal. I repeat that I have the fullest confidence in the zeal and steadiness of your publick principles, and, as I have before told you, your acceptance of the mission now entrusted to you, has under all its accompanying circumstances, my entire and unqualified approbation.

“ Ever yours truly and affectionately,

“ BEDFORD.”

“ I accepted the mission,” says Adair in his narrative of this embassy, “ under an express agreement, that after having made the peace, I should be at liberty to return home, and resume my seat on the Opposition benches of the House of Commons.” *

Among the principal events of 1831 were the proceedings consequent upon the separation of Belgium from Holland and the election of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the throne of the newly established kingdom. On the 3rd of August (it was my wedding day) intelligence reached England that the Prince of Orange was about to enter Flanders at the head of a Dutch army to resist the dismemberment of his father's dominions, while France was supporting the pretensions of Belgium with an army of 50,000 men. Sir Robert was sent out as Ambassador Extraordinary to prevent a collision between the parties. He was present at the wedding breakfast given by my father-in-law, Sir Coutts Trotter, at his villa at Brandsbury, and immediately after set out for Belgium. He arrived not a moment too soon. The Prince of Orange was besieging King Leopold at Liége. His first visit was to Leopold, whom he had frequently met at Holkham. His Majesty was paring his nails when he entered. Adair tried hard to extort from him

* Sir Robert Adair's *Mission to Constantinople*, preface, p. xxi.

some concession. "My good friend," said Leopold, with one of those calm good-natured smiles which all who knew him must so well remember, "I have just been elected a King. You can hardly expect that I should make my abdication the first act of my reign." Thus rebuffed the Ambassador proceeded to the hostile camp. Seizing a soldier's ramrod, he tied his handkerchief to it, and flourished it over his head. His improvised flag of truce was not respected: probably it was not understood, for, as he said in a letter to Mr. Coke, "I was shot at like a Holkham rabbit." He at length obtained access to the Prince of Orange, whom for a long time he found equally obdurate—at length he obtained from him a cessation of hostilities forty-eight hours. An armistice ensued. Adair's last stroke of diplomacy was to save Europe from the calamity of a general war.

Another annual guest at Elden was my father's first cousin—William Keppel, who afterwards became a full General, Colonel of the 67th Regiment, a Privy Councillor, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and Equerry to George the Fourth, in whose good graces he held a high place. Sir William is associated in my mind as the bestower upon me of my first school-boy "*tip*," to wit, a bright half-guinea; and as the last wearer of a pigtail that I ever remember to have seen. "Keppel," once said the Duke of York to him, pointing to the hirsute ornament, "why don't you get rid of that old-fashioned tail of yours?" "From the feeling," was the reply, "that actuates your Royal Highness in weightier matters—the dislike to part with an old friend."

The name of Sir William recalls to remembrance a brother Knight and one of his oldest friends, the late Sir David Dundas. This officer had served under my grandfather at the reduction of the Havannah, and succeeded to the chief command of the army during the temporary retirement of the Duke of York. Sir William told me that being one day at the Horse Guards, the Duke expressed a wish to know whether he or Sir David were the tallest. The ex-Commander-in-Chief and the Commander-in-Chief elect stood back to back. Sir William, who measured them, declared they were exactly of

a height. When the Duke retired, Keppel asked Dundas why he did not keep his head still while under the process of measuring. "Well, man," was the reply of the wily Scotchman, "how should I just know whether His Royal Highness would like to be a little shorter or a little taller?"

CHAPTER II.

1805.

The threatened invasion.—The Dowager Lady de Clifford.—My introduction to George, Prince of Wales.—My first school.—“ALL THE TALENTS” administration.—My father appointed Master of the King’s Buckhounds.—Visit to Charles Fox.—Anecdotes of Fox.—The Prince of Wales at “Red Barnes.”—The old “Pavilion.”—Chairing of Sir Francis Burdett.

I HAVE some vague recollection of the alarm produced by the avowed intention of Napoleon to invade England, and it was of a nature to find its way even into an English nursery. A flotilla capable of conveying 150,000 men and the *matériel* for such a force were visible to the naked eye of any one standing on the Kentish coast.

Like other children of my day, I was often frightened into submission by the cry of “Boney’s coming”—a threat which in any dark and foggy night might have become a reality. Snatches of song relating to the invasion still float unbidden on my memory. How they came there except by hearing them in the nursery I cannot divine. One of them began somewhat thus :—

“Folks tell us that the French are coming to invade us,
I think that they’ll repent of the visit they’ll have paid us ;
For their broad-bottomed boats I have a mighty notion
We very soon shall sink them to the bottom of the ocean.”

In the summer of 1805, my mother took me with her to London where she became the guest of her mother, the Dowager Lady de Clifford, who had recently been appointed governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

Of that dear old lady I shall have frequently occasion to speak. All I will say of her at present is that she lived at No. 9 South Audley Street, within a stone’s throw of Mrs.

Fitzherbert, the wife, as far as the laws of the Church could make her so, of George, Prince of Wales.

But my visits to No. 6 Tilney Street were less intended for the mistress of the mansion than for a little lady of my own age, who even then gave promise of those personal and mental attractions of which she became so distinguished in after life. This was Miss Mary Georgiana, or as she was called by her friends, "Minnie" Seymour, afterwards the wife of Colonel the Hon. George Dawson Damer. She was daughter of Lord Hugh and Lady Horatio Seymour, who, dying nearly at the same time, appointed Mrs. Fitzherbert the guardian of their orphan child.

By my little hostess, I had the honor of being presented to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth. His appearance and manners were both of a nature to produce a lively impression on the mind of a child—a merry, good-humored man, tall, though somewhat portly in stature, in the prime of life, with laughing eyes, pouting lips, and nose which very slightly turned up, gave a peculiar poignancy to the expression of his face. He wore a well powdered wig, adorned with a profusion of curls which in my innocence I believed to be his own hair, as I did a very large pigtail appended thereto. His clothes fitted him like a glove, his coat was single-breasted and buttoned up to the chin. His nether garments were leather pantaloons and Hessian boots. Round his throat was a huge white neckcloth of many folds, out of which his chin seemed to be always struggling to emerge.

No sooner was his Royal Highness seated in his arm-chair than my young companion would jump up on one of his knees to which she seemed to claim a prescriptive right. Straightway would arise an animated talk between "Prinny and Minnie," as they respectively called each other. As my father was in high favor with the Prince at this time, I was occasionally admitted to the spare knee and to a share in the conversation, if conversation it could be called, in which all were talkers and none listeners.

Small boys are often, of course undesignedly, their own liberators from female government. A slap on the face is repaid

with interest by a kick on the shin. Young master makes the nursery too hot to hold him, and he is sent to school.

It is possibly by some such process that before I reached the age of seven I escaped out of the clutches of Sally Martindale and was placed under the ferule of the Rev. William Farley, Effingham, Surrey.

My entrance into the second of Shakespeare's ages bears the same date as a great public event, in which I had indirectly a personal interest. William Pitt dying in January, 1806, "All the Talents" came in for short tenure of power. The post of First Lord of the Treasury, held by the deceased statesman, was offered to his great rival, Charles James Fox, but he chose for himself that of Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons.

The office he held gave him no power over the Household appointments, but he succeeded in obtaining that of Master of the King's Buckhounds for my father, who shortly after his appointment, took some of his children, of which I was one, to Swinley Lodge, his official residence, I being thus far on my way to school.

Soon after my father's arrival at Swinley, the King's hounds met in Windsor Park; my mother took me with her to the meet. The buck was uncartered at a short distance from the spot where we were posted. The yellow barouche, the four grey horses, the postilions in their yellow jackets, the hounds in full cry and hot pursuit, the goodly assemblage of scarlet-coated horsemen—all appear as vividly to the "mind's eye" of the man going on for seventy-seven, as did the actual scene to the boy of seven.

From Swinley Lodge the family proceeded to St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, there to pass the Easter holidays with Charles Fox.

It was just at this time that the statesman's health underwent a very perceptible change. His nephew, Lord Holland, who accompanied him to Nelson's funeral, observed that the length of the ceremony and the coldness of the cathedral overpowered him in a way that no fatigue which he had known him undergo had done before. Fox himself appears to have

had a consciousness of his approaching end. "Pitt," he said, "has died in January, perhaps I may go off before June." But, when at the Easter recess he reached St. Anne's Hill, that home he loved so well, all gloomy forebodings vanished, and at the time of our arrival, the spirits of the dying patriot were at their highest pitch.

I cannot call to mind which of my brothers or sisters besides myself it was that accompanied our parents, but as Mr. Fox's private secretary, who has recorded our visit, speaks of Lady Albemarle as "the lovely mother of some fine children who were with her," I should suppose that my brother Edward * must have shared with me the honor of being a guest of Fox.

It was at the time of our visit that the symptoms of dropsy, the disease of which Fox died a few months later, began to show themselves. His legs were so swollen that he could not walk; he used to wheel himself about in what was called a "Merlin chair;" indeed out of this chair I never remember to have seen him.

In many respects his personal appearance at this time differed but little from that assigned to him in the many prints and pictures still extant of him. There were still the well-formed nose and mouth, and the same manly, open, benevolent countenance. But his face had lost that swarthy appearance, which in the caricatures of the day had obtained for him the name of "Niger:" it was very pale. His eyes, though watery, twinkled with fun and good-humor. The "thick black beard of true British stuff" had become like that of Hamlet's father, "a sable silvered." He wore a single-breasted coat of a light grey color, with plated buttons as large as half-crowns; a thick linsey-woolsey waistcoat, sage-colored breeches, dark worsted stockings, and gouty shoes coming over the ankles.

Fox was not visible of a morning. He either transacted the business of his office, or was occupied in it, or reading Greek plays, or French fairy tales, of which last species of literature I have heard my father say he was particularly fond.

* Rector of Quidenham, late deputy clerk of the closet to the queen.

At one o'clock was the children's dinner. We used to assemble in the dining-room ; Fox was wheeled in at the same moment for his daily basin of soup. That meal despatched, he was for the rest of the day the exclusive property of us children, and we all adjourned to the garden for our game at trap-ball. All was now noise and merriment. Our host, the youngest amongst us, laughed, chaffed, and chatted the whole time. As he could not walk, he of course had the innings, we the bowling and fagging out ; with what glee would he send the ball into the bushes in order to add to his score, and how shamelessly would he wrangle with us whenever we fairly bowled him out !

Fox had been a very keen sportsman—too keen to be a successful one. In his eagerness he would not unfrequently put the shot into the gun before the powder. Bob Jeffs, the Elden gamekeeper (an heirloom of the Admiral's) was fond of telling me how he once marked down a woodcock, and went to the Hall with intelligence. It was breakfast-time. Up started Fox from the untasted meal, and gun in hand, followed the keeper. A hat thrown into the bush flushed the game, the bird escaped scot free, but Jeff's hat was blown to pieces.

One hot September morning Fox set out from Holkham, fully anticipating a good day's sport at Egmore, Mr. Coke's best partridge beat. As was usual with sportsmen in those days, he started at daylight. Just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, Fox was seen staggering home, "Not ill, I hope, Charles ?" inquired his host. "No," was the reply, "only a little tipsy." Being thirsty, he had asked the tenant of Egmore for a bowl of milk, and was too easily persuaded to add thereto a certain, or rather an uncertain, quantity of rum. As a consequence he passed the rest of the day in bed instead of in the turnip field.

A party of Holkham shooters were one day driven home by a heavy rain. Fox did not arrive till some time after the rest ; he had fallen in with one of Mr. Coke's laboring men, who had come for shelter under the same tree. The statesman became so interested in the society of the ploughman, who gave him an account of the system of "turnip husbandry" just

come into vogue, that he had great difficulty in tearing himself away.

At my father's table one evening the conversation turned upon the relative merits of different kinds of wine. Port, claret, Burgundy, were criticized in turn, but Fox, who considered alcohol the test of excellence, said, "Which is the best sort of wine I leave you to judge, all I know is that no sort of wine is bad."

Earl Russell and Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford are the only persons of my acquaintance, now living, who, besides myself, had personal access to this great statesman. Lord Eversley, when a small boy, had the advantage of hearing him speak in the House of Commons, but he does not appear to have highly appreciated that eloquence which so electrified the rest of mankind, for he cried out, "What is that fat gentleman in such a passion about?"

To the rear of the Rutland Arms, Newmarket, is a house called "the Palace." It was the residence of Charles the Second during the races, and was used for the same purpose by George, Prince of Wales, when he was on the turf.

Mr. Tattersall, the founder of the celebrated establishment that goes by his name, had a breeding farm at Ely, called "Red Barns." Here stood his famous horse, "Highflyer." The Prince, who was very intimate with Mr. Tattersall and joint proprietor with him in the *Morning Post*, was a frequent, though an uninvited guest at Red Barns. His Royal Highness used to take his own party with him, and the consumption of port wine on such occasions was something awful.

Mr. Edmund Tattersall told me that his uncle Richard, the grandson and successor of the founder of the firm, when he was a boy of about nine years old, saw a post-chaise and four drive furiously up to the "Palace" door one day, William Windham riding leader and Charles Fox wheel, while the Prince of Wales, too full of Red Barn port to be in riding or even sitting trim, lay utterly helpless at the bottom of the chaise.

After the Easter holidays, I went in Mr. Fox's carriage to my first school, kept as I have already mentioned by the Rev. William Farley. Here I remained two years.

Like all boys in a like situation I had to submit to the catechism which is inflicted on the new-comer. "What's your name? Who's your father?" &c. I thought to impress my querists with a due sense of my family dignity by informing them that my father was master of the King's Buckhounds, but was somewhat mortified by being pointed at as the son of a blackguard old huntsman.

I passed a portion of Christmas this year with my family at Brighton, the Prince of Wales having lent my father the pavilion; my recollection of the building is a small low-roomed, mean-looking house, constructed of Bath bricks, only two stories high. It stood, as I have since learned, upon the sixth part of the ground occupied by the edifice which now goes by its name.

During my summer holidays in 1807 I was taken to see the chairing of Sir Francis Burdett, the successful candidate for Westminster in the general election of that year.

The occasion was one of intense public excitement. A month before the ceremonial, Sir Francis had a quarrel with Mr. James Paull, the member for that city in the preceding Parliament, who was then seeking re-election. The result was a duel on Wimbledon Common. Burdett and Paull each hit the other in the leg. Both combatants were conveyed to town in the same carriage. While they lay ill in bed of their wounds their respective partisans placed them in nomination for Westminster. Burdett was returned by an enormous majority.

All that I can recollect of this ovation is the appearance and demeanor of the successful candidate. He was drawn in an enormous triumphal car and seated on a chair of state raised so high as to be on a level with the balcony from which I saw the procession. Sir Francis's dress indicated the Whig colors of the day—a blue coat, buff waistcoat and breeches—the wounded limb reposed artistically on a large purple cushion, and was covered by a bandana handkerchief.

Except for this outward evidence, Burdett seemed to have entirely recovered from the effects of his late encounter. His antagonist was not so fortunate; his wound never healed, and a few months later he died by his own hand.

CHAPTER III.

My entrance into Westminster School.—Masters and ushers.—Fagging.—Dowager Lady Albemarle.—Dowager Lady de Clifford.—Appointed governess to Princess Charlotte.—George the Third to Lady de Clifford.—Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.—Memorandum for Lady de Clifford from the Prince of Wales.—The Princess of Wales and Princess Charlotte.—Lady de Clifford's recollections of the Princess of Wales.—Letter from the Princess of Wales.—Princess Charlotte as a child.—Her dressers.—Rev. George Nott.—Letters from Princess Charlotte to Lady Albemarle.—Princess Charlotte's will.

AFTER two years unprofitably spent at Farley's, I was sent to Westminster. My entrance into that famed seminary is one of the events of my life of which I have a most lively recollection. It was at three in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 14th of March, that almost a man in my own estimation, I took my seat at the Examination table. Across the building, which looks like the nave of a Church, and immediately above my head, was an iron bar on which formely hung a curtain, and on which there still hangs a tale.

The intention of this curtain was to separate the upper from the under school. In the reign of Charles the First, when Dr. Busby reigned paramount in the school, a boy, one John Glyn, tore the curtain. The name of the culprit is suggestive to me of Legion, for there was a whole tribe of Glyns in my day, one of them being my old friend, the late Lord Wolverton. In school phrase, Glyn funk'd his "six-cutter," and prevailed upon a form-fellow, William Wade, to take the blame and bear the punishment.

Some years after the execution of Charles the First, John Glyn, now a sergeant-at-law, sat upon a Commission, which sentenced a batch of prisoners to death for conspiring against the Commonwealth. Among the condemned Glyn recognized the vicarious sufferer for the rent curtain. He said nothing, but

rode post haste to the Lord Protector, and succeeded in procuring his friend's pardon. John Glyn lived to become Lord Chief Justice. There is a picture of him in his judicial robes and gold chain in Lord Wolverton's house, in Carlton Gardens, and another, I believe, in the possession of Mr. Gladstone.

I was ruminating on the novelty of my situation when there came towards me two burly-looking clergymen in full canonicals, master of arts' gowns, with pudding sleeves, and wearing on their heads huge three-cornered cocked hats, powder in their hair, and large silver buckles in their shoes. They took their seats side-saddle fashion on the table, one on either side. The examination was a very short one—Æsop's little fable of "Mater ad Cancrum" was given me to construe—a few questions were put to me respecting the parts of speech, and I was placed in the under first, the lowest remove in the lowest form save one (the petty).

When a boy enters Westminster his existence is almost ignored. If admitted to be a sentient being at all, it is not one responsible for its actions. He is called a shadow, and to him is attached a form-fellow, his "substance," who initiates him into the ways of the school, and becomes in a certain degree liable to punishment for his misdeeds. My substance, with whom I lived for many years on terms of great intimacy, was the late Major-General Sir Henry Barnard, K. C. B., and Chief of the Staff at the siege and fall of Sebastopol.

I found my new schoolfellows to the full as inquisitive about my private affairs as those whom I left at Farley's; my first week was passed in answering questions respecting myself and my belongings.

This habit of prying into the birth and parentage of the new-comer recalls to mind the stereotyped answer which, some years later, I used to hear given by a little fellow who boarded in the same house with me. It ran thus: "I am Charles Atticus Monk, born at Athens in Greece, son of Sir Charles Monk, of Belsey Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne." This formula the poor child was teased into repeating a hundred times in a day. One afternoon Charles Atticus was missing: a hue and cry was raised. Advertisements appeared in the newspapers respecting

him, and after a fruitless search for his son, his father threw himself despairingly in the night mail. He was within a couple of stages of Newcastle, when he heard a little boy ask the coachman to take him on the box. Sir Charles thought he recognized the voice, but doubt became certainty when he heard the words, "I am Charles Atticus Monk, born at Athens in Greece," &c. The fugitive was returning to Belsey Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Sir Charles brought back the truant to Westminster, and implored Dr. Page to remit the penalty usually attached to such a delinquency. He might as well have talked to the winds. The young Athenian got his "six cutter"—and *me teste* well laid on too.

At the time of his escapade, Charles Atticus had half-a-crown in his pocket. He owed the pastry-cook eighteen pence, which debt he loyally discharged, and with a shilling in his pocket, and his biographical Shibboleth on his tongue, he accomplished the long and then expensive journey into the North of England.

"CAREY, vetus SMEDLEY, JEMMY DODD, simul et JOHNNY CAMPBELL, KNOX, ELLIS, LONGLANDS, PAGEQUE *furore gravis*."

These doggrel verses (they are not mine) comprise the names of the masters and ushers of my day. Dr. William Carey, whose name stands first on the list, was head-master. Before I left Westminster he became Bishop of St. Asaph and was afterwards translated to the see of Exeter. The doctor was a thickset bandy-legged man with punch-like nose and chin, but with a good-humored expression of face, pleasant affable manners, and was alike a favorite with parents and boys.

The last name in the pentameter designates Dr. William Page, for twelve years under master, and in 1814 the successor of Carey in the chief command. He was a wittier man and a riper scholar than his principal, but in no other respect equal to him in the requisite qualities for the conduct of a public school. The epithet "*furore gravis*" was not ill applied. With a more savage, ill-tempered man I have seldom come in contact.

The great Dr. Busby used to assert that the rod was the proper instrument for sifting the wheat of learning from the chaff. Dr. Page was so far of the Busby school, and unfortunately for me I was that description of grain that frequently underwent this species of winnowing.

For the seven years that I spent at Westminster I boarded at "Mother Grant's," as had done generations of Keppels before me. The fagging system was then in full vogue. My first fag master—I have reasons for suppressing his name, for though a kinsman of my own, he was "less than kind"—was a good-looking fellow who left Westminster for the Peninsula, and served afterwards at Waterloo.

For the edification of a more luxurious and less oppressed generation of fags, let me give a sample of a day's work during this his period of servitude.

I rose as the day broke, hurried on my clothes, brushed those of my master, cleaned several pairs of his shoes, went to the pump in Great Dean's Yard for hard water for his teeth, and to the cistern at Mother Grant's for soft water for his hands and face, passed the rest of the time till eight in my own hasty ablutions, or in conning over my morning school lesson.

Eight to nine.—In school.

Nine to ten.—Out for my breakfast, or rather for my master's breakfast. I had to bring up his tea-things, to make his toast, &c.—my own meal was a very hasty affair.

Ten to twelve.—In school.

Twelve to one.—In the Usher's correcting room preparing for afternoon lessons.

One to two.—Dinner in the Hall—a sort of roll-call—absence a punishable offence, the food execrable.

Two to five.—Evening school.

Five to six.—Buying bread, butter, milk, and eggs for the great man's tea, and preparing that meal.

Six to the following morning.—Locked up at Mother Grant's, till bed-time; fagging of a miscellaneous character.

I had borne this description of drudgery for about a fortnight, when without weighing the consequences—remember,

reader, I was not nine years old — I determined to strike work. Instead therefore of preparing tea as usual, I slipped behind one of the maids into the coal cellar, and there lay *perdu* for a couple of hours. I was at length dragged out of my hiding-place and delivered over to the fury of my tea-less master. He made me stand at attention, with my little fingers on the seam of my trousers, like a soldier at drill. He then felled me to the ground by a swinging buckhorse,¹ on my right cheek. I rose up stupefied, and was made to resume my former position, and received a second floorer. I know not how often I underwent this ordeal, but I remember going to bed with a racking head-ache, and being unable to put in an appearance next morning at school.

“Oh! the merry days when we were young!” Such is the burden of one of Moore’s charming melodies, which I have frequently heard its gifted author sing. Yet the sentiment appears to me more poetical than true, at least it could hardly apply to a Westminster fag, when this century had not yet reached its teens. For my own part, I can truly say, that the least “merry days,” of my long life, were when I had Dr. Page for my master in school, and his promising pupil for my master, in what were facetiously called my “hours of recreation.”

Boys having relations in London were permitted to go home to them, from the afternoon of a Saturday till eight in the morning of the following Monday. Now I had the good fortune to have two grandmothers permanent residents in the metropolis, and my weekly visits to one or the other of them were the “silver linings to the clouds,” which lowered upon this period of my school life.

My father’s mother, the Dowager Lady Albemarle, lived at No. 10 Berkeley Square. She was the daughter of Sir John Miller, a Hampshire Baronet; a kind-hearted woman but not attractive to her grandchildren. Her manners were formal, and she had but little indulgence for our youthful follies. Moreover, her temper was not of the best. I remember her

1 “Buckhorse,” in Westminster language, a blow on the cheek with the open hand.

boxing my ears after I had served the Waterloo campaign. She had been a great beauty in her day, and she took care to let us know it, but as time had obliterated the traces of these good looks, we were somewhat skeptical of the assurance. Yet when I gaze upon a picture I have of her by Romney, I am inclined to believe that the good old lady did herself no more than justice.

One anecdote she used to tell of herself, and if she repeated it somewhat too often, it was her wicked grandchildren who were to blame, for they took a pleasure in inducing her to bear record of the homage that had once been paid to her loveliness.

"When I was a girl," she would say to us, "young ladies used to wear aprons of valuable lace. A clever young gentleman in our neighborhood happened to tear this ornamental part of my dress. 'Really Mr. —,' said a witness of the accident, 'you ought to make an ample apology to Miss Miller for your awkwardness,' upon which he immediately produced the following elegant impromptu:—

"I tore your apron, lovely maid!
But you the injury doubly repaid,
For, from your eyes, you sent a dart,
Which tore as much my bleeding heart."

After her husband's death in 1773, Lady Albemarle lived much in retirement, her principal associates being a set of elderly females whom we grandchildren irreverently called her "toadies." One of them—a certain Mrs. B.—I have good cause to remember. I met her one evening in Berkeley Square in company with the rest of the antiquated *coterie*. I was to return to school the next day after the Christmas holidays. It was twelfth night. We drew King and Queen. My character was a sailor "Jack Generous," my motto:—

"A friend ever willing
To share his last shilling."

After we had eaten our cake we played at Pope Joan. At that game I acted up to my character "not wisely but too well," for all the "tips" of Jack Generous, which were to have

served him for "next half," found their way from his pocket into that of Mrs. B——. The next morning, one of the dullest and bitterest of January, with a heavy heart and a light purse I "trudged like snail unwillingly to school."

My other grandmother, the Dowager Lady de Clifford, was the very opposite of her in Berkeley Square. If the one was too hard upon my faults the other erred in the opposite extreme. She was ever ready to help me out of my scrapes, and up to the time of her death, would fight my battles against all comers. She had passed much of her time abroad, and been acquainted with many of the notabilities of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth. Until age had impaired her faculties, she was full of anecdote, and a very agreeable companion. Moore, the poet, whom I introduced to her, has made honorable mention of her in his journal. She used to tell me that as a young woman she was quite plain, but I had difficulty in believing her, for she had a lively intelligent expression of countenance, bright hazel eyes; and when according to the fashion of those days, she was turbaned, powdered, and rouged for an evening party, I was quite proud of her. She was a woman of great personal courage. When she was travelling with her dying husband through France by easy stages on her way to England, she stopped at a small roadside inn. Hearing a noise at midnight, she opened her door and saw a man stealing into her husband's bedroom. She seized him by the collar, threw him down stairs, ordered horses immediately, and proceeded on her journey.

Not long before her death—she was then eighty-four—some robbers climbed over the garden wall which lines the north side of Hill Street, where it abuts on South Audley Street. They had nearly succeeded in gaining an entrance into the house, when the old lady threw open her window, discharged one of the pistols which she always kept loaded, and lustily cried "Thieves." The rogues made off, no doubt resolving that when next they attacked a lone elderly woman, it should be one less ready to show fight.

It was in the month of January 1805, when the Princess Charlotte of Wales had completed her ninth year, that an

establishment was formed for her education, and placed under the control of my grandmother.

Subordinate to Lady de Clifford were two sub-governesses, Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Udney, one of whom was required to be in constant residence with her royal pupil. It is to the former of these ladies that the following letter refers.

GEORGE THE THIRD TO THE DOWAGER LADY DE CLIFFORD.

"QUEEN'S PALACE,

"February 22, 1805.

"The King thinks it right to acquaint Lady de Clifford that he received an intimation this morning from the Countess of Ilchester, of Mrs. Campbell's being far from well, and requiring indulgence from her nerves being much agitated from the looking most anxiously to the employment on which she is now entering.¹ The King trusts Lady de Clifford will see the propriety of therefore not requiring her attendance at Windsor on the present occasion, as His Majesty trusts a little rest and quiet will enable her to be in future of greater utility.

"GEORGE R."

The dislike with which, at this time, the sovereign and the Heir Apparent to the throne regarded each other was so intense, that any circumstance affecting their mutual interest would suffice to fan their animosities into a flame. Thus the question of the future care of the young Princess led to an open quarrel between father and son.

A few months prior to my grandmother's appointment to her charge, the Prince of Wales offered through Lord Moira, to consign the Princess entirely to the care of her grandfather. The King eagerly accepted the proposal, and gave orders for the Lower Lodge, Windsor, to be prepared for her reception. As the time for the fulfilment of the engagement drew nigh, the

¹ Mrs. Campbell, widow of an officer—a *protégé* of Lady Ilchester, with whom she resided to the day of her death. It was probably to her interest that she owed her appointment. The late Lord Ilchester and his brother, father of the present Earl, used to call her "Tam"—their infantine mode of pronouncing her name (Campbell). Both brothers always spoke of her as a most charming person.

Prince changed his mind, alleging as a reason for withdrawing from his proposal, that it was made "before he had seen the King at Windsor,"—a brutal insinuation that his royal father had in the interval been afflicted with insanity, and was therefore unfit for so important a charge. On the other hand George the Third was determined to keep his son to his engagement, and communicated this intention to him through the medium of Lord Chancellor Eldon.

On the 1st of March, 1805, the King writes to Lord Eldon:—"The preparations for establishing the Princess Charlotte at Windsor are in such forwardness that the King can authorize the Lord Chancellor to acquaint the Prince of Wales that the apartments will be completely ready for her reception in two weeks, and that he shall then give notice to Lady de Clifford for her removal to that place."

The same evening that the Prince received this intimation from the Chancellor he wrote to my grandmother as follows:—

"MY DEAREST LADY DE CLIFFORD,

"I am only this instant returned home, and I have so many letters to write and so much to do this evening that will not admit of delay, in order to summon an early meeting to-morrow morning, that it will be too late before I have finished all my business to attempt to come and see your little charge and you. However, at one to-morrow you may be certain of seeing me and, I hope, Mrs. Udney.

"Pray, if possible, let me have the little watch that I may give it to Charlotte in your presence. I shall be most happy to do so for every reason, but I shall consider myself most fortunate the having it in my power thus early in life after your very short acquaintance with her, not only to prove to her my readiness to acquiesce in, and to forward every reasonable wish she may entertain, but also the implicit confidence I place in you, as well as that you *are* the medium,¹ and *ever* must be the properest medium through which her wishes and inclinations must be conveyed to me. Excuse my saying anything more at present, for I am, as you may believe after so long and so very

¹ The "*medium*" employed by the King was Lord Chancellor Eldon.

irritating a day, quite worried to death. If you wish for me later this evening, I mean by *that* between eleven and twelve o'clock, you will know where to find me.¹

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"GEORGE P."

"CARLTON HOUSE, Friday 8 o'clock, March 1st, 1805.

"P. S. Say everything that is most kind to the child and to Mrs. Udney, whose goodness in temporizing with her present situation I can never forget."

The allusion made in the following document in the Prince of Wales's handwriting, in which he deprecates the interference of any other person "*whatever except his Majesty*," has evident reference to Lord Chancellor Eldon, whom the King would insist upon employing as the medium between himself and his son.

"MEMORANDUM.

"FOR LADY DE CLIFFORD FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES."

March 4th, 1805.

"Lady de Clifford and the Bishop of Exeter² having now entered upon the important functions committed to them, the Prince is desirous that they should from time to time lay before his Majesty such ideas as occur to him as to the details necessary for carrying into execution the general opinion adopted respecting the education of Princess Charlotte. This memorandum is intended to apprise them of the present state of the business, and to serve as a guide for them in such conversations as his Majesty may honor them with on this subject.

"In consequence of some previous intimation which the Prince had received of his Majesty's wishes, the Prince has expressed that without meaning to discharge himself in any degree of that duty of superintendence and control which nature imposes upon a father in all that relates to the education of his child, he was at the same time desirous of receiving

1 At Mrs. Fitzherbert's in Tinley Street. 2 Preceptor to the Princess Charlotte.

the benefit of his Majesty's gracious assistance and advice in a matter so interesting to his feelings, and of giving the Princess Charlotte the full advantage of that affectionate interest which his Majesty is graciously pleased to take in her welfare. But a reason which it is not here necessary to particularize compelled the Prince to require that the person through whom this communication was made should respectfully but distinctly explain to his Majesty that the Prince could on no account agree to the interference of any other person *whatever except his Majesty* in the dispositions to be made on this subject, and that this point must at all times be considered as the indispensable condition of the Prince's consent to any arrangement present or future.

"What has hitherto been done on the subject has, as the Prince conceives, been intended to be regulated by this principle. The next point to be adjusted for giving effect to it is that which relates to the residence of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject the Prince desires that Lady de Clifford and the Bishop will submit to his Majesty for his gracious consideration the following ideas :

"The Prince thinks that during the period of the year in which he is usually resident in London his daughter can nowhere so properly be placed as under her father's roof, where her education may be carried on without interruption, and where he himself will have the constant opportunity of observing its course and progress. His Majesty's habit of doing business in London several days in each week during most part of the year will afford to the Princess Charlotte ample opportunities of paying her duty there to the King and Queen as often as they may be pleased to require it, and it is by no means the Prince's idea that this arrangement should exclude such short visits to Windsor during the season of holidays or on other temporary occasions as may be found not to break in too much on the course of her education.

"During those months when the Prince is usually not resident in London, he would have great satisfaction in his daughter's being allowed to reside with his Majesty at Windsor, Weymouth, or elsewhere, reserving to himself in the same

manner as above stated the pleasure of seeing her sometimes, if he should wish it, on short and occasional visits.

"The communications already made to Lady de Clifford seem to give every reason to hope that these ideas are very little, if at all, different from those entertained by his Majesty on the subject. And at all events the Prince is confident that they cannot fail to be considered as fresh proofs of his respectful desire to meet his Majesty's wishes in every way consistent with his honor and with the feelings of paternal affection and duty towards his daughter."

This memorandum, though professedly for the guidance of Lady de Clifford, was of course intended for the King, who, upon its receipt, wrote to Lord Eldon:—"His Majesty must either have the whole care and superintendence of the person and education of the Princess, or entirely decline any interference or expense."

In reference to the "memorandum" just quoted his Majesty in the same letter says, "The Lord Chancellor is desired to take a copy for the King of this returned paper of instructions, and prepare the paper to be transmitted to the Prince of Wales, who certainly means further chicanery."

While the young Princess's father and grandfather were thus engaged in inflicting pain upon each other, her mother appeared upon the scene and infused a fresh element of discord into the family feud.

When the Princess of Wales was driven from under her husband's roof, she retired to a villa in the neighbourhood of Blackheath. Princess Charlotte was subsequently removed to Shooter's Hill, and placed under the care of the Countess of Elgin, but she was there nearly as much in her mother's company as before. When, however, the new educational arrangements were made, the visits of the Princess of Wales became more restricted, and it was the great object of the Prince that they should cease altogether. It would doubtless have given the King a great advantage over his rebellious son if he had been in a position to throw over his daughter-in-law the ægis of his protection, and to insist that no obstacle should be thrown in the way of her intercourse with Princess Charlotte.

This, however, his unhappy niece and daughter-in-law had thwarted by her own conduct, for such was her levity of deportment at this period that the King was prevented from receiving her as a member of his family. All he could do without infringing upon the decorum of his court was to assign to the Princess of Wales apartments in Kensington Palace, to allow her to take place with the Princesses at public ceremonials, and surreptitiously to encourage her to resist the machinations of her husband to separate her from her child.

I cannot find among my grandmother's papers any reference to the communication which the Prince of Wales made to her at this time, but the nature of it may be inferred from the following passage in a published letter of George the Third to the Chancellor, in which he declares his belief that "Lord Eldon could not sanction the language held by the Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford. One can imagine the pleasure with which his Majesty penned the next paragraph, knowing, as he must have known, how soon it would meet the eyes of his son. "It is quite charming to see the Princess and her child together, of which I have been since yesterday a witness, and I must add that Lady de Clifford's conduct is most proper." ¹

At the time of Lady de Clifford's death in 1828 I had just entered my thirtieth year. During the latter period of her life I was almost her sole male companion. We had few secrets from each other; there was indeed as free an interchange of thought as could well exist between two persons so different in age. She used often to recount to me the events of her court life. The behavior of the Princess of Wales naturally came under review. I fear that the judgment she formed of the conduct of this much sinned against and sinning lady coincides but too closely with the verdict that public opinion has since passed upon her. To Lady de Clifford she was a source of constant anxiety and annoyance. Often when, in obedience to the King's commands, my grandmother took her young charge to the Charlton Villa, the Princess of Wales would behave with

¹ Jesse's *George III.*, p. 424.

a levity of manner and language that the presence of her child and her child's governess were insufficient to restrain.

On more than one occasion, Lady de Clifford was obliged to threaten her with making such a representation to the King as would tend to deprive her altogether of the Princess Charlotte's society. These remonstrances were always taken in good part and produced promises of amendment.

From the day that this poor Princess landed in England she became fully aware that she was beset by persons of her own sex who looked upon her as a rival, and who endeavoured to make her an object of disgust to her husband. The odd thing was that with all her cleverness she would have had so little discernment as to become a dupe to their devices. One of these ladies told her that the Prince was a great admirer of a fine head of hair. "Now you know," she once said to my grandmother, "we Germans are very proud of this ornament, so the moment the Prince and I were alone I took out my comb and let my hair flow over my shoulders, but, my dear," she added, with a loud laugh, "I only wish you could have seen the poor man's face."

The Princess landed, as is well known, at the Greenwich Hospital stairs. She was conducted to one of the Governor's rooms which looked out on the quadrangle, in which were assembled groups of maimed Greenwich pensioners. They were nearly the first Englishmen she had seen on their own soil. "Comment," she exclaimed, to a lady near her, "*manque-t-il à tous les Anglais un bras ou une jambe?*" but, as she said to Lady de Clifford, to whom she told her story, "my little pleasantries were crushed in the bud by a harsh '*Point de persiflage, Madame, je vous en prie.*'"

Here is one of a series of letters written in the same spirit:—

"The Princess of Wales being under great anxiety since yesterday concerning Princess Charlotte's not coming to see her at Kensington, as she has done the last two weeks, is under the dreadful apprehension that some unforeseen accident or sudden illness deprives the Princess of Wales of the happiness of seeing her daughter. The Princess begs Lady de Clifford will

be obliging enough to acquaint her with the real motive which prevented the Princess Charlotte from coming as usual to Kensington to dinner. The Princess of Wales would have come to Windsor herself to-day to see the Princess Charlotte had not an attack of bile prevented her, but the Princess of Wales shall certainly, if the Princess Charlotte is not well, be with her next Monday.

"By return of the servant the Princess hopes to receive a comfortable account of Princess Charlotte."

"KENSINGTON PALACE, *August 1, 1805.*"

We learn from Lady Rose Weigall's interesting memoir of the young Princess, that Her Royal Highness owed much of her early instruction to Mrs. Gagarin, one of her dressers—indeed, I question whether she received any other teaching, although a sub-governess and a tutor were specially appointed. From Lady de Clifford's account it would be difficult to imagine a young lady of a like age so uninstructed and so undisciplined as was the Princess when she first came under her care. It was her common practice to rush impetuously into my grandmother's room at all hours, and as a rule, to leave the door open. "My dear Princess," said Lady de Clifford once to her, "that is not civil, you should always shut the door after you when you come into a room." "Not I, indeed," she replied, in the loudest of voices; "if you want the door shut, ring the bell," and, so saying, out she bounced again.

This Mrs Gagarin, to whom Lady Rose Weigall makes allusion, had been married in early youth to a Russian nobleman. But soon after giving birth to a daughter she discovered that his first wife was still alive. She left him immediately without claiming a maintenance for herself. I was for three years a witness to the Princess's affection for her. It was like that of a child for its mother. At the time of Lady de Clifford's retirement from office, Mrs. Gagarin's health began to fail. "While," says Miss Knight, "she (Mrs. Gagarin) was capable of taking airings, Her Royal Highness constantly sent her out in a carriage, and when she grew so weak as to be confined to her room, visited her two or three times a day, carried her in her arms to

the window, and exerted every faculty to sooth and comfort her." She died on the first of July, 1813, at Warwick House. "Her last moments were solaced by the condescending and unremitting attentions of Her Royal Highness, reflecting a lustre on the native goodness of her heart, superior to all the appendages of her exalted rank."¹

The other dresser was a Swiss of the name of Louis, between whom and the Princess there also existed a warm attachment.

I have given these two persons a place in my memoirs, because I was well acquainted with them both, because their names will occur in some letters which follow, and because they are examples of the Princess's kind treatment of her dependants. It was, indeed, the warm interest which she took in their weal or woe that formed so prominent a feature in her character.

The Rev. George Frederick Nott, of whom Princess Charlotte speaks in one of her letters, was her chaplain and one of her sub-preceptors. His grandfather was a German, had a situation in George the Third's household, and was a great favorite of His Majesty.

Of the three following letters to my mother, the first is the only one with a date, but they appear to be all of the same period.

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE.

"November 12, 1805.

"MY DEAR LADY ALBEMARLE,

"I am quite shocked at not having written to you before. I now take this opportunity to amend my fault. I hope that you have not thought I had forgotten you. Accept my best thanks for your kindness to me in sending the game.

"I saw papa the other day, and he said he hoped he should be able to come and see you soon. Pray tell me how your cold is. I hope Lord Albemarle is well.

"And believe me to be,

"Your ever affectionate,

"CHARLOTTE."

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, for August, 1813.

"P.S. We rejoice to think we are to see dear Lady de Clifford so soon. I am sure you must have been very happy since I wrote the above. Some game is arrived from Scotland, and am happy to give you some; pray accept a part of them. I hope you will find them good."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"MY DEAR LADY ALBEMARLE,

"If you want to see Mrs. Campbell¹ you have only to call at Old Burlington Street, Lady Ilchester's, you will find her there (*sic*). Love to you all.

"I am,

"Your affectionate,

"CHARLOTTE."

"Mrs. Luice [Louis], Mrs. Gager [Gagarin], and myself, and Mr. Nott, are very unhappy about Mrs. C—— Young."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"MY DEAR LADY ALBEMARLE,

"I am very much obliged to you for sending me the game. But I must tell you about the dog. I am quite obliged to you for giving me a [illegible] but I [would] rather have a pug. Pray have the goodness to tell me how old the pug is. Pray give it a name, and tell me whether it is a female or not. I must add that you have no idea how good and kind dearest [name illegible] is. I knew you would like him, he is so very kind to me that I cannot do to [too] much for him. I must tell you that I beg you will forgive me if I do come back to the subject of Mrs. Udney.² I assure you I do not like her at all. Pray do not tell. Besides there is not a day but there is something that happens. She does not pass over little faults. I think that that is not kind, but I leave that to you. I do assure you that I like Mrs. Cample [Campbell] better. She is a very good woman.

¹ Mrs. Campbell was the widow of an officer, a *freight* of the Countess of Ilchester by whose interest she was appointed sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte.

² Her sub-governess.

"Pray how is Mrs. Durham?¹ I hope she is well. Mrs. Udney begs to be remembered to her, and to you, and to Lord A., and to all the children. I would add that myself as it makes you laugh.

"I owe a great deal to Lady de Clifford and Mr. Nott [see p. 274]. Remember me to all the children and Lord A.

"Pray right [*sic*] to me soon, and right a long letter, and pray send my dog soon.

"Excuse this scrawl for I am in a great hurry, and have a bad headach. Mr. [name illegible] I hope is [was] well when you saw him. I have not told your mother your secret. Your writing in the last letter was dreadfull.

"I am your,

"Ever affectionate,

"CHARLOTTE."

The dislike of Mrs. Udney which the Princess avows in her letter to my mother is further implied in the following curious testamentary document.

"I make my will.

"First, I leave all my best books, and all my books to the Rev. Mr. Nott.

"Secondly, to Mrs. Campbell my three watches and half my jewels.

"Thirdly, I beg Mr. Nott, whatever money he finds me in possession of, to distribute to the poor, and I leave with Mr. Nott all my papers, which he knows of. I beg the prayer book which Lady Elgin gave me may be given to the Bishop of Exeter,² and that the Bible Lady Elgin gave me may be given to him also. Also my playthings the Miss Fishers³ are to have, and lastly, concerning Mrs. Gagarin and Mrs. Lewis, I beg they may be very handsomely paid, and that they may have an house.

"Lady de Clifford the rest of my jewels, except those that are most valuable, and these my father and mother, the Prince and Princess of Wales, are to take.

¹ Lord Albemarle's cook.

² Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, Preceptor to the Princess Charlotte.

³ Daughters of the Bishop of Exeter.

"Nothing to Mrs. Udney for reasons.

"I have done my Will, and trust that after I am dead, a great deal may be done for Mr. Nott. I hope the King will make him a Bishop.

"CHARLOTTE."

"*March, 1806.*

"My birds to Mrs. Gagarin, and my dog or dogs to Mrs. Anne Hutton my chambermaid."

Two years later when I first became acquainted with the Princess Charlotte, she was still full of complaints against her sub-governess. The cause for this aversion I never could understand; for Mrs. Udney was a lady of singularly prepossessing exterior, of refined manners, and apparently of a most mild and gentle disposition.

CHAPTER IV.

The Duchess Dowager of Brunswick.—Charles Duke of Brunswick.—Lord Malmesbury's description of the Duchess.—The Princess of Wales to Princess Charlotte.—The Duchess of Gloucester.—Her sister Mrs. Frederick Keppel.—Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.—Warwick House.—Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.

ON Tuesday the 7th of July 1807, landed at Gravesend from the *Clyde*, frigate, under a salute from the batteries on both sides of the Thames, Augusta, Dowager Duchess of Brunswick, Princess Royal of England, sister of George the Third, and his senior by one year, and mother to the Princess of Wales. Her husband, Charles Duke of Brunswick, had borne a distinguished part in the Seven Years' War, and was considered by Frederick the Great to be one of his best Generals. At the breaking out of the French Revolutionary war, the Duke was appointed Generalissimo of the Austrian and Prussian forces; he is, however, less memorable for his military achievements at that period, than for the violent Royalist Manifesto which goes by his name. In 1806, Prussia called upon him to lead her troops against the Emperor of the French; but outnumbered and unacquainted with the more modern system of warfare, he sustained a total defeat on the bloody field of Jena, and was himself mortally wounded. The conqueror was requested to allow his fallen enemy to die in his own bed in Brunswick. With characteristic brutality the Corsican captain answered, "Qu'il s'en aille en Angleterre y chercher son salut. Je veux l'écraser lui et toute sa famille."

The dying and broken-hearted Duke fled to Ottersen, where he breathed his last. His dominions were immediately annexed to Westphalia, of which country Napoleon's brother Jerome was king. The French Emperor, who had not a grain of chivalry in his composition, and would as soon make war upon women and children, as men, if they lay in his way,

tried to seize the person of the widowed Duchess, but she succeeded in making her escape to Sweden, where she found a temporary asylum. When she fled to this country she was not without dread that her persecutor would follow her even here.

From Gravesend the Duchess proceeded to the Princess of Wales's villa at Charlton, and the following day first made the acquaintance of her grand-daughter Princess Charlotte. Walpole, speaking of the marriage of the Princess in 1784, says: "Lady Augusta was not handsome, but tall enough and not ill-made; with the German whiteness of hair and complexion so remarkable in the Royal Family, with their precipitate yet thick Westphalian accent. She had little grace or softness in her manner."

Lord Malmesbury's gossiping diary contains abundant details of this Duchess. His lordship seems to have been much struck with the originality of her character; a like impression was produced on Mirabeau who met her in 1780. He describes her as a thorough Englishwoman in tastes, opinions and manners, "*au point*," says the Count, "*que son indépendance presque cynique fait avec l'étiquette des cours allemandes le contraste le plus singulier que je connaisse.*"

The month following the arrival of the Duchess of Brunswick in England, the Princess Charlotte, attended by Lady de Clifford and Mrs. Udney, went to Worthing. The Prince of Wales, who was residing at Brighton, paid his daughter a long visit the next day. He invited her to dine with him at the Pavilion, and sent her in his carriage to witness a review of the 10th Hussars of which he was Colonel. The following letter which the Princess Charlotte received, in answer to one giving an account of her reception at Brighton, is to me an enigma, its whole tone being so utterly out of keeping with the well-known character and sentiments of the writer.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

"MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

"Mama¹ and myself join in thanks, and our best love for

¹ Dowager Duchess of Brunswick.

your very entertaining and amusing letter, and we have enjoyed the rational amusements you are able to receive from the situation which you inhabit, which I have no doubt but that they will be conducive as well to your health as to your mind. But especially I have been much gratified by the account of the papers, with your reception at Brighton, which must have been an honor and a pleasure to you that your father wished to see you on his birth-day,¹ and I trust you will never in any day of your life deviate from the respect and attachment which is due to the Prince your father.

"My letter cannot be so pleasant as yours was, as my mother and I have received the melancholy account of the Duchess of Gloucester's death, as we are both very much attached to dear Princess Sophia,² whose loss is irreparable, and we feel deeply for her in the new calamity in which Providence has placed her, and I trust that religion and resignation to the will of the Almighty will support her that she may not sink under the loss of both her parents.³

"My best compliments to Lady de Clifford, and believe me for ever,

"Your unalterable sincere

"and affectionate Mother.

"C. P."

"BLACKHEATH, August 24, 1807."

The Duchess of Gloucester referred to in the above letter died at Blackheath on the 25th August 1807. She was once the beautiful Maria, daughter of the Honorable Sir Edward Walpole, and afterwards wife of George III.'s brother, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester. I have a picture of her at Quidenham. Her sister Laura married my great-uncle, the Honorable Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, Dean of Windsor, and Register of the Order of the Garter.

Horace Walpole, uncle of these two ladies, thus alludes to

¹ On the 12th of August 1807, the Prince of Wales completed his forty-sixth year.

² The issue of the marriage of Maria Walpole with the King's brother were William Frederick, the late Duke of Gloucester, and his sister Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester.

³ The Duke of Gloucester died the previous year.

them both in his account of Mrs. Frederick Keppel's marriage:—"We are very happy with the match. The bride is very sensible and agreeable and good: not so handsome as her sister, but further from ugliness than beauty. It is the second (Maria) who is beauty itself. Her face, bloom, eyes, hair, are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is when her only fault, if one must find one, is that her face is rather too round. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity with perfect modesty."

I have no recollection of the Duchess. Of her eldest sister, Mrs. Keppel, I stood much in awe, as did her two grandchildren and my school-fellows, Frederick and Edward Keppel.

The following letter from the Prince of Wales to my grandmother was written on hearing of the birth of my brother Francis:—

"MY DEAR LADY DE CLIFFORD,

"I have only this moment learnt from Lady Haggerston that Lady Albemarle is safely delivered of a son. Pray accept my sincere congratulations on this event, as I do assure you that no one can participate more truly in everything that interests you than

"Your very affectionate friend,

"GEORGE P."

CARLTON HOUSE, *Saturday Night Nov. 21st, 1807.*"

"P. S. I hope the little lady and the new-comer are both quite well. I have ordered them to be enquired after to-morrow morning, for I only heard of the circumstance too late this evening to send sooner."

Running out of Cockspur Street is a lane to the westward of Cawthorne's library. At the end of that lane formerly stood Warwick House. Attached to the house was a garden which peared to have formed part of that of Carlton House, from which it was separated by a wall. There was access between the residences of the father and daughter by a gate, of which the Princess Charlotte had a key.

H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES TO THE DOWAGER LADY DE
CLIFFORD.

"MY DEAR LADY DE CLIFFORD,

"I am much obliged to you for the communication you were so good as to make me respecting the notification you received from the Princess of Wales. You not only have acted up to the sacred trust imposed upon you by your office in acquainting me immediately with the circumstance, but you have shown your usual excellent judgment and good taste, as well in your way of meeting the message, as in signifying to me the proposed visit, without any comment. Indeed, it was impossible for you not to know how I must regard it when you notice the date of this letter, and the time at which you receive it. You will comprehend that I did not wish to explain my sentiments more fully to you till the visit was actually over, lest the Princess should put any question to you, and that thereby you should be subjected to embarrassment by the answer you would have been forced to give. The step having been taken by the Princess, it was my wish that the visit should not be interrupted, that nothing might appear discordant to the polite attention always to be observed; though I might have my suspicion that the visit was not really made from a misconstruction of the license I had granted in a special instance, but was an attempt to pass beyond the line established by me through the King. In the regulation laid down, and transmitted by his Majesty to the Princess, it is precisely defined that she is not to visit her daughter at Warwick House, that house being considered as part of Carlton House. Charlotte's illness, which prevented her from going to her mother at Blackheath, was a case not foreseen, and was sufficient reason for relaxation in this particular instance. But as my daughter has been for some time able to go about again, that pretext must no longer remain, and I cannot assent to the Princess visiting at Warwick House on any other grounds. Her apartments not being ready at Kensington can be no excuse whatever. Should you have any apprehension of a visit hereafter, I must request of you, my dear Lady de Clifford, immediately to

ask for an audience of the Princess at Blackheath, when with all that respectful delicacy which nobody knows so well as yourself how to testify, you will explain to the Princess the line herein enjoined you, and will entreat her not to come to Warwick House, which she cannot do without my previous assent, and which can only be given on some consideration as strong as what lately induced me to grant it. According to the existing regulation, Charlotte may always (in moderation) be sent for by her mother to Blackheath or Kensington, under the limitation of its not giving any peculiar interruption to her studies or the necessary train of her education.

“ I remain, my dear Lady de Clifford,

“ With the greatest truth

“ Ever your sincere friend

“ GEORGE P.”

“ CARLTON HOUSE, Tuesday Night, April 19th, 1808.”

CHAPTER V.

My first acquaintance with Princess Charlotte.—Her ability and habits.—Her letter to me.—Her visit to Westminster.—Doctor William Short.—Lady de Clifford's stipulation with the King.—Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter.—The Duke of Kent to Colonel Macmahon.—Anecdotes of Princess Charlotte.—The Dean of Winchester.—Princess Charlotte's visit to my father.—The Duke of Brunswick.—Warwick House.—Robert Tyrwhitt. ¹

AT about the date of the letter just quoted (1808) I first made the acquaintance of Princess Charlotte. It was on a Saturday, a Westminster half holiday. From this time forth for the next three years many of my Saturdays and Sundays were passed in her company. She had just completed her twelfth year. Her complexion was rather pale. She had blue eyes, and that peculiarly blonde hair which was characteristic rather of her German than of her English descent. Her features were regular, her face, which was oval, had not that fulness which later took off somewhat from her good looks. Her form was slender but of great symmetry; her hands and feet were beautifully shaped. When excited she stuttered painfully. Her manners were free from the slightest affectation; they rather erred in the opposite extreme. She was an excellent actress whenever there was anything to call forth her imitative power. One of her fancies was to ape the manners of a man. On these occasions she would double her fists, and assume an attitude of defence that would have done credit to a professed pugilist. What I disliked in her, when in this mood, was her fondness for exercising her hands upon me in their clenched form. She was excessively violent in her disposition, but easily appeased, very warm-hearted, and never so happy as when doing a kindness. Unlike her grandmothers, the Duchess of Brunswick and the Queen of England, she was generous to excess. There was scarcely a member of my family upon whom she did not

bestow gifts. From Princess Charlotte I received my first watch ; from her, too, my first pony, an ugly but thoroughly good little animal, which, from its habits of "forging" in the trot I named "Humphrey Clinker." Poor old Humphrey ! He did good service to the younger members of the family after I reached man's estate. In speaking of the openhandedness of the Princess, I must not omit to mention sundry "tips," which I hardly think I should have accepted had I understood how near—our relative stations considered—her poverty was akin to my own.

The Princess was a great letter-writer. It is curious that of so much that she wrote to the Keppel family so little has been preserved. Her letters to me alone would have thrown much light on her character, as of all her correspondents I was probably the one to whom she wrote with the least restraint ; but with shame I confess it, I gave away her letters almost as soon as read, sometimes, I fear, even before they were read. One of them, after a lapse of sixty-six years, has found its way back to the person addressed. It has been forwarded to me by my grand-niece, Lady Margaret Majendie.

"TO THE HONORABLE GEORGE KEPPEL, AT THE DOWAGER LADY DE CLIFFORD'S, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON."

"MY DEAR KEPPEL,

"You know me well enough to suppose that I never will refuse you a thing when there is no harm in it. But tho' I send you the money, still I must give you a little reprimand. You will, I hope, dear boy, love me as well tho' I do sometimes find fault with you. You will, if you go on asking for money and spending it in so quick a manner, get such a habit of it that when you grow up you will be a very extravagant man, and get into debt [*sic*], &c., &c.

"Your grandmamma de Clifford allows me £10 a month.¹ But though I spend it I take care never to go further than my

¹ "Princess Charlotte had been, until just before Lady de Clifford left her, allowed ten pounds a month for pocket-money. . . . Lady de Clifford was obliged to furnish her with money for her little charities out of the eight hundred pounds allotted for her wardrobe."—*Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte*, vol. i. pp. 234-5.

sum will allow. Now, dear George, if you do the same you never will want for money; say you have a guinea, well then, never go beyond it, and in time you will save up. That is the way everybody does, and so never get into dept [*sic*].

"If you will call at Warwick House, my porter, Mr. Moore, will give you half-a-guinea. If you use that well and give me an exact account how you spend it, I will give you something more. I wish you was here. Write to me often, and believe that no one loves you better than I do, nor will be more happy to help you in all troubles than I. We have very fine weather, and your mamma is here and is pretty well. Gramma de Clifford sends her love to you, and I remain,

"DEAR GEORGE,

"Your very sincere and affectionate

"CHARLOTTE."

It was not unfrequently that this youthful Minerva would act the part of Mentor, although I fear her Telemachus was not so amenable to good counsels as the hero of Fénelon's tale.

One of the Princess's great enjoyments was to go out shopping with Lady de Clifford. On these occasions she went by the name of my sister, Lady Sophia Keppel. But she was known everywhere in spite of her *alias*. In truth, the borrowed character was not at all in her line, for her freedom of deportment contrasted oddly with the reserved and timid demeanor of the person whose name she assumed.

One day I had to take a pair of my fagmaster's shoes to "Cobbler Foots" to be mended. With the "high-lows" slung over my shoulder, I was passing through the archway which connects Little with Great Dean's Yard when I espied the Princess Charlotte's carriage. Although I was not on much ceremony with her Royal Highness, I did not care to be seen in the ordinary garb and dirt of a Westminster fag. So I tried to sneak by, but "George" uttered in a loud and well-known voice proved to me that I could not preserve my incognito. Giving the shoes to another boy I approached the carriage. The Princess's visit was to her newly-appointed sub-preceptor, the Rev.

Dr. William Short, who lived next door to our head-master. After being made as fit for the royal presence as a basin of water and a towel at the Doctor's could make me, we sat down to luncheon. The sub-preceptor was a handsome, good-humored-looking man, the very opposite to his right reverend principal *the great U. P.*¹ He was somewhat portly in person, and looked as if he were not indifferent to the good things of this world. The Princess insinuated as much, and indulged in some amusing banter on the subject, she preaching rigid abstinence, he solemnly protesting that he took no more than nature craved. After luncheon we adjourned to the College Garden. It was the first and last time in my life that I had the honor of admission into the enclosure, nay, I question whether prior to this occasion

"That sacred sod
Had e'er by schoolboy's foot been trod."

When the office of governess was first offered to Lady de Clifford, she stipulated with the King as the condition of her acceptance, that being as it were the guardian of a female successor to the throne, she should have the same paramount authority in the establishment as would have been granted to the governor of a Prince in a like position as her royal charge. To this the King gave his consent, but inasmuch as the instruction of the Princess was to include branches of knowledge not usually taught by women, he placed this latter portion of her studies under the superintendence of a Bishop.

The person selected by the King for this post was Dr. John Fisher, then Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards translated to the see of Salisbury. I used frequently to meet him at Warwick House—a dull solemn-looking man with a severe expression of countenance, to which a projecting under lip contributed not a little. He was a good classical scholar, but had no more knowledge of mankind than was to be acquired in the quadrangle of a college, where he had passed much of his life. He was precise in dress and formal in manner. In language he was a thorough pedant, seeming to consider the force of words to be

¹ The Princess Charlotte's nickname for her preceptor, the Bishop of Exeter.

in proportion to the number of syllables they contained. To the Princess he was very distasteful, indeed there were few persons whom she regarded with more aversion than *the great U.P.*, as she nicknamed him from the affected emphasis he used to lay on the last syllable of the word—Bishop. I have read somewhere that the Princess once pulled off the Bishop's wig and threw it into the fire. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story; all I remember is that frequently when the Bishop's back was turned, she would imitate his voice and gesture, and shooting forth her nether lip would give a sample of those grandiloquent homilies which he was in the habit of inflicting upon her in and out of season.

Like most members of the bench at that time, the Bishop was an ultra-Tory. He would fain have brought the Princess to his way of thinking, and tried to insinuate into the ear of the inchoate Sovereign the pleasing doctrine of

“The right divine of Kings to govern wrong,”

but, as I shall have occasion to show, he was not successful. It may have been in the spirit of contradiction, but certainly during the short life of the Princess she lost no opportunity of repudiating her right reverend preceptor's political creed.

The dislike with which the Princess regarded the Bishop was fully shared by her governess. From the moment that Dr. Fisher was installed in his office, he began systematically to encroach upon Lady de Clifford's duties, even in matters which came exclusively within a woman's department.¹ This interference on the part of the prelate my grandmother always believed had the secret connivance of the King. It was also a source of great annoyance to the Prince of Wales, who employed his brother the Duke of Kent, of whom Dr. Fisher had formerly been preceptor, to remonstrate with him on his behavior, and to entreat him to confine himself for the future to the duties of his own peculiar province.

¹ “His (the Bishop's) disputes with Lady de Clifford had been terrible.”—*Miss Knight's Autobiography*, vol. 1. p. 233.

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF KENT TO COLONEL MACMAHON.

"KENSINGTON PALACE,

"May 6th, 1806.

"DEAR MACMAHON,

"Having just received the inclosed from the Bishop of Exeter, I am anxious to lose no time in laying it before the Prince, and therefore send it herewith to your care for that purpose. As some remark may be necessary by way of introducing it, I must just add for the Prince's information that on Wednesday evening, at the House of Lords, I spoke very pointedly to the Bishop on the limits of his duty about the Princess Charlotte, which had, on two former occasions, been the subject of conversation between him and me, although I was concerned to see it had failed to produce the effect I had expected; but the result of what then passed between us appears to have placed everything before his eyes in its right point of view, as will appear from the annexed letter, in forwarding which for the Prince's perusal my only motive is that he should be convinced I had followed up his intentions with regard to the Bishop, and that there would *now* be no further possibility of anything incorrect from the effect of error or misapprehension on his part. I remain with the most friendly regard and esteem,

"Dear Macmahon,

"Ever yours,

"Most faithfully and sincerely,

"EDWARD."

"COLONEL MACMAHON."

The remonstrance failed to produce the hoped-for result. The Bishop waged a "seven years' war" with Lady de Clifford, and hostilities only ceased between them on her retirement from office. In the year 1813 this meddling Prelate was as busy as ever in his endeavor to add the functions of governess to those of preceptor.

After the Princess Charlotte's flight from Warwick House in 1814, she was placed in a state of durance, having for custodian her quondam preceptor. One of the caricatures of the

day represents her as sitting at the window of her prison, and the Bishop of Salisbury as sentry over her, making his episcopal crown do duty for a grenadier's cap.

One Saturday, the Princess Charlotte and Lady de Clifford drove down to Westminster to take me back with them to Warwick House. I was not to be found at Mother Grant's, for there was a battle on that day, and as a matter of course I was in the "fighting green." Lady de Clifford and the Princess now went in search of me in the "Great Cloisters," the grass quadrangle of which formed the scene of action. While my good grandmamma was reading quaint monumental inscriptions, her royal charge was grasping the rails of the Cloister and eagerly straining her eyes to watch the motions of the combatants. Her Royal Highness was in high luck, for I appeal to my contemporaries whether they ever witnessed a better fought battle than that between John Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar, and Paddy Brown, afterwards Sir John Benyon de Beauvoir.

On Saturdays I was generally the guest of the Princess. The Sundays she used to spend either at Lady de Clifford's villa at Paddington, or at my father's house, at Earl's Court, Brompton.

Once outside her own gates, the Princess was like a bird escaped from a cage, or rather, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird—"in two places at once." Into whatsoever house she entered she would fly from top to bottom, one moment in the garret and almost in the same moment in the kitchen.

Lady de Clifford had a cook of the name of Durham, quite an artiste in her way, the same person to whom the Princess alludes in one of her letters to my mother. The Prince of Wales, who occasionally honored Lady de Clifford with his company at dinner, used to flatter Grandmamma by asking her how she could afford to keep a man cook. One day, however, at the hour of luncheon things went ill; the Dowager's bell rang violently. The mutton-chop was so ill-dressed, and so well peppered as to be uneatable. On inquiry it was discovered that the good old lady's royal charge had acted as cook, and her favorite grandson as scullery-maid.

I have a living witness to this mutton-chop scene in the per-

son of my kinsman, Dr. Thomas Garnier, Dean of Winchester, who assures me, through my sister, Lady Caroline Garnier, that I said, "A pretty Queen you'll make!" I do not remember this flippant speech, but the frank, hearty manner of the Princess made it difficult for her young associates to preserve the decorum due to her station.

Since making the above note the person whom I quote as an authority has passed away. The good old Dean died at the ripe age of ninety-six. Old as he was, I well remember his father, George Garnier, who was very kind to me in my childhood. Dr. Garnier was the son of my grandmother Albemarle's sister. His son, also named Thomas, was the late Dean of Lincoln, and the husband of my sister Caroline. Throughout life Dr. Thomas Garnier, senior, was a zealous Whig, and took an active part in Lord Palmerston's elections for Hampshire. From the Queen and the late Prince Consort the Dean received many marks of condescension and kindness. Lord Albemarle and he were fellow Cantabs. There was one event in his college life about which my father was fond of chaffing him.

At a certain Cambridge ball, some eighty years ago, "Cousin Tom" wore a very smart coat with filagree steel buttons. He was a most vigorous dancer, for dancing was not the inanimate affair that it has since become. While engaged in one of the most intricate labyrinths of "Sir Roger de Coverley," one of these buttons caught a ringlet of the daughter of Dr. Warton the famous Greek Professor, and, the hair not being her own, my kinsman carried the whole head-gear away with him, through all the mazes of the dance, followed by the damsel in a state of fury at his "Rape of the Lock." He, in the meantime, was so absorbed in his favorite pastime as to have no conception of the mischief which his peccant button had caused.

Dr. Garnier was probably the last survivor of those persons who were admitted to an audience of Napoleon Bonaparte as the first Consul at the Peace of Amiens in 1802. In the levee at which Garnier was present, General Bonaparte principally addressed himself to those British officers who belonged to the

army which drove the French out of Egypt. Seeing a gentleman in a superb military uniform, the Consul asked him to what regiment he belonged. "To none, sir," was the reply. "De la milice peut-être?" was the next inquiry. No answer, "Je comprends bien," said Bonaparte, turning contemptuously on his heel. "C'est un habit de fantaisie."

I have spoken of Saturdays and Sundays as Westminster holidays, but on the afternoons of Tuesdays and Thursdays also, boys might "go out" to any relations who would receive them. Now my grandmother was very fond of a play, and our tastes were in this respect identical. On some Tuesday or Thursday in the winter of 1809 she was to take me to one of the theatres. I told the Princess of the pleasure I had in prospect, and of my readiness to incur the almost inevitable penalty attached to that pleasure—a good flogging the following morning. From this, as I told H.R.H., there was no escape. for how was it possible after the play and a good supper to be in time for the eight o'clock morning school? "Leave that to me," said the Princess, and forthwith penned a letter to Dr. Page, taking upon herself the blame for my anticipated non-appearance. The morning after the play I came into the school half-an-hour late, and was "shown up," as a matter of course. With a deprecatory "Please sir," I presented my royal credentials. The doctor glanced at the seal and the hieroglyphic "Charlotte," on the envelope, and then dropped the letter into the pocket of his gown that his hand might be free to grasp the rod. His next proceeding was to perform that part of his duty which always seemed a pleasure. That done, he read the letter to the whole form, and added how glad he was that he had not opened it sooner, for he would have been under the painful necessity of disobeying Her Royal Highness's commands.

This was not the only occasion on which the Princess made an ineffectual attempt to screen me from the consequences of a neglect of school duties. She had some project which required my co-operation. I pleaded my unfinished exercise for the Monday. It was again "Leave that to me." I did so, but her latinity, in spite of Bishop Fisher's preceptorship, was found

on examination not even to come up to my low standard. This second attempt to help me was attended with exactly the same result as the former.

The house at Earl's Court, Brompton, which my father occupied, is next door to what was then a villa residence of Mr. Gunter, the confectioner, nicknamed by us children "Currant-Jelly Hall." Our house, with the grounds attached, would comprise, I suppose, about two acres. A small gate leads out of the garden into the road; next come two large entrance gates, which open upon a court, forming the carriage drive to the house. Further on are gates leading to the stables. From the stables is a subterraneous passage which communicates with a small orchard. Encircling the orchard is a gravel walk and a garden. A semicircular plot of ground laid out in flower-beds faces the drawing-room windows.

This description of the locality is prefatory to the narrative of an event which occurred there one Sunday afternoon.

In her visits to Earl's Court the Princess usually came in my grandmother's carriage, but on this occasion in her own. The scarlet liveries soon brought opposite to the entrance gate a crowd of people anxious to get a glimpse of the Heiress Presumptive to the throne.

Soon after her arrival at Earl's Court I happened to pass outside the gates. I was asked by the bystanders, "Where is the Princess?" I told her how desirous the people were to have a sight of her. "They shall soon have that pleasure," was the reply. Slipping out of the garden gate into the road, she ran in among the crowd from the rear, and appeared more anxious than any one to have a peep at the Princess. I would fain have stopped her, but she was in boisterous spirits, and would have her own way; she proceeded to the stable entrance, saddled and bridled my father's hack herself, and armed with the groom's heavy riding-whip, led the animal through the subterranean passage to the garden gravel walk. She now told me to mount. I, nothing loth, obeyed. But before I could grasp the reins or get my feet through the stirrup leathers, she gave the horse a tremendous cut with the whip on the hindquarters. Off set the animal at full gallop, I on his

back, or rather on his neck, holding on by the mane and roaring lustily. The noise only quickened his pace. I clung on till I came to the plot in front of the drawing-room windows, when the brute threw his heels in the air and sent me flying over his head. At the same moment the Princess emerged from the rose bushes, panting for breath. She had hoped, by making a short cut, to intercept the horse and its rider before they came into view. My cries brought the whole family on to the lawn. Of course the Princess got a tremendous scolding from Lady de Clifford. That she was used to, and took coolly enough. Unluckily for her up came my father, in whose good graces she was desirous to stand high. By looks rather than words he expressed his disapprobation. In a short time quiet was restored, and my people returned to the house. But no sooner were the Princess and I alone again, than the heavy riding-whip was once more put into requisition, and she treated my father's son exactly as she had just been treating my father's horse.

My sister, Lady Mary Whitbread, reminds me of a certain mound in the orchard of Earl's Court. To the top of this mound the Princess would entice her and her sisters (who were at that time of the respective ages of seven, six, and four) to climb, in order to roll them down into a bed of nettles below. If the little girls refrained from crying and from complaining to their governess, they were sure to be rewarded for their reticence by a doll. Indeed the Princess, never so happy as when making presents, kept their nursery well supplied with dolls. Two of these Lady Mary remembers as going by the names of the Princess Charlotte and the Princess of Wales.

In the same year (1809) I had the honor of being presented by the Princess Charlotte to a man with whose recent wonderful achievement all Europe was ringing. This was her uncle, the Princess of Wales's brother, afterwards "Brunswick's fated chieftain," the first officer of note who fell in the Waterloo campaign.

Early in the year, the Duke entered into a treaty with the Court of Vienna, engaging to bring into the field two thousand men to act in concert with the Austrian emperor against

Napoleon. He soon succeeded in raising a corps of twelve hundred men, principally university students, whom hatred of a foreign yoke had rallied round his standard. In token of the disasters that had befallen him and his house, and of his resolve to avenge the insult offered to his dying father, or to die in the attempt, he clothed his little army in black, and as if these dusky habiliments were not sufficiently expressive of his feelings, he gave them a death's-head and cross-bones as the sole device on their arms and accoutrements.

Scarcely had he taken the field, when the armistice which followed the defeat of the Austrians at Wagram left him in the heart of Germany without an ally. It remained to him to surrender at discretion to his mortal enemy, or with his good sword to cut himself a way to England. With the pluck of his race, he chose the latter alternative.

On the 11th of July, the Duke set out on his hazardous expedition, passing through Dresden, Leipzig, and Halle without striking a blow. At Halberstadt he found a Westphalian force three thousand strong in battle array. These he fought and conquered, took their General Wellingerode prisoner, together with all his officers and sixteen hundred of his men.

At Oelfern with 150 Brunswickers he took 600 more prisoners.

On his twentieth day's march he arrived at Brunswick, and bivouacked under the walls of his native city.

The following day (August 1) he learned that two corps, a Westphalian, and a Saxon, threatened his flank and rear. The one he drove to their entrenchments, the other fled before him leaving ten wagons of its wounded to his mercy.

On entering Hanover he captured a battalion of Westphalians, four pieces of cannon, and a large quantity of military stores.

After running the gauntlet of the Danish batteries, he fell in with an English squadron that had been sent in search of him, and which in a few days landed him and his men safely on British ground.

It was not long after his return that I met the Duke at Warwick House—a sad and somewhat stern-looking man with sunken eyes and bushy eyebrows, and, what was then seldom

seen in England, a pair of mustaches. The uncle and niece, in their demeanor, were the very opposites. His, sedate and silent; hers, impulsive and voluble. He seemed well satisfied to be a listener, and much interested in the Princess's lively careless prattle. On her part she almost worshipped him. Once, after a visit from the Duke, she *improvised* a mustache, swaggered up and down the room, then making a sudden stop, with arms akimbo, she uttered some German expletives which would probably have hardly borne a translation, and thus sought to give you her conception of a "Black Brunswicker."

Warwick House was so short a distance from my school that in the summer months I frequently made it "a skip out of bounds." I fear there was too much of "cupboard love" in these visits, for I was blessed with an excellent appetite and Mother Grant's food was execrable. The Princess, aware of this, used to bring me sandwiches of her own making. I once took it into my head that I must needs have a sharer in the good fare. So I took with me my chief crony, Robert Tyrwhitt, a gentleman still living, whose name in more recent times has been frequently before the public as chief Magistrate of Bow Street. I know not the address of my *quondam sodale*, or I would ask him to confirm my story, for our joint adventure is not one that I think he is likely to forget. As I was a privileged person at Warwick House, I passed with my companion unquestioned by the porter's lodge, and through a small door which opened from the court-yard into the garden. The Princess greeted us with a hearty welcome. In the garden was a swing into which Princess Charlotte stepped, and I set it in motion. Unfortunately it came in contact with Bob Tyrwhitt's mouth and knocked him over. He forthwith set up a hideous howl. Out came sub-governess, page, dressers, and footman. Before they reached us, the princess had descended from the swing, had assumed an air of offended dignity, and was found lecturing me on the extreme impropriety of my conduct in bringing a boy into her garden without her privity and consent. The marvel is how she or I could keep our countenance.

CHAPTER VI.

The Four-in-Hand Club.—Betty Radcliffe of the "Bell."—Charles Longley, late Archbishop of Canterbury.—The Burdett Riots.—The "Piccadilly Butchers."—Fighting at Westminster.—The "Game Chicken."—Cribb and Molyneux.—Tothill Fields.—The "Seven Chimneys."—William Heberfield.—George IV. in Tothill Fields.—The Prince of Wales' change of Politics.—His attempts to Convert his Daughter.—Princess Charlotte to the Earl of Albemarle.—The Prince Regent and Lady de Clifford.—Princess Charlotte to Lady de Clifford.—Princess Charlotte's Establishment.—Princess Charlotte to Lady de Clifford.—Princess Charlotte at Windsor.—Lady de Clifford's Retirement.—Carlton House.—The Prince of Orange.—General Sir Thomas Picton.—London "Lions."—Field Marshal von Blücher.—Hetman Platoff.—The Emperor of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg.—"All the World's at Paris."—My Last Days at Westminster.

I HAVE been desirous to avoid breaking in upon my narrative of the illustrious young lady into whose companionship I had the honor of admittance. I must now invite my readers to return with me to Dean's Yard, Westminster.

In the first year of my entrance into Westminster (1808) was established the famous "Four-in-hand Club." It soon became the height of the fashion not only to acquire the skill of coachmen, but to ape their manners, dress, and slang. In that same year the king's scholars acted Terence's comedy of the "Adelphi." My friend Mr. Granville Vernon, who had acted *Œschinus*, the fashionable young Athenian in the play, reappeared in the epilogue in a broad-brimmed hat and a great coat of many capes, called a "bang-up;" and thus explained to Demea, his testy rustic father, the principles upon which the new club was based:—

"*Aurigæ, moderari animos et flectere habenas
Quadræpedum cursus, hoc satis esse putas?
Vestitum, mores, imitabitur atque loquelam.*"

The Etonians, who were always lording it over us Westminster with their superior gentility, used to boast that they would never condescend to handle the ribbons unless with four sprightly nags at their feet; in other words, they drove stage and we hackney coaches. For my part I was well content with the humbler vehicle. One Sunday evening several of us boys met by agreement at the top of St. James's Street. Each engaged a hackney coach for himself, and having deposited his "Jarvey" inside, we mounted our respective boxes and raced down to Westminster, the north archway in Dean's Yard being the winning-post. Over such roads, and with such sorry cattle the wonder is that we reached the goal. Luckily for us our course was all down hill.

When I became big enough to manage a team, I had the honour of driving the London and Norwich Royal Mail. I generally selected the stage from Bury to Thetford, the last of my journey homewards. At the "Bell Inn" of the latter town I used to sit down to a sumptuous breakfast of eggs, buttered toast, fried ham, &c., &c., and all for love and not money. I was a prime favorite with the landlady, Betty Radcliffe, so much so that for the many years that as man and boy I frequented her hostelry, she would never accept a sixpence from me. Betty wore a high cap, like that in which Mrs. Gamp is seen in Dickens' novel; a flaxen wig, which she appeared to have outgrown, for it ill concealed her grey hairs. Being the sole proprietress of post-horses into Norfolk, she assumed an independent demeanor and language, to which every one was compelled to submit.

When the Duke of York changed horses at the "Bell," on his way to Mr. Tom Thornhill's of Riddlesworth, he always had a talk with Betty. As he was paying her one morning for the horses, she jingled the money in her hand, and said to his Royal Highness, "I may as well take a little of your money, for I have been paying your father's taxes for many a long day."

Prior to one of those ruinous election contests in which Messrs. Coke and Wodehouse (afterwards Lords Leicester and Wodehouse) engaged, the former said to Betty "I want all your post-horses for the next fortnight." Betty, gave Mr. Coke a

knowing wink, and said, "I dare saa you do, but cub baw, [come, boy] along w' mc. What do you see painted on that board?" "The 'Bell' of course." "And what on the other side?" "The 'Bell' too!" "Just so," said Betty. "Don't you see that my sign is painted o' both sides? You shall have half my horses, but Wuddus [Wodehouse] the other half."

To return to Westminster.

A certain number of town-boys are annually elected into St. Peter's College, to replace such of the forty King's (now Queen's) scholars who obtain studentships at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The competitive examinations, which are virtually conducted by the King's scholars themselves, last several weeks. To get in "head to college" is considered a feather in a boy's cap, and the winner of such distinction is honored with a "chairing," and called the "Liberty boy." Placed on a ladder, and borne on the shoulders of his school-fellows, he is preceded by a large silk flag bearing the Westminster arms, and in this fashion is paraded through the streets "within bounds."

The "Liberty boy" whom I saw chaired in 1808 was Charles Longley, the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the winter of the following year I witnessed Longley's performance of a character in Terence's "Phormio"—that of Cratinus, one of the three lawyers of the piece. Dr. Page wrote the epilogue. The subject was the O. P. riots arising from the increase of the prices of admission to the new Covent Garden. The *dramatis personæ* retained the names they bore in the comedy. The scene was changed from a street in Athens to the Police Office in Bow Street. Demipho, the "heavy father," was the sitting magistrate. Phormio, the *mauvais sujet*, was brought before him for having interrupted the performances by imitating the sounds of divers animals. Cratinus—a radical lawyer—held a brief for the defendant. Longley did full justice to the character. With true forensic pomposity he laid it down as law that man being an imitative animal, his client had a perfect right to make a goose or an ass of himself if so inclined; but my classical readers would probably prefer the original pleading to my translation. I give it a place here:—

"Homini certè ista licebit
 Quæ porcis, asinis, anseribusque licet
 Est homo naturâ—ζῶν μμῆτις—ergo
 Qui boat, aut balat, sibilat, aut ululat,
 Qui rugit, et mugit, gannitque et grunnit et hinnit
 Omnia naturæ convenienter agit."

[1810]—Things went ill with the King's government in 1810. First there was the parliamentary inquiry into the serious mismanagement of the Spanish war. Then came the debate relating to the miserable failure of the Walcheren expedition. Out of this latter question arose that of the privileges of Parliament.

When the subject of the Walcheren expedition came under discussion in the Commons, the order against the admission of strangers into the gallery was enforced. A man named Jones, in a debating society, condemned the exclusion of the public from the debates. The Commons were foolish enough to send him to Newgate. Sir Francis Burdett denied the right of the Commons to imprison Jones, and they committed the still greater folly of sending Burdett to the Tower.

The sergeant-at-arms was to have served the warrant on him on Friday the 5th of April, but having failed in so doing, he purposed to discharge his disagreeable duty the following day.

At eleven in the morning of Saturday the 6th, he called upon Sir Francis, who disputed the legality of the warrant, and informed the sergeant-at-arms that he would not go unless taken by force. This refusal spread like wild-fire all over the town. Now Saturday was a Westminster half-holiday. So when at about one o'clock I entered Piccadilly on my way to my grandmother's in Berkeley Square, I found myself in the midst of a numerous and infuriated mob.

The house in which Sir Francis lived, No. 77 Piccadilly, is next door to that which his daughter Baroness Burdett Coutts now inhabits. In front of the residence of their hero I found the populace assembled. A squadron of the Horse Guards, or the "Oxford Blues" as they were then called, was drawn up in line across Piccadilly, the right flank resting on the wooden

palings of the Green Park, the left on the iron rails to the north side of the street. The men and horses were of the same colossal form as are those of the same corps in our day. Their height was considerably increased in appearance by the enormous cocked hats which they wore, what sailors would call "athwart ships." Their uniform was blue with buff facings which covered their chests. Over the coat were worn broad buff cross-belts. The hair, greased and powdered, terminated in a pigtail which went half way down the back.

As I was a stout Burdettite, I imitated the actions of his other admirers, yelled as lustily as they against the military, and cried, "Burdett for ever!" I was too small a boy to see what was going on in our front rank, and did not know till afterwards that the Riot Act was being read, preparatory to an active movement of the troops against us. Anon I heard the clattering of swords and pattering of hoofs. *Sauve qui peut* seemed to be the order of the day with us Burdettites. For my part I did not stop running till I found myself safe and sound at my grandmother's house in Berkeley Square.

That same evening a large and noisy multitude assembled in our square, and smashed every pane of glass in the windows of No. 12, the house next but one to Lady Albemarle's. The object of popular resentment was the Earl of Dartmouth, who rented that house of my father.

I am not aware that harm came to the mob of which I formed a part, but several lives were lost in the course of the day, and the state of public feeling may be inferred from the juries returning a verdict of wilful murder against the military.

The unpleasant duty which this portion of the household cavalry was called upon to perform on the occasion obtained for it the *sobriquet* of the "Piccadilly Butchers," and it was not till after its splendid achievements at Waterloo that it entirely lost the opprobrious name.

The autobiography of a Westminster schoolboy of the early part of the century would be incomplete without some mention of the rage for fighting with which the author of these memoirs, in common with the rest of his countrymen, was then afflicted,

and which made him a performer in "the fighting green," much oftener than he now cares to specify. The "noble science of self-defence" was inculcated upon us boys as one of the essentials of a gentleman's education. It was the point upon which no difference of opinion existed either between masters and pupils or between sons and fathers.

Carey, who had been a good fighter in his day, did all in his power to foster this pugnacious feeling. When my friend and co-Busbeian, Mr. James Mure, was captain of the school, the Doctor took him to task for the idleness of one Lambert, a junior on the foundation. Mure pleaded that he had not "helped" Lambert into College, but that he believed him to be a good honest fellow and by no means deficient in abilities.

"Where did he get that black eye?" asked Carey.

"In fighting a 'scy.'" ¹

"Which licked?"

"Lambert."

"Well! if he is a good fellow and a good fighter we must not be too hard upon him for his Latin and Greek."

When I went home for the holidays, my father preached from the same text as the Doctor. "If," he would argue, "an Englishman be discouraged from the use of his fists, he will become a dangerous character, and be always resorting to the knife as the readiest mode of settling a dispute." It was with this conviction that Lord Albemarle became a patron of the prize ring. His chief favorite of that fraternity was Henry Pearce, champion of England, better known as "the Game Chicken," a man of great strength and singular symmetry, with a generosity of disposition which mitigated in some degree the nature of his brutal calling. In his famous fight with James Belcher, the one-eyed pugilist, Pearce knocked his antagonist on to the ropes, and according to the pugilistic code, might have gained an easy victory, but he forewent his advantage, saying, "I will not hit thee, Jem, lest I knock out thy other eye."

Great was the excitement with us Westminsterers in the sum-

¹ Westminster language for a blackguard.

mer of 1811 at the forthcoming fight of Tom Cribb, a coal-heaver, nicknamed from his calling "the Black Diamond," and an American negro by the name of Molyneux, for the championship. Our sympathies were of course all in favor of the man of our own country and color.

Previous to the fight, Captain Barclay, the famous pedestrian, who walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours, took Cribb into the Highlands to train him. Barclay's sister, the late Mrs. Hudson Gurney, told me that Cribb was in bad condition when the Captain took him in hand, and that he had great trouble in making him breast the Scotch hills. At last he resorted to an odd expedient; he filled his pockets with small pebbles, and whenever Cribb refused to follow him in the ascent he hit the pugilist with one of these missiles on the shins, who would run after the Captain to be revenged for the pain he suffered.

The fight came off in September of this year. The national honor was saved. The Englishman won, although as the newspapers announced, "his head was terribly out of shape."

A few weeks after the battle, Grandmamma Albemarle sent me to Astley's Amphitheatre with her footman. As my companion was in livery, we could not be admitted into the boxes. Immediately in the row before me in the pit sat Cribb and Molyneux, to both of whom I obtained a formal introduction, not a little proud of being able to boast to my schoolfellows of having made the acquaintance of two such celebrities. The appearance of the late combatants was curious. The black man had beaten the white one black and blue. The white man the black one green and yellow.

Plaster of Paris models of the combatants in boxing attitude were carried about the streets by the image-sellers—probably by the same men who a few years later bore on their heads the busts of Wellington and Blucher. One of these models of the pugilists is at Southill Park, Bedfordshire, the seat of Mr. Samuel Whitbread, whose father, like mine, was a supporter of the prize ring.

In the Christmas pantomime of that same year, an image-seller carrying one of the well-known models is introduced on

the stage. The model is stolen by the clown (Grimaldi) who places it on a large round table. He next robs a man of a large iron hoop. "A ring, a ring," calls out Grimaldi, and the cry causes the stage to be filled by a correct delineation of the sort of company usually seen at a "mill." Harlequin by a wave of his wand now sets the figures in motion. Cribb deals Molyneux a facer. "Poor fellow," cries the clown, "he has got a black eye." After a few rounds Cribb knocks Molyneux's head off. "Three cheers for the Champion of England," are proposed by the mimic mob on the stage, and are re-echoed by the real one in the shilling gallery.

Tothill Fields, now the site of a large and populous town, was the Westminster play-ground in my time. In one part of the field was a large pond called the "duck." Here we skated in the winter and hunted ducks in the summer. Near the "duck" lived Mother Hubbard, who used to let out guns to the boys. At Mother Hubbard's you might have fowling-pieces of all sorts and sizes, from the "golden touch-hole" down to one which, from a deep dent in the barrel, was called "the gun which shoots round the corner."

The big fellows used to vapor about having shot snipes in Tothill Fields, but such a description of game had taken flight when I sported over this manor.

Leading from Tothill Fields was a road called the "Willow Walk," which, terminating at the "Half-penny Hatch," opened to the Thames near to the spot on which Millbank Penitentiary now stands.

The road on each side of the walk was bordered by wretched hovels, to which were attached small plots of swampy ground which served the poor inhabitants for gardens, and were separated from each other by wide ditches. To "follow the leader" over these ditches was one of our summer amusements.

Between Mother Hubbard's and the Willow Walk was a nest of low buildings known by the name of the "Seven Chimneys." The inhabitants were of a somewhat questionable character, and certainly not of that class with whom ladies would wish their darling boys to associate. Here lived Caleb Baldwin the bull-

baiter ; a man who enjoyed a widespread fame for one particular feat. Whenever his dog was tossed by the bull, Caleb would break its fall by rushing in and catching it in his arms. I cannot say that I ever witnessed this performance in the "Fields," but I did in a Christmas pantomime, in which Baldwin and his dog were specially engaged. By means of a sham bull the dog was thrown high into the air and its owner caught it in the manner I have described.

Bull-baiting was an "institution" in the early part of this century. Like prize-fighting it had its advocates among members of both Houses of Parliament. A Norfolk friend of mine, still alive, tells me that in Bere Street, Norwich, there was bull-baiting of which Mr. Coke and my father were the patrons. Their bull was never known to have been "pinned." A farmer who had seen a number of dogs tossed in succession called out, "Lawk ! it's like batting at cricket."

Of all the indwellers of the "Seven Chimneys" the prime favorite of us Westminsterers was one William Heberfield, better known by the name of "Slender Billy," a good-humored, amusing fellow, "but whose moral character, as the sequel will show, would not bear a searching investigation. All we knew of him was that whenever we wanted a dog to hunt a duck, draw a badger, or pin a bull, Billy was sure to provide us with one, no matter how minute we might be in the description of the animal required.

In the year 1811, Heberfield was no longer an inmate of the "Seven Chimneys." He was undergoing his sentence in Newgate for having aided the escape of a French general, a prisoner of war on *parole*.

It was just at this time that the Bank of England, having suffered heavy losses from forgeries, resolved to make an example. William Heberfield was fixed upon by them for that example.

The solicitors of the Bank accordingly took into their pay a confederate of Heberfield's of the name of Barry, who was undergoing two years, imprisonment in Clerkenwell House of Correction for uttering base coin. Through this man's agency, Heberfield, who would turn his hand to anything, was

easily inveigled into passing forged notes provided by the solicitors of the Bank themselves. On the evidence of Barry, Heberfield was found guilty and sentenced to death. Great exertions were made in the House of Lords to avert the execution of the sentence on account of the cruel conspiracy of which the unhappy man had been the victim. All was of no avail. Heberfield was hanged at Newgate for forgery on the 12th of January, 1812.

Some little time ago as I was talking over the changes of the Tothill Fields of our time with my old schoolfellow Lord de Ros,¹ he related to me how these same back slums of Westminster were once honored with the presence of the most gorgeous of monarchs, and on the most gorgeous day of his reign—the coronation day of George the Fourth.

I need hardly mention that while the sound of trumpets and the firing of cannon announced that the newly-crowned King was receiving the homage of the nobles of England in Westminster Hall, there were assembled outside its walls large multitudes of his lieges, who were expressing by hooting and yells their indignation that the Queen Consort had not been admitted to her share in the pageant.

This feeling had so increased towards the evening that the King was told if he attempted to return to his palace by the ordinary route he would run the risk of being torn in pieces by the mob.

To avert this danger it was suggested that Tothill Fields would be the safer way home. But who knew anything of a region of such ill repute? Who but my schoolfellow De Ros, then a lieutenant of Life Guards, and forming that day one of His Majesty's escort?² To him was consigned the pilotage of the royal *cortège*; under his guidance it proceeded up Abingdon street, along Millbank, through the Halfpenny Hatch and the Willow Walk, leaving the "Seven Chimneys" on its right. It next arrived at "Five Fields," now Eaton Square, passed

¹ William, Baron de Ros, a Privy Councillor, Lieutenant-General, Colonel of the Fourth Hussars, Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower, died in 1874.

² The escort was furnished by the first regiment of Life Guards. The officers were:—Major Henry Cavendish, Captain Oakes, Lieut. Hon. Wm. Fitzgerald de Ros, Cornet Locke.

through Grosvenor Place and by Constitution Hill to the back entrance of Carlton Palace, which they did not reach till eleven o'clock at night. The King, as well might be supposed, was horribly nervous, and kept constantly calling to the officers of the escort to keep well up to the carriage windows.

At the opening of the year 1812 a new epoch appeared to dawn upon the Whigs. For nearly half-a-century this party had, with the exception of three brief intervals, been doomed, in consequence of their strenuous advocacy of popular rights, to shiver in the cold shade of opposition. Now, however, this constancy seemed about to receive its reward. Their great patron, George, Prince of Wales, who up to this time had declared himself the uncompromising champion of their principles, was Regent of these realms, free too, from the limitations to his authority which, two years before, his father's ultra-Tory ministers had imposed upon him. He was therefore in a position to give full effect to his professions. But just at the moment when his political friends and associates expected to hear from him the announcement that his accession to power had produced no diminution of attachment to them and their cause, there appeared a letter from the Prince to his brother, the Duke of York, containing the ominous declaration that he had no "predilections to indulge,"—a phrase of which the full signification is given in the poetical rendering of Thomas Moore :—

" I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
My heart is a sieve, where some scattered affections
Do just dance about for a moment or two,
And the finer they are the sooner run through."

I do not profess to throw any new light upon the transactions which led Lords Grey and Grenville to reject the insidious overtures that were made to them to form an administration, but I may mention as a piece of family history that just before the re-establishment in power of the old Tory clique, Lord Moira was employed by the Regent to endeavor to seduce some of the Whigs from their political allegiance. One of those so tempted was my father. The bribe offered was

the Mastership of the Horse, and a garter in perspective. I never saw the letter containing his refusal, but I believe it to have been couched in somewhat of these terms, "Lord Albemarle presents his compliments to the Earl of Moira, and has the honor to inform His Lordship that he cannot obey His Royal Highness the Prince Regent's commands."

When Lord Grey and his friends came into power in 1830, Lord Albemarle was appointed to the post which he had declined in 1812.

No sooner had the Prince repudiated the convictions of his youth, manhood, and middle age, than he sought to make his daughter unlearn the political creed that he had striven to teach her. But this was not so easy a task. Not long before his own conversion, he had, upon the occasion of the health of the Princess Charlotte having been drunk at the Pavilion, thus acknowledged the toast :—

"I have made it my care to instil into the mind and heart of my daughter the knowledge and love of the true principles of the British Constitution ; and I have pointed out to her young understanding, as a model for study, the political conduct of my most revered and lamented friend, Mr. Fox, who has asserted and maintained with such transcendent force the just principles upon which the government under this excellent constitution ought to be administered, for the true and solid dignity of the crown, and the real security, freedom, and happiness of the people." His Royal Highness ended his speech by expressing his confidence "that the Princess would fulfil all the duties which she might be called upon to discharge when his bones were laid in the grave."

With a view to bringing the Princess round to his new way of thinking, he banished from her house all companions of Whiggish proclivities, among others Miss Mercier Elphinstone, a zealous Foxite, whose intimacy with the Princess he had himself promoted. This was a clumsy mode of procedure towards a young lady of his daughter's temperament, and rather strengthened her previous convictions by arousing a spirit of antagonism. Accordingly she lost no opportunity, as far as her state of seclusion would allow, of identifying herself with

her Royal Sire's former private and political friends. Shortly before the anniversary of Mr. Fox's birthday she gave my father a bust of that patriot. In answer to his acknowledgment of the present with which he had been honoured, she wrote to him what was evidently intended to be a manifesto of her political creed.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO WILLIAM CHARLES, LORD ALBEMARLE.

“WARWICK HOUSE,

“January 17th, 1812.

“MY DEAR LORD ALBEMARLE,

“I have been very much vexed at not being able to answer your letter immediately, which my wishes would have led me to do, but I delay no longer taking up my pen and expressing the emotions of satisfaction and pleasure I received on reading it. I cannot say how happy I feel that the bust has given you so much satisfaction. As knowing your affection to Mr. Fox (both in public and private), it struck me you would like to have it, and I was therefore particularly anxious for its success.

“Nor shall I now stand in need of being reminded of his great name or great deeds while there are such able men, though few in number (comparatively speaking), who make it their study as well as their pride to follow as closely as possible the precepts of their *late great leader*. Which to admire most I am at a loss to know, for turn to either side one beholds so much that calls forth *unqualified* praise, that it would be a difficult task imposed. He has been one of those few—those very few—who have really had the good of their country at heart, and in view, not in words only, but who both in thought and deed acted for that alone; who by his uncorrupted integrity proved what a patriot and a statesman was, and united these two different characters (which ought never to have been divided.) Of all his numerous deeds none are so to be cherished as that most cruel and disgraceful procedure (particularly to this country which is called a free one) the *slave trade*, and his laudable exertions for *universal toleration* and comfort to our unfortunate and grossly-abused sister kingdom, which, alas, was not crowned with success; and this is the man

who, after devoting his time, health, and at length life, is called a *revolutionist*; one who subverts, at least tries to subvert, the laws and liberties of this country. Who would, who could, and who can believe this? No one who have their eyes opened and an unprejudiced judgment, but the short-sighted and jaundiced eye of the people. Many there are who say they understand the word *toleration*. I will grant they do, but not in deed. There are dignitaries in the Church¹ who pique themselves on their learning, but do not seem, no more than the *temporal peers*, to comprehend its meaning, or else they who are to preach meekness and charity would certainly not, I *should conceive seem to rejoice* so at the sufferings of Ireland, nor utter such *virulent protests* against their *just claims*. In fine, the word *bishopric* includes *everything* that is the touchstone of action; the spring from whence all that holy fire issues; that God that they teach (or at least feign to do, who enjoins charitableness and forgiveness) is wholly forgotten in their rancorous hatred towards an oppressed and unfortunate people, whose crime is following other ceremonies, not owning these dignitaries, but above all having the name of Irishman. It is with honest pride, the pride of a true-born English person that I avow these sentiments, principles that I *am convinced* are the only true foundation of this country, and the spirit of the constitution, nor shall I be ashamed to broach them before the whole world, should I ever be called upon. Thank God there are some young of both sexes, some that I have the happiness to *know personally*, as well as from report, that feel firm at this state of things, and that are from their hearts and minds followers of your late inestimable friend. Happy, thrice happy, will the moment be when the plans Mr. Fox pursued and planned are put into *full*

¹ "The Bishop of Salisbury used to come three or four times a week 'to do the important.' . . . I could not but see how narrow his views, how strong his prejudices, and how unequal his talents were to the charge with which he had been entrusted by the good old King. The Bishop's great points were to arm the Princess Charlotte against the encouragement of Popery and Whig principles (two evils which he seemed to think equally great)."—MISS KNIGHT'S *Autobiography*, vol. i. pp. 232-3. As the Princess's right reverend preceptor was nearly the only Church dignitary with whom she was acquainted, it was evidently to "the great U.P. that these remarks in her letter to Lord Albemarle have reference."

force; then indeed England will have cause to rejoice, she may lift up her head in conscious superiority and pre-eminence.

"But I must plead my excuses for having detained you so long.

"Believe me, with the greatest esteem,

"My dear Lord Albemarle,

"Your most sincere,

"CHARLOTTE."

A few weeks after the date of the foregoing letter the Prince Regent gave a dinner to his daughter. It was on that occasion that he burst out into such invectives against Lords Grey and Grenville that the Princess shed tears; a circumstance which gave rise to Byron's famous lines—

"Weep, daughter of a royal line,

A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;

Ah! happy if each tear of thine

Could wash a father's fault away."

Towards the close of the year Lady de Clifford, having first exacted a promise of secrecy from the Regent, proceeded, in the discharge of her duty, to make a statement to him respecting the conduct of a person known to His Royal Highness. With characteristic levity he betrayed her to the person complained of. She thereupon threw up her appointment of Governess to the Princess Charlotte. Whether by word of mouth, or by letter, I do not remember, but the Prince requested her to state her reasons for quitting his service in so abrupt a manner. "Because," was the reply, "Your Royal Highness has taught me the distinction between the word of honor of a Prince and a gentleman."

"The Princess Charlotte," says Miss Cornelia Knight, "was now in her seventeenth year, and was for some time a visitor at the Castle. Her Governess, Lady de Clifford, having gone to town on account of illness, the Queen commanded me to be present at Her Royal Highness's lessons."¹

This "illness" I believe to have been feigned in order to

¹ "Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales," vol. i., pp. 180-1.

avoid any further meetings with the Prince, and to afford facilities for the appointment of a successor.

The letter which follows, without date, appears to have been written during my grandmother's temporary absence.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO THE DOWAGER LADY DE CLIFFORD.

"MY DEAREST LADY DE C.,

"A thousand thousand thanks for your very kind letter. I should have answered it directly, but the real truth was I miscalculated a day, that means lost a day.

"*We go on pretty well considering all things without you.* Heaven knows how very much I long to see you. Never have you been out of my mind since we parted. Our dear Duke¹ sat of [*sic*] his picture yesterday, which was Saturday. It is coming on very well indeed. He dined with us and stayed till ten. I should have been quite happy if you had been with me. He asked very kindly after you, and hoped when I heard last you was well. He sends his kind remembrances.

"I have this moment received a line from my dear mother, who sends her kind love and quite approves of your plan. She begged me to tell you that *the Duke*² means to have the *babes*

¹ Duke of Brunswick.

² The Duke of Brunswick married, in 1802, a Princess of Baden. This lady died in 1808, leaving two sons, Charles and William, the "*babes*" in Princess Charlotte's letter. After the death of their mother they were sent to Baden. Napoleon, enraged at the escape of their father in 1809, tried to seize them, but they escaped out of his clutches and were brought to England.

"The Princess of Wales (says Lady Charlotte Bury) sometimes goes to see the Duke of Brunswick's two boys. She climbs to the very top of a house at Vauxhall, where they are living. She complains that they are frightful to look upon." In another place Lady Charlotte writes: "Was commanded at half-past two to accompany the Princess of Wales to see the young Princes, her nephews. She hates them, I don't know why, unless it is that, as she says, they are frightful."

From the day that the Duke, their father, fell at Quatre Bras, until the eldest of them came of age, the Prince Regent administered the affairs of Brunswick, as his appointed guardian. By an insurrection in the city of Brunswick in 1830, Duke Charles, having misruled his country for five years, was deposed by a resolution of the German Diet, and was succeeded in the Duchy by his younger brother, William. To judge from Duke Charles' nefarious will in 1874, he must never at any time of his life have been a very loveable person.

with him in town on purpose that the Duchess¹ may come up to town. Mamma is determined to come up to town, I believe on the 25th.

"When you saw him (Duke of Brunswick) you took leave of his dear beard; it is all cut off, and he looks like us Englishmen. I took leave of it Saturday. I will tell you what will make you laugh. We were driving in Hyde Park yesterday, Sunday, and a man in a plain black coat, round hat, &c., &c., on horseback, rode up close to the carriage and looked into it. I said to Mrs. U.,² 'What a very impertinent fellow this is;' when what should I hear but, 'Vous ne me connais [*sic*] pas?' The carriage of course stopped; and we spoke, the Duke so changed that you would not know him again.

"As you were so good as to be anxious about everything that concerns me, I cannot help telling you that *I have lost my dear Puff*. We have advertised him at two guineas reward. I hope I shall find him.

"But papa has made me a beautiful present of a beautiful white Italian greyhound, with cropt ears, &c. Captain Lake³ took a ship in which the dog was, which belonged to the Empress Napoleon, and was going to some gentleman as a present from her. He took the ship and brought the dog as an offering to papa. But he said 'I don't care for dogs, I will send it to Charlotte who loves them.' He did and by Dupaqué.

"I send you a letter I have had from the *great U. P.*,⁴ and one for you I took the liberty to open.

"When we meet I want to tell you about the picture Bloomfield has got. I am rather in an embarra [*sic*] about it.

"Pray let me know how dear Elizabeth⁵ is. Pray give my

¹ Duchess Dowager of Brunswick.

² Mrs. Udney, sub-governess.

³ Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Willoughby Lake, R. N., Bart., was at this time serving on the coast of Spain in command of the *Magnificent*, 74.

⁴ Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury.

⁵ My mother.

kindest love to her and remembrances to Sophia,¹ Augustus,² &c., and my kind compliments to my lord.³

"God bless you, my dearest Lady. Forgive this long letter, and

"Believe me ever

"Your very sincerely attached and

"gratefully obliged,

"CHARLOTTE."

"Mrs. U. sends her love to you. *Au sujet, bouche close*—I always find when I write or see you that I have volumes to say.

"Let me know how poor Parsons'⁴ child is. My remembrances to her.

"When I answered the Bishop's letter I did all I could to make it overwaite [weight]. I hope I succeeded."

The letter just quoted, I believe to contain the genuine sentiments of the writer towards the person addressed; not but that Lady de Clifford and her Royal charge had constant quarrels with each other, for they were both very hot-tempered. The Princess used frequently to complain to me of her Governess's harsh treatment of her; but Her Royal Highness in her cooler moments would say, "After all there are many worse persons in the world than your snuffy old grandmother."

As soon as the Princess Charlotte became aware of Lady de Clifford's intention to retire, she wrote a letter to the Prince Regent, couched in respectful terms, begging that as she had now nearly completed her seventeenth year, no other governess should be appointed, but that she might have an establishment of her own, and that ladies in waiting should be assigned her. Her father, who was jealous of her growing popularity and aware of his proportionate disfavor in the public estimation, told her in answer that as long as he lived she should not have an establishment, unless she married. On or about the 6th of January, 1813, her seventeenth birthday, she

¹ My sister, whom the Princess used to personate, afterwards married to Sir James Macdonald, Bart., M.P.

² My brother Augustus, Lord Bury, afterwards fifth Earl of Albemarle.

³ My Father.

⁴ Mrs. Parsons, wife of a coal merchant, Lady de Clifford's *femme de chambre*.

made the same request in form to Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister. The step, Miss Knight conjectures, was suggested by Miss Elphinstone and Lord Erskine. "The Regent," she says, "was furious ;" and doubtless if his Royal Highness shared Miss Knight's conjecture, it would have greatly increased his wrath. The extent to which his feeling of resentment was carried may be guessed by the effect that the expression of it produced on his usually high-spirited daughter.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO LADY DE CLIFFORD.

MY DEAREST LADY DE CLIFFORD,

"Trusting to your goodness, I trouble you with these few lines. I am wretched ; I know not what to do. I have been thinking in my own mind, and have written this enclosed letter. Should you approve, I need not say you will be the means of restoring me to happiness.

"For ever,

"Your most sincere and affectionate

"and grateful

"CHARLOTTE."

"P.S. To be branded with *deceit* and duplicity I cannot bear. By throwing myself on papa's mercy I am sure I will succeed. I fear not telling him the whole—everything.

"If you will, write me one line in answer."

Although Princess Charlotte wrote a submissive letter to her father, she persisted in resisting the appointment of a successor to my grandmother, and was ordered to Windsor to answer for her contumacy. Accordingly on Sunday, the 17th of January, she went to the Castle attended by Lady de Clifford. In the Queen's room were assembled Her Majesty, Prince Mary, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, and the Prince Regent, who had brought with him Lord Chancellor Eldon. This great legal functionary pointed out to the Princess the somewhat despotic power which the law gives to the Sovereign over the members of the Royal family. During the interview the regent loaded his daughter with reproaches. At last, turning to the Chancellor he asked him

what he would do with such a daughter. "If she were mine," was the answer, "I would lock her up." The Princess burst into tears. "What," she exclaimed, "would the poor King have said if he could understand that his grand-daughter had been likened to the grand-daughter of a coal-heaver!"

There are other versions of this story. Such, to the best of my recollection, is the account of this strange scene as frequently related to me by my grandmother, and my impression is confirmed by a letter of my cousin, Sophia, the late Baroness de Clifford.

This was the last day of Lady de Clifford's court life. On the Monday the Duchess Dowager of Leeds was installed as her successor. I dined with my grandmother on the Saturday following, and went with her to Curzon Street Chapel on the Sunday. It was the 24th of the month, as I remember from a particular circumstance. One of the Psalms for the morning service was the hundred and eighteenth. When we came to the ninth verse, she whispered into my ear, "Excellent advice, my dear boy; remember it as long as you live." The words are, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in Princes."

Yet with all her experience of courts, the good old lady was fated once more to experience in her own person the truth of the advice she enjoined upon me. Not long after the stormy scene at the Castle, she was surprised at receiving a Royal command for a party at Carlton Palace. She took her card of invitation to her son, Lord de Clifford, who prevailed upon her to go, and accompanied her to the Palace. When the Regent entered the drawing-room the company ranged themselves into the usual court circle, and His Royal Highness proceeded to address each guest in turn, with that gracefulness of manner for which he stood unrivalled. But when he came to Lady de Clifford, he turned his back upon her, and thus showed to the assembled courtiers his idea of the manner in which "the first gentleman in Europe" ought to behave to a lady.

[1814.] There was much excitement in the London world this year at the breaking off of the projected match between the Princess Charlotte and the hereditary Prince of Orange. I

was probably one of the few persons to whom the rupture of the engagement caused no surprise. The decision which the Princess came to was in keeping with the language she had always held with me on the subject of her marriage. It was one of the few topics which drew from her any allusion to her exalted situation. "I am not," she used to say, "one of those Princesses who mean to leave the choice of her husband to others." No one who had seen the rejected and accepted suitors would for a moment dispute the naturalness of Her Royal Highness's election.

It was some months after the termination of this affair that my brother, Lord Bury, was appointed to the staff of the discarded pretender to the Princess's hand. One day the Princess met my cousin, Miss Townshend.¹ Her Royal Highness, after making many eager inquiries after her old friends, the Keppels, asked what Bury was about. My cousin courtseyed and blushed, but did not answer. The question was repeated. "He is aide-de-camp to the Prince of Orange, Madam." "Indeed!" said the Princess, laughing. "Poor brute! how I pity him."

On the entrance of the Allied Army into Paris in 1815, the Prince of Orange had assigned to him as a quarter, No 8, Rue de Mont Blanc, a few weeks before the hotel of the Emperor Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch. It was here that I had the honor of being presented to the Prince, but my acquaintance ended then and there.

"The Prince of Orange," writes Lady Charlotte Bury, "is good-humored and civil, but he has no dignity. The Flemings are surprised to see his English aides-de-camp² run up to him and slap him on the back." The only one who treated him with proper respect was my old schoolfellow, Lord March (the late Duke of Richmond). My brother and Henry Webster, of whom I was afterwards a brother aid-de-camp, both

¹ Honorable Sophia Townshend, daughter of John Thomas, Viscount Sidney, by the Honorable Sophia Southwell, daughter of Edward, twentieth Baron de Clifford. Miss Townshend married, in 1833, the late Lieut.-Col. the Honorable Peregrine Cust.

² The English staff of General the Prince of Orange consisted of Lieut.-Col. Baron Trip, 60th Foot; Captain Lord John Somerset, h.p.; Captain Francis Russell, h.p.; Captain Earl of March, 52d Foot; Captain Viscount Bury, 1st Foot Guards; Lieut. Henry Webster, 9th Light Dragoons.

admitted this cavalier behavior to their chief, but added that it was entirely the Prince's own fault. He was a mere boy, delighting in rough practical jokes—but not complaining when he sometimes got a Roland for his Oliver.

One of the barristers who went the Norfolk Circuit in my schoolboy days was Mr. Lewis Flanagan. The rich brogue of this gentleman and his stock of good stories often led me to pay him a visit in his chambers in Figtree Court. One day I met there a strong-built man, with a red face, small black eyes, and large nose. This was General Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B., the commander of the famous "fighting brigade," in the Peninsula. An account of some of my Westminster pranks seemed greatly to amuse him, and the General, the lawyer, and the schoolboy passed a merry quarter of an hour together. It was the only time I ever saw this distinguished veteran. There had been some misunderstanding between him and the Duke of Wellington, and it was only a very few days before the opening of the campaign in the following year that they were sufficiently reconciled to enable him to take command of a corps. He set out from London on the 11th June, having first made his will, as if he had a presentiment of the fate that awaited him. My friend, the late Mr. James Trotter, the Commissary-General of his division, was with him for an hour on the morning of the 18th of June. He told me that the demeanor of the General was that of a man who did not expect to outlive the day. He fell by a cannon ball early in the day, while "gloriously leading the division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was defeated."¹

His body was taken to Waterloo and there placed in a rough coffin made by the village carpenter. Thence it was conveyed to England. At the Vine Inn, Canterbury, it lay in state, as I always understood, on the table on which he had dined a fortnight before. On the 3rd of July it was conveyed to the burial ground of St. George's, Hanover Square, facing the north side of Hyde Park. There it remained four-and-forty years. It was

¹ Duke of Wellington's official dispatch.

then inclosed in oaken and leaden coffins, and on the 8th of June, 1859, conveyed in solemn procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, my friend, the late Sir Frederick Stovin, of the "fighting brigade," being one of the mourners.

The good people of England are notorious for their love of what is frequently called a "lion"—while their attachment lasts it is always at fever heat. At one time a Shah is the lion, at another it is the Claimant. In the month of June, 1814, there was a whole menagerie of this description of animals in the persons of the Allied Sovereigns and their most distinguished Generals. They had come over to pay a visit to that ally whose powerful co-operation had enabled them to hurl from the throne the mightiest tyrant with which the world has been afflicted in modern times.

I formed one of the crowd that assembled on Westminster Bridge to witness the arrival of Field Marshal von Blucher, or "Blucher," as the Londoners used to call him. We had been waiting a good hour and a half, when we heard loud cheering from the Surrey side, intermingled with cries of "Blucher for ever." The object of this ovation turned out to be a fat, greasy, butcher, mounted on a sorry nag, and carrying a meat tray on his shoulder. Shortly afterwards Marshal "Forwards" appeared in a barouche drawn by four horses, which from the density of the crowd were obliged to go at a foot's pace. We gave him a most enthusiastic reception, and he returned our greetings by holding out his hand to be shaken by the men and kissed by the women.

The next great object of attraction was Count Platoff, General of Cossacks. Our idea of the troops of which he had command was derived from the prints of them in the shop windows—men of colossal forms, with red lank hair, high cheek bones, and snub noses. My mother took me with her to Covent Garden, not so much to see the performances, as to have a sight of the renowned Hetman. We were in the Duke of Bedford's box, which was next to the Prince Regent's, and forming an obtuse angle with it, we could see without being seen. There was Count Platoff, sipping his coffee, but instead of a semi-barbarous giant, I beheld a little narrow-chested man, with regular

features, an olive complexion, black hair, eyes, and mustache and teeth to match.

The Emperor of All the Russias paid a visit one morning to Dean's Yard, and preserved his *incognito* so well that he was nearly going away without being discovered by us Westminster. Leaning on his arm was the lovely Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, and it was her big hat that gave us a clue to her Imperial brother.

At the time of the arrival of the Allied Sovereigns, English ladies wore straw bonnets fitting close to the head, somewhat in the shape of a beehive cut in half, but the pretty Grand Duchess had not been with us a week before the "beehive" disappeared, and the "coal-scuttle" usurped its place. I went one night to see Elliston in his best character—Vapid in the "Dramatist." When the curtain dropped, Vapid seemed to be so busy making notes for his new play as to be unaware that he was left alone. After trying both stage doors he declared that the "rogues had shut him out," and advancing to the front, informed the audience that he meant to dramatize them all. He began by addressing some clever verses to the pit and gallery, and then pointed to a very pretty woman sitting in the dress circle and *coiffée à la Oldenburg*. All eyes followed the direction of his pencil. The lady at first appeared unconscious of being the object of such universal observation, but suddenly rose to escape, upon which Elliston called out—

"Stop ! Madame, stop ! you lady in the bonnet,
I'll have you down you may depend upon it."

The whole affair was of course a preconcerted *coup de théâtre*.

The declaration of peace in the spring of this year produced a general rush of our compatriots of both sexes and of high and low degree to the French capital. This national exodus furnished materials for the winter pantomimes. In one of them a scene was laid in the garden of the Tuileries, in which were assembled French and English groups, and the dress, manners, and appearance of the two nations amusingly contrasted. The peculiarities were further set forth by a song from Grimaldi, the clown, called "All the World's at Paris." Pointing to

a gorgeously dressed lady in the crowd, in an unusually large Oldenburg bonnet he sings :

“ Lawk! who is that with monstrous hat,
And parasol who handles?
It's Mrs. Flame, the Borough dame,
Who deals in tallow candles.
Nay! Goody, pray don't turn away,
These Mounseers do not trust 'em,
When next we meet in Tooley Street,
I'll promise you my custom.”

I saw the same pantomime the following spring. But the song was not sung. “All the world” had fled from Paris. “Mrs. Flame, the Borough Dame,” and her fellow-citizens were scampering across the Channel, fearful lest the semi-barbarous tyrant who had just burst his bonds should repeat the outrage that he committed at the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, and seize upon the persons of peaceable travellers.

I had always been taught to look to the law as my profession, and it was held out to me that if I should make a respectable figure at the bar, I might reasonably expect to be returned to Parliament for a Whig nomination borough. It was my fate, unintentionally however, to frustrate these plans for the future, by an act which proved in its results to be the turning-point of my career.

Passing through Dean's Yard from the north, you come upon Great College Street—a single row of shabby-looking houses facing a stone wall, which Dr. Stanley, the Dean, tells me was built by Abbot Livingstone in the reign of Edward the Third, at the same time as the Jerusalem Chamber and the College Hall. But the wall, ancient though it be, has less of personal interest to me than the modern superstructure by which it is now surmounted.

When I first went to Westminster a lamp iron was fixed in the wall, of which the use—at least the only one to which I saw it applied—was to enable Mother Grant's boarders to let themselves down into College Street after lock-up hours. I took kindly to the prevailing fashion, and the school authorities—

not wise in their generation—rendered it still easier to follow, by allowing a building to abut on the inside wall.

But on my return to school after the Bartlemytide holidays in 1814, I found that the wall had been considerably raised, and the top covered with broken glass-bottles, which remain till the present day.

How to circumvent the enemy was the question. I took into my counsel the school Crispin, one Cobbler Foot by name, an old man-of-war's man, and he made for me a rope ladder, a "Jacob's ladder" I think they call it, similar to that made for ascending the sides of ships of small burden. Thus provided I climbed the wall with much less risk to my neck than *vid* the lamp iron.

On the 18th of March, 1815, on my return from the play, the scaling apparatus was all ready for me at the street side of Abbot Livingstone's wall, but great was my disgust, when on reaching my room I found the lay figure which I had left in my bed to personate me in my absence, lying piecemeal on the floor; my escapade was no longer a secret to the authorities.

The next morning when I went into school, I was sorely puzzled at the silence in which so serious a breach of discipline seemed to be passed over. The mystery was solved next day. A letter from my father informed me that my school-days had come to an end; enclosed was one from Dr. Page to him, dissuading him from thinking any more of a learned profession for me, and recommending him to choose one in which physical rather than mental exertion would be required.

CHAPTER VII.

I get my Commission.—Lansdowne House.—Am ordered to join my Regiment in Flanders.—Sir Colin Campbell.—Sir Neil Campbell.—Ostend.—My first day's March.—Join my Regiment.—My Commanding Officer.—The Fourteenth to the Front.—Our Brigade.—Sir Henry Ellis.—Our Cantonment.—Grammont Races.—We receive the "Route."—Waterloo.

[1815.] It was not without some trepidation that same afternoon that I knocked at the door of my father's house in Brook Street. The first person I saw there was my eldest brother, Bury, who had served in the Peninsula with the Grenadier Guards. He began quizzing me on my late adventure. I jokingly shook my fist at him, "What," said he, "would you dare to raise your hand against your superior officer?" This was the first hint I received that the army was to be my profession.

Just at the time that a Westminster boy, impatient of confinement within the narrow little backyard of Mother Grant's boarding-house, was scaling the wall into College Street for the enjoyment of a freer range of his limbs, a truant on a much larger scale was also engaged in breaking the bounds which his masters had assigned him. On the 1st of March Napoleon Bonaparte landed from Elba on the coast of France. The first news of his escape was received by the Congress of the Allied Sovereigns with shouts of laughter. In England, too, the event was treated with a like contemptuous indifference. Beyond sending some troops into Belgium, no immediate action was taken by the Government. The earliest allusion in Parliament to the landing of Napoleon was made on the 7th of April. Wellington was in Vienna, and remained there the whole month of March. My father's opposite neighbor in Brook Street, Lord Uxbridge, fated a few weeks later to play no mean rôle in the European drama, was quelling Corn Law riots, or chaperoning

his handsome daughters to London assemblies. The *Moniteur* was holding up to execration the "cowardly hero of Fontainebleau." Soult was calling upon the French troops "to rally round the spotless lilled banner at the voice of the father of his people," and Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," was setting out to take command of the army to stop the progress of the invader.

The consequence of all these circumstances was that on the day that I quitted Westminster School the British Public were in a fool's paradise, and looked upon the progress of the Corsican adventurer as a matter in which they could have no possible concern.

Yet on that same Saturday evening the 20th of March, Napoleon, once more Emperor of the French, entered Paris, and was borne aloft amidst loud acclamation on the shoulders of his troops into the Palace of the Tuileries from which Louis XVIII. had taken his departure a few hours before.

The news of this great event did not reach England till the beginning of the next week. It then became known that the most ardent of the supporters of the restored emperor was the same Marshal Ney who had promised Louis XVIII. that he would bring back the usurper alive in an iron cage.

Thinking over those eventful times, I am reminded of an epigram of which, as I have been unable to find it in the broadsheets of the period, I must ask the reader to be content with my version :

"When Boney broke loose, Ney swore to his king
That living or dead he that traitor would bring.
To be true to his oath, and to make his words sure,
He brought him alive, crying, 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

My father had been given to understand that my name would appear in the Gazette of that same Saturday evening, but the Prince Regent happening at that time to be in one of his most self-indulgent moods could not be induced to spare a few moments from his pleasures to affix the sign-manual to the commissions of officers destined for the seat of war. It was not till five weeks after Napoleon had landed in France that a London Gazette appeared containing a batch of Military

appointments. In that Gazette was my name as Ensign in the Fourteenth regiment of Foot.

Holding now a King's commission, I looked upon myself as a man, and was what young ladies would call "out." My first gaiety was a grand *réunion* at Lansdowne House. A less gay evening I have seldom spent. I still wanted two months of sixteen, and my fair complexion made me look still younger. In my excessive bashfulness I thought that every one whose eye I met was speculating upon what business a mere schoolboy could have in such an assembly. To complete my confusion, I encountered my mother, who, still young and handsome, did not care to see a second grown-up son in society. "What, George!" she exclaimed; "who would have thought of seeing you here? There, run away, you'll find plenty of cakes and tea in the next room." I did run away, but not into the tea-room; and some years elapsed before I again dared to put in an appearance at a London "at Home."

It was a salve to my wounded vanity to receive shortly after an official communication "On His Majesty's Service," ordering me forthwith to proceed to Flanders to join the third battalion of my regiment.

In obedience to the order, I, on the 27th of April, took my seat on the box of a stage-coach which in due time set me down at the principal inn at Ramsgate.

The town was swarming with military destined, like myself, to the seat of war. Observing the respect shown by the men to commissioned officers I donned my uniform and sauntered forth to come in for a share of the compliments due to my rank. There was no lack of salutes, but the irrepressible smile that accompanied them soon drove me back to my inn. To indemnify myself for my mortification, I ordered a dinner, the price of which would have enabled me to fare sumptuously for a week on the other side of the water. A kind friend in London had recommended me to the especial care of Colonel Sir Colin Campbell.¹ The Colonel was chief of the personal staff of the

¹ Colonel Sir Colin Campbell, K.C.B., received the cross and six clasps for Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive and Toulouse. To these decorations was to be added Waterloo.

Duke of Wellington, with the title of "Commandant at Headquarters." He was now about to proceed to Brussels to prepare for the reception of the Field Marshal.

I had just finished dinner when Sir Colin arrived post from London, called for me at the inn, and took me with him on board a small cutter called the "Duke of Wellington" packet. The moment we reached the deck, the vessel weighed and sailed, and landed us at Ostend at daylight the following morning.

At the moment of setting foot on shore I found myself in company with three officers—all three Colonels, Knights, and Campbells—Sir Colin, Sir Guy, and Sir Neil. This last was a man of some celebrity, as having been one of the last Englishmen who had had speech of Napoleon before his escape. The year preceding, Sir Neil was appointed British Commissioner at Elba, and was directed to remain on the island till further orders, in case Napoleon should consider the presence of a British officer as of use to protect him from insult or attack. At first the Emperor admitted him freely to his presence, but latterly discouraged his visits. It was during Colonel Campbell's absence from Elba, between the 17th and 28th of February, that Napoleon took flight, and Campbell was popularly, but improperly, pointed out as "the man who let Boney go." I remember hearing my father mention many of the criticisms which Napoleon made to Sir Neil upon some of our Generals—Lords Anglesey and Lynedoch among others. Respecting the great Captain, with whom he was about to come into conflict for the first and last time, he said, "Wellington is a good General, but he is too prodigal of his men." Campbell's countenance expressed surprise, "You think this strange as coming from me; I mean that he sends Englishmen on expeditions involving a great sacrifice of life, when Spaniards or Portuguese would answer his purpose just as well."

Depositing me at an inn, Sir Colin told me to be ready to start with him for Brussels at two in the afternoon.

After breakfast, as in duty bound, I reported myself to the Commandant, Colonel Lord Greenock, afterwards Assistant Quartermaster-General to one of the divisions at Waterloo.

Lord Greenock told me that an Ensign of my regiment was on his way to join, and advised me to accompany him. If I had had a grain of worldly wisdom I should have stuck close to the skirts of the Commandant at headquarters, but freedom of action was the ruling passion of the moment, and this I thought I should not obtain in the company of one so much my senior as Sir Colin, so I said nothing to Lord Greenock of my engagement to the Colonel, and cast in my lot with the Ensign.

Hiring a horse and cart for our baggage, Ensign — and I set out on foot from Ostend. I had not proceeded far when I discovered I had made a bad choice of a travelling companion. My brother Ensign was some two years older than myself, and a few weeks my senior in the regiment. He availed himself of this latter advantage to "come the commanding officer over me," and ordered me about as if I had been his fag. At Bruges I fell in with my school-fellow, Captain Frederick Koppel, of the Third Guards, who was returning to England with a detachment of invalided men. My kinsman was highly amused at my account of the young Martinet, whom he advised me to leave in the lurch. I did so then and there. We cousins passed a very pleasant evening together, and thus ended my first day's march.

The next night I slept at Ghent, then the residence of the ex-King of France. I here learnt that I should find my regiment at Acren, which place I reached the following day. Acren is a village on the left bank of the Dender, about two miles from Grammont, now a station on the Quievrain and Ghent Railway.

The third Battalion of the 14th Foot, which I now joined, was one which in ordinary times would not have been considered fit to be sent on foreign service at all, much less against an enemy in the field. Fourteen of the officers and three hundred of the men were under twenty years of age. These last consisted principally of Buckinghamshire lads, fresh from the plough, whose rustic appearance procured for them the appellation of the "Peasants."

Our Colonel, Lieut.-General Sir Harry Calvert, was brother to the celebrated brewer of the same name, and as the Fourteenth was one of the few Regiments in the service with three

Battalions, we obtained the additional nickname of "Calvert's Entire."

In my commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Skelly Tidy, I found a good-looking man, above the middle height, of soldier-like appearance, of a spare but athletic figure, of elastic step, and of frank, cheerful, and agreeable manners. He had been present at the reduction of all the French Islands in the West Indies, had served under Baird and Wellesley in Spain, in 1808, and in the Walcheren expedition the following year. When I reported myself, Tidy was in high spirits at having procured for his regiment a prospective share in the honors of the forthcoming campaign. The Battalion had been drawn up in the Square at Brussels the day before, to be inspected by an old General of the name of Mackenzie, who no sooner set eyes on the corps than he called out "Well I never saw such a set of boys, both officers and men." This was of a piece with my mother's speech to me at Lansdowne House. Tidy asked the General to modify the expression—"I called you boys," said the veteran, "and so you are, but I should have added, I never saw so *fine* a set of boys, both officers and men." Still the General could not reconcile it to his conscience to declare the raw striplings fit for active service, and ordered the Colonel to march them off the ground, and to join a brigade then about to proceed to garrison Antwerp. Tidy would not budge a step. Lord Hill happening to pass by, our Colonel called out, "My lord, were you satisfied with the behavior of the Fourteenth at Corunna? "Of course I was; but why ask the question?" "Because I am sure your lordship will save this fine regiment from the disgrace of garrison duty." Lord Hill went to the Duke, who had arrived that same day at Brussels, and brought him to the window. The regiment was afterwards inspected by his Grace and their sentence reversed. In the meanwhile a priggish staff officer, who knew nothing of the countermand, said to Tidy in mincing tones, "Sir, your brigade is waiting for you. Be pleased to march off your men." "Ay, ay, sir," was the rough reply, and with a look of defiance, my Colonel gave the significant word of command, "Fourteenth, TO THE FRONT! Quick march."

From henceforth our Regiment formed part of Lord Hill's corps.

Desperate were now my struggles to extricate myself from leading strings. My youthful appearance caused the Colonel to appoint me to the company of the oldest and steadiest officer in the regiment, Captain (afterwards General) William Turnour, who took great care of me—much too great, according to my then mode of thinking—made an inventory of my "kit," sent my clothes to the wash, and even superintended the darning of my stockings. All these acts of real kindness were repaid with ingratitude by me, and obtained for him in the regiment the nickname of "Keppel's dry nurse."

For four days in a week, from daylight to nine in the morning, we were generally engaged in regimental drill. The other two days were devoted to exercise in Brigade movements.

Our Brigade, under the command of Brigadier Mitchell, was composed of the 14th, 23rd, and 51st regiments. The commanding officers of these corps had all been actively engaged against the enemy in various parts of the world. The most distinguished of them was Sir Henry Walton Ellis, K.C.B., Lieut.-Colonel of the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers. For half his life his arms had used,

"Their dearest action in the tented field."

He had served in Holland, Egypt, America, the West Indies, Spain, Portugal, and France. He was wounded at the passage of the Helder, at Aboukir, at Badajoz, at Salamanca, at the Pyrenees, at Orthes—and at Waterloo a shot from a carbine put an end to his glorious career. Although frequently in the habit of seeing Sir Henry, I was not personally acquainted with him, but I used to hear much of him from his nephew, a volunteer in his regiment. He was a light-hearted man, of an affectionate disposition, and much loved by officers and men. He lies buried at Braine l'Alleude, within a few hundred yards of the spot where he fell. At the time of his death he was only thirty-three, and very young-looking for his age.

Time hung somewhat heavily on the hands of us officers in the Acren cantonment: a swim across the Dender, or a stroll into

Grammont, where we made acquaintances with the 23d, 51st, and 52d regiments, formed our principal recreations. Our men were more agreeably and usefully employed: they were quite at home with the "Peasants," upon whom they were billeted, and clubbed their rations of bread, meat, and *schnapps*, with the vegetables, cheese, butter, and beer of their hosts. Whenever not on duty they were to be seen assisting the *Boers* and *Bocrrinen* in their various labours. Before they left the cantonment, they had weeded the flax and the corn, and the potato crop of that year was entirely of their planting.

Races on a grand scale came off at Grammont on the 13th of June. There was a strong muster of men of all ranks and of all arms. On that day I completed my sixteenth year, and passed my birthday very pleasantly with some "old Westminsters." Everybody seemed determined to make the most of his holiday. Perhaps the pleasure of the assembled thousands would not have been without alloy, if they had known that within two days' march of us there lay concealed behind the low hills of Avesnes a hostile army, 122,000 strong, commanded in person by the greatest Captain of the age.

I was standing close to Lord Uxbridge, when a cheer from the neighborhood of the judge's stand announced the winner of a sweepstakes. I thought I had hardly ever seen so handsome a lad. He was beaming with health and spirits, as he took his place in the scales in his gay jockey dress. It was Lord Hay, an ensign in the first regiment of Guards, and aide-de-camp to General P. Maitland. The races were on a Tuesday; on the Friday young Hay was killed at Quatre Bras, and the following Sunday the gallant veteran by my side left a leg on the field of Waterloo.

June 15th.—I was this afternoon, about sunset, one of a group of officers assembled near the principal inn at Acren, when a Belgian, dressed in a blouse, told us that the French had crossed the frontier. I well remember the utter incredulity with which his statement was received by us all, but it proved to be perfectly correct. At daylight that morning Napoleon opened the campaign by attacking the first corps of the Prussian army, commanded by Count Zieten, in the neighborhood of Charleroi.

June 16th.—The following morning as I was proceeding to fall in with my company as usual, I found the regiment in heavy marching order, and all ready for a start. They had received the "route" to Enghein. The Wellington despatches show that this route was in obedience to the Duke's order for the two divisions of Lord Hill's corps, the 2nd and 4th, to proceed to that place, and that the order was written just as the Field-Marshal was setting out to attend the ball given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond.

Hurrying back to my billet I swallowed hastily a few mouthfuls of food, and with the assistance of my weeping hostesses packed up my baggage. I then placed it on my *bât* horse, and consigned it to the care of the baggage guard. I had taken my final leave of both horse and baggage. Thus when I entered upon the Waterloo campaign, all my worldly goods consisted of the clothes on my back.

As we passed through the village, our drums and fifes playing "The girl we leave behind us," or some such lively air, we were greeted with the cheers of the men and the wailing of the women. Their leave-taking was as if we were their own countrymen, sallying forth in defence of a common "Vaderland."

At Enghein, we received a fresh route for Braine-le-Comte. During this afternoon we could hear the booming of the artillery at Quatre Bras. I know nothing of Braine-le-Comte, for I entered the town long after dark and left it before the break of day.

June 17th.—We were now ordered to Nivelles. As we approached the town, we met several spring carriages of the Royal Wagon Train, full of the men wounded at Quatre Bras. As I shall not have occasion to speak again of this admirably conducted branch of the service, I may just mention the *sobriquet* of its chief—a man of colossal form whose real name was Carpenter, but who was known in the army as Magna Carta (Carter).

We were detained two hours at Nivelles to allow some Belgian cavalry to pass through our ranks. We resumed our march at three in the afternoon. Before we reached our

ground, the rain came down in torrents, and in a few moments wetted us to the skin.

Ascending the rising ground on which the village of Mont St. Jean is situated, the Colonel pointed to a spire in the distance. "That," said he, "is Waterloo." I had never heard the name before, and could not resist giving utterance to a pun, so execrable, that were it not for the time, place, and occasion in which it was perpetrated, I should not dare to repeat it. Pointing to our drenched clothes, I said, "We have plenty of 'water' now, we shall have plenty of something in 'loo' (*lieu*) of water to-morrow."

Prior to taking up our position for the night, the regiment filed past a large tubful of gin. Every officer and man was, in turn, presented with a little tin-pot full. No fermented liquor that has since passed my lips could vie with that delicious *schnapps*. As soon as each man was served, the precious contents that remained in the tub were tilted over on to the ground.

We soon after halted and piled arms on the brow of a hill.

Looking to the south, that is to say in the direction of the ground we had lately traversed, we heard heavy firing to our left. This proceeded from La Haye Sainte, where Picton had ordered two brigades of artillery to play upon the French infantry, which was pressing upon the Anglo-Allied forces in retreat upon Waterloo from Quatre Bras. It was probably then that Napoleon, who was with this portion of his army, first understood that Wellington was in position, and prepared to receive him on the morrow.

For about an hour before sunset, the rain that had so persecuted us on our march, relieved us for a time from its unwelcome presence, but as night closed in, it came down again with increased violence, and accompanied by thunder and lightning. For a time, I abode, as I best could, the pitiless pelting of the storm: at last, my exhausted frame enabled me to bid defiance to the elements. Wearied with two days of incessant marching, I threw myself on the slope of the hill on which I had been standing. It was like lying in a mountain torrent. I nevertheless slept soundly till two in the morning, when I was

awoke by my soldier servant, Bill Moles. Rising from the bivouac, I followed him into a small cottage, where fragments of chairs, tables, window-frames, and doors, were heaped into the chimney place. Around the fire made of the fuel thus supplied, were three men seated on chairs and drying their clothes. Not a word was spoken, but room was made for me. I followed their example. When they resumed their uniforms, I found one of them to be Colonel Sir John Colborne, then in command of the 52d regiment, afterwards General Lord Seaton, G.C.B. He had known my brother Bury, in the Peninsula. Towards morning his servant brought him his breakfast, of which he asked me to partake, but the portion was so infinitesimally small that, hungry as I was, I could not bring myself to take advantage of an offer that could only have been made in courtesy.

June 18th. During the first hour after sunrise on the morning of the 18th, our regiment, like the rest of the troops, were occupied in cleaning and drying their arms, a very necessary business after such a night as we had passed through. That done we had a rigid inspection of every musket and ammunition pouch. We then piled arms and fell out till the bugle recalled us to the ranks.

If I were asked what were my sensations in the dreary interval between daylight and the firing of the first cannon-shot, on this eventful morning, I should say that all I can now remember on the subject is, that my mind was constantly recurring to the account my father had given me of his interview with Henry Pearce, otherwise the Game Chicken, just before his great battle with Mendoza, for the championship of England. "Well, Pearce," asked my father, "how do you feel?" "Why my lord," was the answer, "I wish it was *fit* (fought)." Without presuming to imply any resemblance to the Game Chicken, I had thus much in common with that great man—I wished the fight was *fit*.

There was, I should suppose, hardly any British soldier in the field that morning, who did not understand that we were there, not to give, but to receive battle, and who was not surprised that hour after hour should pass away without any indication from the enemy that he intended to pay us a visit.

Jomini, passing in review Napoleon's plan of operations for the battle, says, "Il eut beaucoup importé à la réussite de ce projet de pouvoir brusquer l'attaque *des le matin*."

After refuting the Emperor's plea for delay, set forth at St. Helena, namely, that in consequence of the rain that had fallen in the night, some hours' sunshine was necessary to dry the ground so as to enable him to bring his guns into position, the celebrated strategist adds, "Dans la situation des affaires ce retard de quatre heures *fut une faute*."¹

In common with the rest of the British public, I was puzzled for sixty years to account for this "retard de quatre heures."

The enigma has at length found a solution.

From an able article on the "Memoirs of the Count de Ségur," in the last *Quarterly Review*, it appears that for several years the Emperor had been the victim of a painful malady, which, during its paroxysms, prostrated the energies alike of his mind and body: that there were four or five occasions on which the destinies of the Empire and the world were more or less influenced by this complaint.²

For several of these occasions I must refer to the *Review* itself, I quote only that which bears upon this narrative:

"A few days before he left Paris for Waterloo, the Emperor told Davoust and the Count de Ségur, *père*, that he had no longer any faith in his star, and his worn, depressed look was in keeping with his words." Then follows Ségur's account. I borrow the Reviewer's translation: "Some days later at Charleroi, the morning of the battle of Fleurus (Ligny), the Emperor having sent for Reillé, this General on seeing him was affected by a painful surprise. He found him, he told me, seated near the fire-place in a state of prostration, asking questions languidly, and appearing scarcely to listen to the replies; a prostration to which Reillé attributed the inaction of one of our Corps upon that day, and the long and bloody indecision of this first battle."

"As to the second, that of Waterloo, Turenne and Monthyon,

¹ Jomini, "Campagne de 1815," pp. 198-9.

² *Quarterly Review*.

general of division and sub-chief of the staff, have told me a hundred times, that during this battle, which was deciding his fate, he remained a long time seated before a table placed on this fatal field, and that they frequently saw his head, overcome by sleep, sink down upon the map before his heavy eyes. Monthyon added that, when the catastrophe was declared, he, and the Grand Marshal Bertrand, could only enable the Emperor to make good his retreat to Charleroi by holding him up between them on his horse, his body sunk (*affaissé*) and his head shaking, overcome by a feverish drowsiness."

The Reviewer adds, "M. Thiers admits that Jérôme Bonaparte and a surgeon in attendance told him that at Waterloo Napoleon was suffering from the malady described by M. de Ségur."¹

My son, Lord Bury, who was in 1872 the representative at Rouen, of the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in the war then raging between France and Prussia, became acquainted there with General Gudin,² the commandant of the garrison. This officer, who was *page d'honneur* in waiting upon the first Napoleon at Waterloo, told Bury that the Emperor ordered his horses to be ready at seven in the morning. The order was obeyed, but time wore away and the Emperor made no sign. At last the *Grand Ecuyer* came down to the assembled staff and told them that his Imperial Majesty was in his room, that he spoke to no one, that he was seated and in a pondering attitude which forbade question or interruption. It was nearly noon when the Emperor descended the ladder that led to the sleeping-room and rode away.

"Do you know, mon général," asked Bury, "why the Emperor was so dilatory? He must have known what all the world knows now, that minutes were of the highest importance to him on that day."

"Certainement," answered the General, "tout le monde se le disait. Il avait joué son coup et—il le savait perdu."

Gudin also told Bury that when Napoleon came down from

¹ *Quarterly Review* for July, 1875, p. 225.

² General Gudin was, on the advance of the Prussians, transferred to Paris, where he was killed, it is said, in a sortie.

his apartment to mount his horse, his equerry in waiting had stolen away to get some breakfast ; the duty therefore of assisting the Emperor to mount devolved upon Gudin, who gave him such a vigorous hoist under the elbow that his Majesty nearly rolled off on the other side. "Petit imbécile," exclaimed Napoleon, "*va-t-en à tous les diables*," and rode off, leaving the unlucky page overwhelmed with confusion, to mount and to ride sadly on in the rear. They had ridden a few hundred yards when Gudin saw the staff open right and left, and the Emperor came riding back. "Mon enfant," said he, putting his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, "*quand vous aidez un homme de ma taille à monter, il faut le faire doucement*."

The recollection of the implied apology, and the kindness which induced one in Napoleon's position to think at such a moment of a young man's feelings, brought tears into the old General's eyes as he told my son the story.

We had been under arms for six hours when a numerous cavalcade appeared on the crest of the opposite hill—evidently some great man and his suite : they were so near that a small body of Volunteer Riflemen of the present day could easily have emptied every saddle. My comrades and I made sure that we had seen Napoleon himself—we were wrong : it was Jerome Bonaparte, whose division was posted on the extreme left of the French line, facing Hougomont ; he had just received his Imperial brother's order to give the signal of battle. Almost the moment he disappeared from view a single cannon-shot was fired ; a pause of two seconds was distinctly perceptible, and then arose a roar of artillery which did not cease for the next eight hours.

For some time after the firing had begun, Mrs. Ross, our Quartermaster's wife, remained with the regiment. She was no stranger to a battle-field, and had received a severe wound in Whitelock's disastrous retreat from Buenos Ayres (1807), at which time her husband was a Sergeant in the 95th (now Rifle Brigade). She was loath to quit the field, "accidents might arise," she told us, "that would render her services useful." At last it was suggested to her that what was right and proper

in a sergeant's wife, was not so becoming in an officer's lady. Upon this hint she withdrew and passed the rest of Sunday in a neighboring church, not in the aisle in attendance upon divine service, but in the belfry, where she enjoyed a better view of the battle than could have been obtained by the Commander of either army.

From the spot we then occupied we could see neither friend or foe. Our arms were piled and we were waiting for orders to fall in. I was one of a group assembled round our sergeant-major, James Graham, who was fighting some of his Peninsular "battles o'er again." Suddenly the spokesman fell to the ground, a chance musket-ball had struck him on the neck. Although in great pain, nothing would induce him to leave the field.

As junior ensign, I had carried one of the colors on the first two days march, and when the bugle sounded to fall in, I proceeded to take my usual post in the centre. Inasmuch, however, as there were no less than sixteen ensigns of "Calvert's Entire," in the field, and the service entailed some additional labor, the Colonel determined that the duty should be performed by roster, and Ensigns Newenham and Fraser relieved me and my comrade. A color-sergeant of the name of Moore, who had served with the regiment in the Peninsula, thought this would be a good opportunity for instructing the two military neophytes in what they had to expect. "Now you see," said he, "the enemy always makes a point of aiming at the colors, so if anything should happen to either of you young gentlemen, I ups with your color and defends it with my life." One of the first casualties of the day happened to Sergeant Moore. He did not belong to my company, and I know not what became of him afterwards, but as he was carried off the field, I heard the Colonel say, "Serve him right for talking such nonsense to the boys."

Colville's division, the 4th, to which we properly belonged, was posted at Hal, eight miles distant from the field. We were therefore attached for the day to the 2d Infantry division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir William Clinton.

I must borrow Siborne's account of our first position :

"Along a portion of this road,¹ principally consisting of a hollow way, were posted in advance some light troops of the Anglo-Allied army. They formed a part of the fourth brigade of the fourth division (under Colonel Mitchell) attached to the second corps commanded by Lieutenant-General Lord Hill. The brigade consisted of the third battalion of the 14th British regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tidy; of the 23d Fusileers, under Colonel Sir Henry Ellis,² and of the 51st British Light Infantry (under Lieutenant-Colonel Rice), in the following manner: Along that portion of the Hougomont avenue which is nearest to the Nivelles road, was extended the light company of the 23d Regiment. On its right was an *abatis* which had been thrown across the great road, and close upon the right of this artificial obstacle, a company of the 51st were posted. Four more companies of this regiment, and the light company of the 14th, were extended along the hollow way alluded to as stretching across the ridge on the extreme left of the French position. The remainder of the 51st stood in column of support, about two hundred yards in rear of the hollow way. The 23d regiment was stationed on the left of the Nivelles road, on the reverse slope and immediately under the crest of the main ridge, in rear of the second brigade of Guards. The 14th regiment was posted in column on the southern descent of the plateau, on which was assembled the second British division."³

To arrive at this position we descended the plateau we had hitherto occupied, and entered upon a narrow ravine covered with brushwood. Shot and shell came occasionally into the ravine, but as we were out of sight of the French artillery, they did us no harm. How long we remained in this place I have no idea. It is now known that at about three in the afternoon, Napoleon, who in the early part of the action had directed his principal attack on our left and left centre, sent strong reinforcements to his troops engaged in attacking Hougomont—that part of the field in which we were posted. As a consequence

¹ A narrow road leading from the Nivelles *chaussée* across the plateau in the direction of Braine l'Alleude.

² Colonel Sir Henry Walton Ellis, K.C.B., was killed in this battle.

³ Siborne's "Waterloo" vol. 1, pp. 347-8.

General Byng carried his brigade to assist his brother guardsmen in the Château. His departure left an open space between Halkett's and Kemp's brigades. Sir James Shaw Kennedy pointed out the chasm to the Duke, who said to him, "I shall order the Brunswick troops to the spot, and *other troops* besides; go you and get all the German troops of the division to the spot where you are, and all the guns that you can find."¹

I presume that our regiment formed a portion of the "other troops," whom the Commander-in-Chief sent to fill up the hiatus, for it must have been about this time that Captain Bridgeman, one of Lord Hill's aides-de-camp, brought us the order to advance. We marched in columns of companies. Emerging from the ravine we came upon an open valley, bounded on all sides by low hills. The hill in our front was fringed by the enemy's cannon, and we advanced to our new position amid a shower of shot and shells. Turnor, the captain of my company, writing home, "June 19th: from the Field of Battle," says, "The whole day we were exposed to the fire of several batteries of artillery, and particularly two pieces brought to bear upon us." I can well remember the interest I took in those pieces—an interest heightened by the consciousness that I formed part of that living target against which their practice was pointed.

Fifteen years after the battle I was present at Paris at the Grands Couverts, the annual dinner which the older Bourbon Princes were in the habit of eating in public. A French officer on duty entered upon a subject of his own choosing, but one generally avoided by his countrymen—"Waterloo." He told me that he was an artillery officer posted in that action on the extreme left of the French line, and that his orders were to fire upon three British regiments the colours of which were respectively blue, buff, and green, thus proving, beyond all doubt, that it was against our brigade that his practice had been directed.

But to resume; we halted and formed square in the middle of the plain. As we were performing this movement, a bugler of the 51st, who had been out with skirmishers, and had mistaken our square for his own, exclaimed, "Here I am again, safe enough." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when

¹ Kennedy's "Waterloo," p. 128.

a round shot took off his head and spattered the whole battalion with his brains, the colors and the ensigns in charge of them coming in for an extra share. One of them, Charles Fraser, a fine gentleman in speech and manner, raised a laugh by drawling out, "How extremely disgusting!" A second shot carried off six of the men's bayonets, a third broke the breast-bone of a lance Sergeant (Robinson), whose piteous cries were anything but encouraging to his youthful comrades. The soldier's belief that "every bullet has its billet," was strengthened by another shot striking Ensign Cooper, the shortest man in the regiment, and in the very centre of the square. The casualties were the affair of a second. We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the Colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was mumbling my epaulette; while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum capsized and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away, but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him instantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit.¹

The French artillerymen had now brought us so completely within range, that if we had continued much longer in this exposed situation I should probably not have lived to tell my tale. We soon received the order to seek the shelter of a neighboring hill. As I was rising from the ground, a bullet struck a man of my company, named Overman, immediately in front of me. He, falling backwards came upon me with the whole weight of knapsack and accoutrements, and knocked me down again. With some difficulty I crawled from under him. The man appeared to have died without a struggle. In my

¹ This adventure is mentioned by the late Mrs. (Colonel) Ward in her "Recollections of a Soldier's Daughter."

effort to rejoin my regiment I trod upon his body. The act, although involuntary, caused me a disagreeable sensation whenever it recurred to my mind.

Our new position was further in advance, but less exposed to the enemy's fire. We were now about a hundred yards from the Nivelles *chaussée*. In our front were some riflemen in grey uniforms faced with green, their hats looped on one side, and bearing the Hanoverian badge of the white horse. They lined the road, and were engaged with some French skirmishers in the corn-fields on the opposite side.

On our right flank, and a little in advance, was a brigade of artillery, which I find from a recent publication, was the 9th, under the command of Captain Mercer, who in describing his position also marks ours. "Thus," says he, "we were formed *en potence* with the first line, from which we (my battery) were separated by some hundred yards. In our rear the 14th regiment of infantry (in square I think) lay on the ground."¹

Looking back to the part of the field we had lately quitted, we saw another brigade of artillery hurrying into position—a howitzer shell had penetrated one of their ammunition wagons which exploded, drowning for a moment the roar of the artillery, and dealing death and destruction on all around. Our sympathies were for the moment principally excited by the sufferings of some poor horses, which were the principal sufferers by the catastrophe, and were galloping about the field. Some would suddenly stop, and nibble the grass within their reach till they fell backwards and died. One poor animal, horribly mutilated, kept hovering about us, as if to seek the protection of our square.

The steadiness of our peasant lads, which had already been tolerably tried, was about to be subjected to another test. There appeared on our right flank an armed force, some thousands strong, who advanced towards us singing and cheering. They wore the dress which the prints of the day described as belonging to the French army. Charles Brennan, an Irish lieutenant, who had served all through the Peninsular War, called out "Och then, them's French safe enough!" "Hold

¹ General Mercer's "Waterloo," vol. i., p. 300.

your tongue, Pat," thundered out our Colonel, "what do you mean by frightening my boys?" but the expression of his countenance showed that he shared Pat's apprehension. They were neither of them singular in their belief. The attention of our neighbors, the 9th Brigade of Artillery, were directed to the same phenomenon. "For a moment," says General Mercer, "an awful silence pervaded that part of the position, to which we anxiously turned our eyes." "'I fear all is over,' said Colonel Gould, who still remained by us. Meantime the 14th springing from the earth, had formed their square, whilst we throwing back the guns of our right and left divisions, stood waiting in momentary expectation of being enveloped and attacked. The commanding officer of the 14th, to end our doubts, rode forward and endeavored to ascertain who they were, but soon returned assuring us they were French. The order was already given to fire, when Colonel Gould recognized them as Belgians."¹ The new-comers were General Chasse's Dutch and Belgian division, who had been posted in the early part of the day at Braine l'Alleude and were now ordered to the front. They had so recently formed a part of Napoleon's army that the slight change in their old uniform escaped the notice of the casual observer.

Towards evening, the 14th was the right hand infantry regiment of the British line. We were placed there by Lord Hill's brother, Sir Noel Hill. Our instructions were to keep a good look-out upon a strong body of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard.

We now occupied the crest of a gentle eminence, and looked down upon what, from a few blades still standing, was shown to have been in the morning a field of rye, ripe for the sickle. It had now, from the action of horse, foot, and artillery, been beaten down into the consistency and appearance of an Indian mat.

From the reverse side of the hill in front of us there now appeared the enemy our Colonel had been taught to expect. They were a magnificent body of horsemen, wore black helmets,

¹ General Mercer's "Waterloo," vol. i., p. 302.

and, if my memory does not deceive me, black cuirasses. As soon as they reached the ascent of our hill they advanced towards us at the *pas de charge*. For a moment they left us in doubt which square they intended to honor, but gave the preference to our left hand neighbor, a regiment of Brunswickers, which was at wheeling distance from ours. After one or two vain attempts to pierce the square, they went some fifty paces to our rear. Their presence amongst us procured us a momentary respite from the fire of the enemy's artillery. They now repassed between the two battalions. As soon as they were clear of our battalion, two faces of the attacked square opened fire. At the same instant the British gunners on our right who, at the approach of the Cuirassiers had thrown themselves at the feet of our front rank men, returned to their guns and poured in a murderous fire of grape into the flying enemy. For some seconds the smoke of the cross fire was so dense that not a single object in front of us was discernible. When it cleared away the Imperial horsemen were seen flying in disorder. The matted hill was strewn with dead and dying, horses galloping away without riders, and dismounted Cuirassiers running out of the fire as fast as their heavy armor would allow them.

This is the last incident that I remember of that eventful Sunday. The next day I wrote to my father a detailed account of the scenes of which I had been an eye-witness. My letter created a great sensation in the family. If it should re-appear, it will, I think, be seen that my reminiscences agree tolerably with the observation made on the spot. In the account which I now give, I have been assisted by Major-General Thomas Holmes Tidy, the son of my good old commanding officer, himself the wearer of a medal for his services with the 14th, at the capture of Bhurtpore. To the General's kindness I am indebted for the perusal of letters from my Colonel and the Captain of my company, addressed to a friend in Northamptonshire. By these documents I am enabled to give to our corps a very different position to that assigned to it in Siborne's celebrated model of the battle-field.

At sunset I found myself at Hougoumont, in the immediate neighbourhood of which I had been posted the greater part of

the day. I bivouacked that night under a tree facing the entrance to the Château. When about a quarter of a century ago I visited the field of battle in company with my son Bury, I looked in vain for the tree the roots of which had served me for a pillow. It was gone. The battle had been alike destructive of vegetable and animal life. The whole range of those fine elms which formed the avenue to the Château had died of wounds received in the action.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ca ira.—A False alarm.—Our General's Congratulations.—Commandant of Head-quarters.—Attack on Cambray.—Louis XVIII.'s Proclamation.—Open Right and Left.—Hare-hunting extraordinary.—First sight of Paris.—A "Ghost."—A Catastrophe.—Mr. Alexander Adair.—Bonapartists.—Bummelo.—General la Bedoyère.—A dinner at the Louvre.

June 19th.—All was still as the grave on the morning of the 19th. The Prussians had gone the night before along the Charleroi road in pursuit of the enemy. The British army was ordered to Nivelles, a distance of only nine miles. As the troops were marching upon one road, we were some time moving off the ground. Some of my comrades went over the field of battle. I set out with the same intent, but soon returned to the Château from the deep depression which the scene produced upon me. One sight especially riveted my attention. It was the body of a boy, that from his appearance could not have been more than fourteen years of age. The finely-chiselled features of the poor lad contrasted strongly with the coarse lineaments of corpses in his neighborhood, which had been rendered still more grim by the agony of the death-struggle. Like the bodies around him, no vestige of dress remained to show his rank or nation. From his peculiarly fair hair it may be assumed he was a German ; from his small white hands, that he was of gentle race, and from the heaps of dead horses around him that he had fallen in a charge of cavalry. I have looked over the lists of the killed and wounded, but can find no one answering his description. The probability is that he was a "freiwilliger," or volunteer, some of whom were attached to most regiments, British or Prussian. One thing it proved to me, that there was one in the field younger than myself.

The 14th bears on its colors the name "Tournay." It was a distinction granted to the regiment for their conduct in the action fought near that town in the War of the Revolution, on the 8th of May, 1793. In marching to the attack, the band, as a mark of defiance, played the Jacobin air of *Ca ira*, which thenceforth became the quick march of the corps. To that un-English tune we marched into Nivelles. Nor was this our only eccentricity, our lads had decked themselves in the spoils of the vanquished, and presented a motley group of Imperial cuirassiers, hussars, and *grenadiers à cheval*. One young fellow was conspicuous as the wearer of the cumbrous cap of a "tam-bour major."

The old hands quizzed our "Johnny raws" for voluntarily imposing upon themselves such burdens. They told them that with a little more experience in campaigning they would find their kit, arms, accoutrements, and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, quite enough to carry for any man's amusement, without gratuitously adding to these incumbrances.

In marching to our ground we passed the first Regiment of Foot Guards drawn up on one side of the street. From them I learned the fate of Lord Hay, the winner of the sweepstakes at Grammont races, and of a kinsman of my own, Ensign the Honourable Samuel Barrington, who also fell at Quatre Bras. The names of these two young men will be found on the monument in the church at Waterloo erected by the officers of the regiment to the memory of their comrades who fell on the 16th and 18th of June. I heard at the same time that two of my Westminster schoolfellows, Croft and Fludyer, ensigns in the same regiment, had been severely wounded.

My Colonel's billet was on a most charming house with a bay-window looking out on an ornamental garden. Turnor and I were his guests for the day. Our breakfast was a most sumptuous one, not the less acceptable as being almost the first food we had tasted since we left our cantonment. Meals on the march to Paris were few and far between. Indeed if it had not been for an occasional hard-boiled egg from the pistol holster of a friendly field-officer, I should have hardly imbibed sufficient nourishment to sustain life. Even Tidy, an old

campaigner, and likely from his position to have his full share of what was procurable, says in one of his letters, "I am quite well, though sleeping out and going often without food."

June 20th.—On the 20th we bivouacked in the neighborhood of Mons. The next day we first set foot on French territory. As we were entering a wood we heard several discharges of musketry, at the same time some clerks of the British Commissariat came running towards us, telling us that the French were drawn up in line and hotly engaged with our troops. We dashed through the wood at "double quick;" but when we came to the outside "we met no foe to fight withal." The only person I saw was a tall young man standing at the door of the village inn, who was said to be a Belgian officer of rank. A few years ago I met at Torquay, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, who commanded one of the Belgian divisions of Lord Hill's corps. Upon my mentioning to him this occurrence on the French frontier, His Royal Highness told me that he was the officer whom I had seen, and that our double quick march was caused by the Colonel of one of his regiments who had determined to celebrate the entry of his men into France by firing a *feu de joie*. No one was more astonished than the Duke of Wellington himself, who thought that a part of his army had fallen into an ambuscade.

Our night's halt was in the neighborhood of Valenciennes.

The next day we arrived at the heights above Le Cateau Cambresis.

The services of our brigade had been acknowledged by the Duke in his despatches, by Lord Hill, to whose corps we belonged, by Lieut.-General Sir Henry Clinton to whose division we had been attached, and at Le Cateau the following order was read at the head of every regiment of the brigade, from the Commander of our own division:—

"Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Colville cannot deny himself the satisfaction of adding to those of Lord Hill, his own most hearty congratulations to Colonel Mitchell and the 4th brigade on the share they so fortunately had on the glorious and ever memorable battle of the 18th instant.

"From every statement it appears that the 23d and 51st

regiments acted fully up to their former high character, while the very young battalion of the 14th displayed a gallantry and steadiness becoming veteran troops."

The Duke was this day at Le Cateau. Staff Officers, dressed in their best, were parading the town. They had been dining at head-quarters, where they met Louis XVIII. and the Duc de Berri. Among the guests I recognized the fag master who had given me such a terrible licking for hiding in the coal-hole. I addressed him by his name: he bowed coldly as he turned upon his heel, and said that "I had the advantage of him." The reverse was the fact—he had greatly the advantage of me. He was well fed, well dressed, and well lodged, whereas I had scarcely tasted food since I left Nivelles and my wardrobe, consisting of the clothes on my back, was none the smarter for five days' bivouacking. I was chewing the cud of resentment at this rebuff when who should make his appearance but Colonel Sir Colin Campbell, his breast blazing with stars and other military distinctions. He immediately thrust his embroidered sleeve into my ragged one. "Holla, youngster," he called out, "what do you mean by giving me the slip at Ostend? But never mind that now. What can I do for you?" "Give me something to eat," was the reply. He immediately took me to a *traiteurs*, where I had food to my heart's content. Having thus played the part of the Good Samaritan, Sir Colin returned with me into the principal street. The pride I felt at being seen in such company could only be understood by those who know how wide was then the social gulf that separated the staff from the regimental officer. Every one, I suppose, has "the proudest day of his life." Mine unquestionably was that on which I walked through the streets of Le Cateau with the Commandant of head-quarters leaning on my arm.

June 23d.—A general halt of the Prussian and British armies.

June 24th.—Sir Charles Colville was ordered to proceed with his division, consisting of our brigade and two others, to the attack of Cambray. I give Colonel Tidy's account of the part our regiment took in the affair:—

"Two of the brigades were ordered to attack it (Cambray) on one side, whilst ours, the 4th, the only one of the division engaged on the 18th, were to make a *feint* on the other, which we did accordingly, but having got close to the wall with a few *haystack* ladders tied together we resolved to try our luck on a real attack. My position happened to be on the bridge with a great part of the 51st and all my own, who were getting over the top of the gate, which being tedious we knocked at it, and an inhabitant actually let down the bridge and we walked in and marched in sub-divisions to the Grand Square in the most regular order in columns of battalions."

June 25th.—We remained at Cambray on the 25th, for although we were in possession of the town, the citadel still held out. Its Governor, Baron Roos, proposed an armistice which was refused. He then made an offer to surrender to Napoleon II. which was also rejected. Whereupon Comte d'Audenarde was despatched to Roos to summon him to surrender in the name of Louis XVIII. The last summons was obeyed.

It was said of the Bourbons in 1814 that they returned to France along with the "foreigner's baggage." The same phrase would have been equally applicable to them the following year. Thus at Cambray we marched out at one end while the Duc de Berri entered it in the King's name at the other.

The town was the only one in France which then owned allegiance to the ancient dynasty. It was decided by Louis XVIII.'s Councillors that a proclamation should be issued; Count Beugnot, in his autobiography, says that the duty of drawing one up devolved upon him. In the performance of this task he endeavored to preserve "the moderation and dignity which he thought should never be departed from when the King of France is made to speak." The Count thought perhaps that a modest demeanor would more especially befit a king lacking a kingdom. Louis XVIII. thought otherwise. Another draft of a proclamation was adopted which certainly did not err either on the side of modesty or moderation. It is dated Cambray, the 28th of June, 1815. It purports to be in the twenty-first year of the King's reign. In this document, His

Majesty hastens to bring his misguided subjects to their duty. It asserts that "treason had summoned foreigners into the heart of France," that "the King owes it to the dignity of his crown, to the interest of his people, and to the repose of Europe, to except from pardon the instigators and authors of this horrible plot."

When a soldier has to march from sunrise to sunset on a broiling midsummer's day, in a cloud of dust raised by the simultaneous action of several thousand pairs of feet, he does not view with complacency any aggravation of his discomfort. Thus there was an intense amount of grumbling each time that we were momentarily compelled to leave the crown of the road for some passing carriage or horseman. "Open right and left" had always for us a peculiarly distasteful sound. One day the words came upon us from the rear, accompanied by hissing, hooting and yelling. I look around to see the object of such universal execration, and beheld, mounted on a grey pony, a hideous-looking man with an enormous head, a pale pasty complexion, small cunning grey eyes, and a disagreeable expression of countenance. His cocked hat, silk sash, and silver epaulette bespoke him to be an officer, but no dress could have made him look like a gentleman. It was the Provost Marshal. He was accompanied by half-a-dozen drummers who held on to his horse by straps attached to his saddle. They were in the lightest marching order, carrying nothing but their drum cases, which were slung across their shoulders. These, I was told, contained either cat-o'-ninetails or some well-soaped ropes with nooses all ready for immediate use.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

The reception that the Provost Marshal experienced was somewhat similar to that which we Westminsters used to give to the boy bringing in a fresh supply of birch to the "birch-room."

Our division halted on the night of the 27th at Puzeaux, of the 28th at Petit Crève Cœur, of the 29th at Clermont, and of the 30th between La Chapelle and Senlis.

On the 1st of July, my regiment and some other troops of

Colville's division were ordered to occupy the heights above St. Denis, one of the advanced posts of the British army. Three light companies of our division were thrown into the neighboring village of Aubervilliers, which, in the course of the day, had been alternately in the hands of Prussians, French, and English ; for although French commissioners were striving to induce the allies to agree to an armistice, there was no intermission of military operations.

Ascending a small hill we came to the ornamental grounds of a handsome château. Loud cheering of those in advance of me announced that there was something extraordinary to be seen. It was Paris. The rays of the setting sun were throwing a brilliant light on the gilded dome of the Hôpital des Invalides. I thought we should never have ceased hallooing.

At this moment, a staff officer, whose neatness of dress bespoke a fresh arrival from England, inquired for a Mr. Keppel. Upon my answering to the name, he touched his hat, put into my hand a small packet, which he said an elderly lady at an evening party had given him in charge, and immediately disappeared. The package contained twenty gold guineas—a present from my grandmother Albemarle. As, in consequence of the war indemnity, each of these golden coins was at a very high premium in the French money market, I was probably the most flush of cash of any man of my corps.

Our position for the night was in the centre of a well stocked game preserve. As the sun went down swarms of hares came out to graze. Officers and men simultaneously gave chase. The poor animals, attacked in front, flank, and rear, fell a prey to their numerous enemies, not however till they had afforded abundance of sport. Anyone who had seen our soldiers a few hours before, listlessly dragging one weary leg after another along the dusty *chaussée*, would hardly have known them again in the active merry lads, who with peals of laughter were tumbling over each other in the eagerness of pursuit—I question whether a single hare escaped. Sure I am that there was not a camp-kettle in which one of them was not seething into soup. Tidy, Turnor and M'Kenzie, my brother subaltern and I were in the same mess. The *potager* of the château supplied us with

vegetables ; some flour from a neighboring mill we converted into Norfolk dumplings. The canteens of such of us as had not lost their baggage were laid under contribution for brandy, of which commodity the owners, now that we were approaching a land of plenty, could afford to be generous. The glass, I should say rather the tin *tot*, was passing merrily round when a soldier rushed forward, with a "Please, sir, one of our men has been poisoned by flour from the mill. He is lying dead close by." "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the Colonel, his usual expression in moments of excitement. Our faces lengthened. We went to see the defunct comrade, whose fate we feared we should soon share. The man was dead in one sense—dead drunk.¹

July 2d.—Attention to our creature comforts had prevented us from bestowing a thought upon the Château the night of our arrival. We now paid it a visit. The Prussians, whom we succeeded, had left their mark behind them. The broad mahogany hand-rail of the banisters was hacked apparently with swords from top to bottom. Fragments of gilt ornaments were strewn over the *parquet* floors. The green and yellow silk hangings were torn down. Pier glasses which had reached to the ceiling were smashed to pieces. The *salle à manger* was semi-circular and surmounted by a dome. The walls had been tastefully decorated in *fresco*, with representations of mythological subjects. These were half obliterated by the smoke of the fires of the Prussian camp-kettles. Some of Nassau's contingent were there when we entered, and busy preparing their dinners. The Château had been gutted of its furniture before we had arrived, but oddly enough, the marauders had forgotten to take a peep at the cellar. We found it full of the choicest wines, some bottles of which we made free to appropriate to our own use.

I have been at some pains to find out the name of our resting-place on the night of the 1st of July. The late Hon. Henry Wodehouse when an *attaché* of the British Embassy at Paris, suggested to me that our bivouac must have been in the grounds

¹ This anecdote is recorded in Mrs. (Colonel) Ward's "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Daughter."

of the Château St. Ouen, and the conjecture is, I think, strengthened by an entry in the diary of Miss Cornelia Knight.

By this will be observed that Louis XVIII. "rebuilt" the Château in 1815, a presumption that the former edifice had been somewhat roughly handled, and His Majesty might very naturally have been desirous that there should remain no evidence of the sort of friends that had helped him to recover his crown.

"*Aug. 1st, 1827.*—Went to St. Ouen to visit the Countess of Cayla and her daughter the Princess of Craon. Their house is in the midst of extensive grounds. On Louis XVIII.'s return in 1815 he rebuilt the house, or rather, erected the very beautiful villa, and made all the plans himself. He presented it to Madame de Cayla as a residence for her life. The present King (Charles X.) allows her 2500 livres a year to keep up the place."¹

St. Ouen is a place of historical interest. When the Bourbons were on the throne, the Chateau was a royal residence. In the time of Louis XV. it was occupied by Madame de Pompadour. A few days before Louis XVIII. fled from his capital in 1814, he gave the Chateau to Madame de Cayla to prevent its being confiscated as state property. It was at the Chateau of St. Ouen that Louis XVIII. slept in 1814, the night before he made the public entry into the capital of his forefathers. It was from this same Chateau that he issued the famous "Declaration" that goes by its name—a declaration in which he made those promises to the French people which, if he had but kept, he would probably not have been sent a few months later on his travels.

July 3rd.—In the afternoon, and just as we had begun to test the merits of our looted wine, the order came to proceed immediately to the attack of St. Denis. Leaving our scarcely tasted meal we fell in ; soon the bugle sounded the advance. Descending from our eminence we came to a road which lay between stone walls that had at intervals been pierced for musketry. At these apertures we could not avoid casting sundry oblique glances, for we expected every moment to see hostile

¹ Cornelia Knight, vii. p. 167.

fire issue from them. Within a few hundred yards of the out-works we learned that an armistice had been agreed upon, and that we were to take military possession of the town. We were detained a couple of hours at the entrance, for the bridges had been blown up and we were obliged to wait till temporary ones could be substituted.

With a view to ensure the peace of the town it was arranged that parties consisting of an equal number of our men and of the *Garde Nationale*, and commanded alternately by an officer of one or the other nation, should patrol the streets throughout the night. I was one of those told off for this duty, and not a little proud did I feel at being in the momentary command of a body of armed Frenchmen.

July 4th.—In accordance with the military convention signed the day before, the French army retired behind the Loire, and that portion of the allied troops to which I belonged was encamped outside the walls of St. Denis. We remained there three days.

While in this neighborhood I visited the hospitals, then full of French soldiers who had been wounded at Waterloo.

On the 7th my division (the 4th) took up its encampment in the Bois de Boulogne. We lined the road through the wood from the Barrière de Neuilly to the town of Boulogne. The officers' tents were pitched on the eastern, or Paris side, those of the men on the other.

I know not what others did, but for my part I lay awake all night thinking of the pleasure in prospect on the following day.

July 8th.—Long before sunrise this morning a party of us set out on foot for Paris. So early were we that we found the whole space lying between the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, then called Place Louis XV., covered with a Prussian bivouac.

I entered Paris barefooted and in rags. For the tattered condition of my uniform there was no immediate help, but the defects of the other parts of my wardrobe were at once remedied by the boot-maker and haberdasher.

After a bath and a *dejeuner a la fourchette*, we sailed forth

to the Louvre, to view the finest collection of pictures that the world ever saw, or will probably ever see again. Towards evening, hunger drove us from this enjoyment into the *restaurant* of Vereys, then the most celebrated in Paris. Chance placed us at the same table with some Prussian officers, one of whom spoke a little English. We became companions for the rest of the evening. After a sumptuous dinner we accompanied our associates to the *parterre* of the theatre of the Palais Royal. The first piece was nearly over when we arrived. One of our newly-made German friends, inspired probably by champagne, started up from his seat, and asked for "God save the King." The call met an immediate response; actors and actresses, some in plain clothes, others dressed in character, rushed upon the stage and sang the familiar song in a manner that made it not the least amusing of the night's performances. I was puzzled to think why my friend preferred the English to the Prussian national anthem, not being then aware that "God save the King" and the "König's Hymne" are one and the same air. If this interruption had been caused by a British officer, his commission would probably have paid the forfeit. But the Prussians were "chartered libertines" at this time. Blucher, their chief, was bent on pulling down the column in the Place Vendome, and the train was already laid which was to blow up the Pont d'Jena.

July 8th.—The next day Captain Turnor and I strolled into the Tuileries. Huissiers in embroidered uniforms were posted at the doors of the several apartments, but we were allowed to pass unquestioned. While we were gazing at the pictures, a body of gentlemen in court-dresses advanced towards us from the opposite end of the room. The only one in plain clothes we at once recognized by his portraits as Louis XVIII. The King was dressed like an English country gentleman of the period—a blue coat with gilt buttons, pantaloons and hessian boots. We had only just time to draw up on one side, to assume the attitude of "attention," and to greet his majesty with a military salute as he passed—a mark of respect which was acknowledged by a bow and the most gracious of smiles.

Why we were permitted thus to penetrate into the Royal

sanctum is to me a riddle. Perhaps the King—he had only been twenty-four hours on the throne—had given orders to allow British officers a *passepartout*. It was exactly one year before that he had acted in the same spirit when holding a drawing-room at Grillion's Hotel in Albemarle Street. His attendants proposed to shut out the crowd, "No," exclaimed the King, "open the door to John Bull, he has suffered a good deal in keeping the door open for me."¹

July 24th.—The 24th of each month was pay-day. After the morning's muster, not an officer, except the orderly one, was to be seen in camp. All the others were off to Paris to get rid of their money, a process which the *rouge et noir* tables made easy and speedy. On the 24th of July I was orderly officer. I well remember the date. Towards sunset I was sitting at the door of my tent when I saw a private soldier coming towards me by the path on the officer's side of the road. This was of itself an unusual circumstance. As he approached I saw to my horror the deadly pale countenance of Thomas Overman, the man upon whose body I had unintentionally trod at Waterloo. The figure saluted me as it passed. I put my hands before my eyes to shut out the apparition from my sight : when I removed them, it had vanished. I spent an unusual time in visiting my sentries, but was at last compelled to retrace my steps with the prospect of being haunted by the ghost the live-long night. I now remembered that the sergeant-major's tent was close to mine. Thither I went for company's sake. Unspeakable was my relief in hearing from him that some wounded men had just arrived from Brussels ; amongst others was Thomas Overman of my company.

As each pay-day came round, there was a like exodus from the camp. Happy the man who, at the end of the first week, had saved a few francs wherewith to buy vegetables to season his tough ration pound of meat, or provide himself with some more palatable beverage than the very ordinary wine that was served out to him.

Our chief amusement in these camp-days was to swim our

¹ Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

bât-horses over to an island in the Seine. On the bank of the river was the brigade of artillery attached to our division. One day as a party of us bathers were approaching the artillery camp, we heard a loud explosion, and the next moment learned the cause. Two men had been employed in unloading live shells from an ammunition wagon, and were passing them over to each other, two at a time, in a manner in which I have seen men, in London, treat bundles of firewood. Two of these shells coming in contact had exploded and blown one of the men so completely to pieces that a tarpaulin had been thrown over his remains. The other man was still alive, but the flesh was completely stripped off both his arms. What astonished us was that he appeared to suffer no pain, and when we came up to him, he was calmly bequeathing to his comrades the contents of his kit. He survived the accident four hours.

Our dress off parade was of the lightest description—a forage cap, a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a pair of slippers. Once when thus attired I was busy felling trees to make a stable for my *bât*-horse, I heard my name called. Hatchet in hand, I jumped into the road, and saw a carriage full of pretty English women dressed in the height of the fashion. As they were strangers to me I was about to return to my work, but was arrested by a voice saying: "Come back, Mr. George," and from among the huge Oldenburgh bonnets there emerged the small familiar face of Mr. Alexander Adair, the wealthy army agent of Pall Mall. I was again rushing back to put on my uniform, but my old friend called out, "Stop where you are: these young ladies see plenty of smart officers in Paris, and I promised them I would show them one *en dèshabille*, and I think," he added, eyeing me from top to toe, "I have kept my word."

The Adairs of Flixton, Suffolk, were a junior branch of the family of which my friend Lord Waveney, now the inheritor of the estate, is the head.

For a century the greatest intimacy subsisted between the Adairs and my family. It began before my friend Mr. Alexander was born, and he lived to the age of ninety. William Adair, his uncle, owed his success in life to my grandfather's

influence with the then Duke of Cumberland. Frequent reference to this William is made in my family papers.

If his nephew Alexander had lived in the days of *Vanity Fair*, he would not have escaped the notice of the inimitable "Ape." He was a very small man, wearing his back hair plaited and twisted into what was called a "club," as great a singularity then as the pigtail would be now.

Adair, who almost idolized Lord Keppel, was fond of telling how, sauntering one day down Wardour Street, he saw in a window a portrait of the Admiral, which he knew to be an undoubted Sir Joshua. In the same shop was a picture of himself. Pretending to be wonderfully taken with his own likeness, he looked with an air of indifference upon that of his friend, and asked the man what he would take for the two. "Ten guineas," was the reply, "is my price for the officer, but, if you will not attempt to beat me down, I will make you a present of the other fellow."

This picture, which I frequently saw in the saloon at Flixton Hall, was a half-length *replica* of the full-length portrait in possession of the Queen, now in one of the state apartments of St. James' Palace, and hanging in company with the portraits of Howe, St. Vincent and Nelson. The picture belonging to Mr. Adair shared the fate of his mansion, which was burned down in 1847.

Mr. Adair was probably one of the last persons who had learned "to ride the high horse:" he was a bold and skilful rider. His kinsman Lord Waveney has heard of his clearing a turnpike gate. I have been told that when nearer seventy than eighty, he would, as a Captain of Suffolk yeomanry cavalry, leap over his own deer hurdles in full uniform, and invite his troop to follow him. He had a villa near Croydon. Hyde Park was then surrounded by wooden palings. It was his frequent practice to jump over the enclosure as a short cut to his office. A young Suffolk groom attempting to follow him one day got a bad fall. The poor lad was immediately collared by the park-keeper, who said, "I will not let you go till you tell me the name of your fool of a master."

The follies of the Bourbons during their short reign of 1814

led many Englishmen of liberal tendencies to believe that the French would have been more likely to obtain constitutional government from Napoleon, than from their own incorrigibly stupid race of legitimate princes. Men so thinking were called "Bonapartists." My father was of this school and fully indoctrinated me with his opinions. I have before me a miniature of the great Corsican captain, which used to hang in his dressing-room. On its frame he caused to be inscribed in gilt letters the words "*Magnæ virtutes nec minora vitia.*" If my good sire had known as much of this self-styled "ATTILA"¹ as, since his time, history has revealed to us, he would, I think, be puzzled not only to enumerate these *virtutes*, but even to point out a single redeeming trait in the character of one so utterly devoid of human sympathy. For my own part I have long recanted this youthful heresy, but I thought differently when an Ensign in the Bois de Boulogne, and was fond of sporting my opinions to whomsoever would grant me a hearing. One man I brought to my way of thinking, and as he was a type of a numerous class of his countrymen, I give him a place in my memoirs. He was the fruit-seller of the camp, called by our men "Bummelo," the sound produced on their ears, by the cry of the staple of his wares "Bons melons."

Bummelo, a squat, black-muzzled Frenchman with rings in his ears and a white cotton cap on his head, used to make us aware of his presence by his vociferous loyalty. "Vive le Roi ! vivent les Bourbons !" was his constant cry, and then would follow the eternal "Vive Henri Quatre !" a royalist air with which our ears were nauseated morning, noon, and night. One day a party of brother subs. and I, meeting Bummelo, told him that he was much mistaken if he supposed we cared a rush for his Louis XVIII.—that all our sympathies were with "Napoleon le Grand." The conversion produced by this speech was instantaneous. Seizing his cap by the tassel, Bummelo waved it over his head and began screaming at the top of his voice "Vive l'Empereur ! à bas les Bourbons ! à bas Louis dixhuit !

¹ "Je serai un *Attila* pour Venise," words addressed by General Bonaparte to the deputies of the Venetian Republic, April 19th, 1797.

à bas ce vieux cochon!" and forthwith favored us with a parody on "Vive Henri Quatre!" beginning

"Vive Bonaparte!"

"Vive Napoléon!"

With Englishmen the belief that Napoleon was capable of sustaining the novel character of first magistrate in a limited monarchy, was a mere speculative opinion. On the other side of the Channel it was a vital principle. There were Frenchmen who looked upon "Liberty and the Emperor" as the war-cry of a cause in which they believed, and for which they were ready to shed their blood: they were for the most part men who had shared in the victories of Austerlitz and Jena. A conspicuous example of this class of politicians was General la Bedoyère, who, in violation of the treaty of Paris, was put to death one evening shortly after our entry into the French capital.

A veteran in point of military service, although only twenty-nine years of age, covered with wounds, one of the handsomest men of his day, of engaging manners, of the most amiable disposition, La Bedoyère, whatever may have been the errors of his political opinions, was guided in his actions by an ardent love of country.

This officer, it will be remembered, was the first who in March of this year, brought an entire regiment under the standard of the Imperial adventurer. At the moment he approached Napoleon at the head of his men, he gave vent to the feeling uppermost in his mind. He openly assured Napoleon that Frenchmen would no longer lend themselves to his schemes of ambition, but that they expected to live under his rule a free and happy people. The inchoate sovereign smiled at the enthusiasm of the youthful patriot, for before the Colonel had ended his harangue, his regiment had donned the tricolor. When in the month of June La Bedoyère found himself a peer of France, general of division, and aide-de-camp of the Emperor, he could not conceal his astonishment. "Mais," exclaimed he, "je n'ai rien fait pour l'Empereur; j'ai tout fait pour la France,

Among the last to quit the field of Waterloo, La Bedoyère hurried to Paris to endeavor to obtain the throne for the son of the abdicated Emperor, as the best bargain he could make for his country. Finding he could produce no impression on that assembly, he cried out, "*Quant à moi, mon sort n'est pas douteux.*" His words were prophetic.

It was at the moment when all Paris was execrating this act of perfidy, that I met in the streets Count Alfred de Vaudreuil, an old Westminster schoolfellow and brother-boarder. He afterwards became Secretary of Embassy to the British Court under the reign of Charles the Tenth. His elder brother had borne a commission in one of our hussar regiments.

These de Vaudreuils were of the same family as the Marquis of that name who ceded Canada to the British in 1757, and as another Marquis de Vaudreuil who commanded a line-of-battle ship in d'Orvillier's action with Admiral Keppel in 1778.

On Alfred de Vaudreuil's invitation, I dined with his father at the Louvre, of which palace he was Governor.

The Count, an old man bordering upon decrepitude, had served throughout the "Seven Years War" against Frederick the Great, as aide-de-camp to Marshal Soubise. Besides his post of Governor of the Louvre, he was Grand Fauconnier and Pair de France. The Countess, many years his junior and still handsome, was a friend of my grandmother de Clifford, and, if I remember right, an Englishwoman. I met at dinner Alfred's elder brother, and a man between forty and fifty years of age, whom the young man addressed as "*mon oncle.*" This gentleman, as I gathered from his conversation, had passed his time under the Consulate and the Empire, and was, as may well be imagined, not particularly pleased with the new order of things. Unfortunately, politics cropped up. In the course of dinner, "*mon oncle*" came to high words with the Governor, and the two young Royalist sons were struggling for the honor of fighting their Imperialist kinsman. Madame de Vaudreuil took me aside, and, with tears in her eyes, begged me to help her to get rid of her foolish boys, then said aloud to them, "*Pray show Mr. Keppel the sights of the Palais Royale.*"

Although this was just the locality in which I had no need of a cicerone, I took the Countess's hint and carried off her sons, for although more of a Bonapartist than a Bourbonite, I could not help feeling with Mercutio,

"A plague of both your houses."

We three young men now sauntered into the Palais Royale. In every print-shop was a picture of La Bedoyère. Our conversation naturally turned upon the event to which I have just alluded. As I had been oftener in the habit of calling my old schoolfellow "Froggy" than by his real name, I did not scruple to tell him that I looked upon the execution of La Bedoyère as a judicial murder. Whereupon the brothers, like two furies, turned upon me at once. "I was worse than '*mon oncle*.' Did I mean to insult them by espousing the cause of such a traitor to his lawful sovereign?"

Somehow I managed to escape from the two young Legitimists with a whole skin, but I at once dropped my acquaintance, and came to the conclusion that an ill-dressed ration in camp was better than a feast in a palace with such combative hosts.

CHAPTER IX.

Our March through Paris.—Ordered Home.—Our Cold Reception.—The *Sea Horse*.—Its Fate.—Our reflections thereupon.—“Calvert’s all Butt.”—Property Tax Repealed.—Princess Charlotte at the Chapel Royal.—Our Waterloo medals.—Zante.—Santa Maura.—Corfu.—“King Tom.”—Military Execution.—Deaths of Princess Charlotte and my Mother.—Set sail for Mauritius.—The Island during the Reign of Terror.—The Slave Trade.—A Hurricane.—Cape of Good Hope. Lord Charles Somerset.—Dr. James Barry.—St. Helena.—Napoleon’s Last Moments.—Return to England.

WE remained in camp till the cold became so intense that the troops could no longer be kept in safety under canvas. On or about the 1st of November our division was ordered into cantonments. Our line of March was by the *Barrière de Neuilly* and the *Champs Elysées*, past *Place Louis Quinze*, up *Rue Royale* through the *Boulevards des Italiens* and *Poissonnière*, and out of the *Porte St. Martin*, our bayonets fixed, our drums beating, and our colors flying. My company, which formed a part of the head-quarters of the regiment, was billeted on a village to the north of Paris called *Le Massy*.

“We have come,” writes Colonel Tidy to his friends in Northamptonshire, “into a place successively occupied by Prussians, Cossacks, and Austrians, and, would you believe it, of the three, they (the French) prefer the Cossacks. When we came in they expected to have everything eaten and drunk up, and prepared accordingly; but our fellows, having been paid the day before, began to pull out their five-franc pieces. The villagers are actually enriching themselves.”

In this village we assembled as a mess for the first time since the regiment left England. There was no end to the schemes

that the division did not form for its winter amusements; amongst others, one for setting up a pack of foxhounds.

In a letter, dated Le Massy, November 4, 1815, Colonel Tidy writes :—"I am at length settled in a village nine miles from Paris, with six companies of the 14th; the other four divided between two smaller villages, in one of which resides the Lieutenant-General, Sir Charles Colville, commanding the division, who has taken our two flank companies for his own guard."

In the above paragraph my good Colonel speaks of being "settled;" such a word ought to have no place in a soldier's vocabulary. Within a few weeks of the date of Tidy's letter we were ordered home.

We landed at Dover in the latter end of December. Public feeling in England had undergone a great revulsion in regard to us soldiers. The country was satiated with glory, and was brooding over the bill that it had to pay for the article. An anti-military spirit had set in. Waterloo and Waterloo men were at a discount. We were made painfully sensible of the change. If we had been convicts disembarking from a hulk we could hardly have met with less consideration. "It's us as pays they chaps," was the remark of a country bumpkin as our men came ashore. The very atmosphere contributed to the chilliness of our reception. It was on a winter day that we landed. No cheers like those which greeted the Crimean army on its return, welcomed us home. The only persons who took any notice of us were the Custom-house officers, and they kept us for hours under arms in the cold while they subjected us to a rigid search. These functionaries were more than usually on the alert at this time, because a day or two before a brigade of artillery with guns loaded to the muzzle with French lace had just slipped through their fingers.

Our treatment throughout the day was all of a piece. Towards dusk we were ordered to Dover Castle, part of which building served as a prison. Our barracks were strictly in keeping with such a locality—cold, dark, gloomy, and dungeon-like. No food was to be had but our "ration." No furniture procurable but what the barrack stores afforded. In this bitter

winter's night, the first of my return from campaigning, I lay on a bed of straw.

[1816.] One day early in January, 1816, we marched to Hythe. With the aid of the upholsterers of the town we had made ourselves tolerably comfortable in our weather-boarded barracks when we received our route for Deal. At Deal we met with like treatment; we were ordered at a moment's notice to Ramsgate, there to take shipping for the south of Ireland. We had accordingly embarked our baggage on board the *Sea Horse* transport. That same morning an order arrived for the disembarkation of our baggage and the immediate disbandment of our battalion.

Deep were the lamentations of those of my brother officers whose military career had thus been brought to a close; but it may be surmised that they became reconciled to their fate when they learned the still heavier calamity from which the decree of the Horse Guards had probably saved them.

On the 26th of January of this year, the *Sea Horse* sailed from the Downs, having on board, instead of my regiment, the head-quarters of the 59th, and a few days later was wrecked off Kinsale. The numbers on board, counting women and children, amounted to 394. Of these, 365 were drowned; among the saved were neither woman nor child.

The troops that relieved us at Deal met a like fate.

The *Lord Melville* and the *Boadicea* transports sailed at the same time as the *Sea Horse*. Like their consort, they were also lost off Kinsale. The *Lord Melville* saved all her crew but seven. Out of 280 in the *Boadicea*, only 60 were saved.

Beyond a short paragraph in the papers, no public notice was taken of the catastrophe. There was then no Plimsoll in Parliament to enquire what were the circumstances that caused those vessels taken up by the Government and nearly 600 soldiers to go to the bottom. But if such a calamity were beneath the notice of the Legislature, it was by no means a matter of indifference to us, who were so nearly becoming its victims. Perhaps our apprehensions made us judge unfairly, but I well remember the language of the mess table. We argued that with the return of peace, soldiers had become a

drug in the market, while freight was a costly commodity, that hence our rulers were much disposed to accept the lowest tender for tonnage without examining too closely into the seaworthiness of the ships engaged, and that consequently vessels unfit to carry coals from Newcastle to London were taken up to convey troops to all parts of the world. Nor was the demeanor of the skippers of these transports reassuring; they were generally men of very little education—their dialect showed that they belonged to the “black country,” and though they seemed to have a practical knowledge of the soundings in the Channel: it was a question whether, to many of them, the use of a Hadley’s quadrant was not an unknown science. It was frequently my lot, as a subaltern, to sail in one of these coal-tubs; and often in a gale of wind I have fervently wished that the craft in which I was a passenger might prove a better swimmer than—the *Sea Horse*.

The 14th Regiment, stripped of its third battalion, lost its nickname of “Calvert’s” entire, or rather exchanged it for that of another malt liquor “Calvert’s all Butt” (but)—

Being “out of the break,” I was told to hold myself in readiness to join a detachment of the regiment about to proceed to the Ionian Islands, where our second battalion was stationed. Previous to embarkation I was granted a few weeks’ leave of absence.

When I arrived in London the opposition party in Parliament were engaged in a fierce war against the property-tax. After a struggle of six weeks a majority of thirty-seven declared in favor of its repeal. I was not altogether uninterested in the decision of the Legislature, for by it I came, for the first time, into the enjoyment of the full pay of an Ensign: heretofore I had been mulcted fourpence out of my day’s pay of five shillings and threepence as my contribution towards the expenses of the war.

The public was at this time wholly engrossed with the approaching marriage of the Princess Charlotte. A short time before the wedding, Her Royal Highness went in state to the Chapel Royal. On that same morning I went to the peers’ seat in the chapel, and could not resist looking furtively up at

the royal pew. It was five years since I had seen the Princess. I wished to observe what changes that lapse of time had wrought in her. In form she was considerably altered, but a glance showed me that in other respects she was the same Princess whose playmate I had the honor of being in my under-school days. She knew me immediately, and from under the shade of her hands, which were joined together over her face as she knelt, she made me sundry telegraphic signals of recognition in her own peculiar manner. The moment the service was over I rushed to the corner of St. James's Street to see her pass. She kissed her hand to me as she drove by, and continued doing so till her carriage turned into Warwick Street. Up to the moment that I lost sight of her, I could see her hand waving from the window.

I saw her for the last time.

When, after an absence of eighteen months, I returned to England, the flags of the ships in the Channel were hung half mast high, and the whole nation was mourning for her, whom it had fondly looked upon as its future Queen.

My leave expired, I joined a detachment of my regiment then quartered at Chichester. The good people of that town were very hospitably disposed towards our little garrison. At a ball given by one of them, we "Waterloo men" wore for the first time the medals which had just been distributed to us. Towards the end of the month we marched to Portsmouth. Here I embarked on board the *Kennerley Castle* transport: on or about the day that the Princess Charlotte was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, my ship set sail for Zante. In due course we landed in that very pretty island.

The ladies of Zante led the lives of Mohammedans rather than of Christians. When I was quartered in their town, we soldiers could never get a glimpse of their proverbially pretty faces, save through the bars of the latticed windows, at which they used to pass their days. We did all in our power to entice them from their *zenanas*. First we tried to see what our band in the piazza would do for us. But our music had no charms for them. Failing to make an impression on their ears, we attacked another sense. When the *beccafico* came into

season we invited the *élite* of the island of both sexes to a feast of which that delicious bird formed the staple ; but no : the gentlemen indeed gorged the hook greedily enough, but their kinswomen would not rise to the bait.

Thus thrown on our own resources, we passed our time in boating and swimming, and were almost as much on, or in, the water as on dry land.

After some weeks of this amphibious life, my company was ordered to Santa Maura, another of the Ionian Islands, the Leucate of ancient history.

Taking leave of the *Fiore di Levante*, as its inhabitants fondly call Zante, we embarked on board the *Leonforte*, a Neapolitan man-of-war schooner. Our course was the same that Virgil assigns to the hero of his immortal poem.

Had I been a pupil in *Tom Brown's School Days*, and had for tutor a Thomas Arnold, instead of a William Page, I should doubtless have thoroughly enjoyed following in Æneas's wake ; but that "*pius*" worthy was so painfully associated in my mind with my old Westminster taskmaster, that I did not appreciate my advantage. Even, however, with this drawback it was impossible not to admire the faithful delineation of the aspect the surrounding country presented.

Like Æneas, we continue some time in sight of the "Zacynthian woods ;" we sail past the "rocky Neritos ;" we avoid "Ithaca's detested shore."

"At length Leucates' cloudy top appears,
And Phœbus' temple, which the sailor fears."

While gazing upon "Leucate's cloudy top," the *Leonforte* runs aground. Thus at one and the same moment we are enabled by sight and feeling to test the fidelity of the Roman poet's description.

The bump ashore was attended by no other inconvenience than preventing us from reaching Amaxichi, the capital of the island, till after dark. For this delay we were indemnified by the beautiful appearance which the lighted town presented as it lay reflected on the water by a bright Mediterranean moon. But Amaxichi could not stand the scrutiny of open day. It is,

or more properly speaking was, a collection of wooden two-storied houses, small, low, and rickety, having verandas to the front. Nearly the first time I set foot in Amaxichi the inhabitants were on their knees in prayer. There was at that moment, although I did not perceive it, a slight shock of earthquake. The poor people had good reason to be alarmed at such a phenomenon. Nine years later their town was destroyed by an earthquake, and in 1870 its successor was a heap of ruins from the same cause.

My quarters lay in the old fort of Santa Maura, separated from the town by a large lagoon some miles in circumference, and nearly a mile across. The lagoon is spanned over by a stone causeway, consisting of some three hundred and odd arches. The causeway has no parapet, and is not a safe road even for a sober man. It was the cause of more than one of our tipsy soldiers finding a watery grave.

The first objects that met my eye on entering the fort were five Greeks in irons, who now came under our special surveillance. They were murderers, whose capital sentence had been commuted to hard labour for life. Upon them devolved the scavenger work of the fort. They all wore the picturesque dress of their nation—the red skull cap, the short embroidered jacket, the sash round the waist, the Albanian belt, the greave-shaped leggings, and the sandals of undressed hide secured by thongs.

One of the five, a short thick-set man, looked the villain he was. With this exception they were bright, intelligent-looking men of the usual Ionian type:—orange complexions, oval faces, highly-developed foreheads. They had thick mustaches, and wore their long black hair flowing down their backs. Their gait was erect, and their step in spite of their fetters, elastic.

If a romance writer had wanted a den for his robbers, he could have hardly found one better suited for description than the actual abode of these convicts. It was a huge cave hewn out of the solid rock, against which the sea used to break with a perpetual roar.

It was my duty as orderly officer, once or twice a week to pay a visit to this dungeon in the still hours of the night. I was accompanied by a serjeant who with an iron bar would strike

every link or ring of the prisoners' fetters, in order to ascertain that they had not been filed through.

We were as ill off for society at Santa Maura as at Zante. The only house open to us was that of Sir Patrick Ross, the Capo del Governo of the island ; but the broad lagoon that lay between us prevented our visits from being very frequent. Shooting was our principal amusement, and of that we had abundance. The lagoon swarmed with water-fowl, and on the island there was no lack of partridge. The contents of our sportsmen's bags helped greatly to lighten our weekly bills. We had a Scotch brother officer for our caterer, one Lieutenant M'Kenzie, and he managed admirably. A cow fed on the line wall supplied us with milk and butter. We had a pound of meat each for our ration. Fish, wine, and fruit were nearly at nominal prices. Our money contributions to the mess rarely exceeded fivepence halfpenny a day.

Santa Maura has no rivers, but numerous mountain rills. Whenever the snow descended below a certain line in the mountains, well-known to the natives, the sportsmen used to be in a state of great commotion. They knew by this token that the rills were frozen over and that the woodcocks would descend into the plains in search of food. Once, when the snow had passed below this line, Sir Patrick Ross invited some Greeks and the officers of the garrison to accompany him on a shooting excursion on the coast of Caramania. We were escorted by several *guardianos* to protect us from quarantine, and by a number of our own men to act as beaters. Our place of meeting was the skirts of an olive grove extending two or three miles along the sea-shore. The place literally swarmed with game. There appeared to be a bird under every tree. In point of skill we were perhaps below the average of fowlers, yet game so abounded that the slaughter was immense. I have forgotten the quantity killed ; it was so large that at the time I dared not mention the actual amount for fear of being supposed to indulge in a traveller's privilege. The garrison had more than it could consume, and for some days our Greek fellow-sportsmen glutted the market of Amaxichi with their share of the game.

The only time that I sat at table with any of the Santa Mauriote gentry, was at a state-dinner given by the Capo del Governo to the Bishop and the notabilities of the island. Sir Patrick discovered when too late that his invitation had been issued for one of the 191 fast days of the Greek Church.

Accordingly a good supply of eggs and fish were provided for the native guests, and a noble sirloin for the English. But the scent of the savory joint no sooner reached the nostrils of the worthy prelate than he gave himself and his co-religionists permission to eat meat. Of this they amply availed themselves by picking the sirloin to the bone, and by leaving us to become the vicarious observers of their fast.

Towards the close of the year I was ordered by Sir Thomas Maitland, the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, to proceed to Corfu to join the head-quarters of my regiment, then stationed in the island.

On my arrival I went to report myself to the redoubtable Lord High Commissioner—"King Tom," as he was universally called. I saw a soldier-like stout-built man, with a stern expression of countenance, and a pair of penetrating grey eyes that seemed to drive into your very thoughts. He was somewhat uncouth in his manners, and his homeliness of language was rendered still more homely by the broad Scotch accent in which his blunt phrases were uttered.

A strait scarcely a mile broad separates Corfu from the mainland. The short distance proved a sore temptation to the soldiers of the garrison. The desertions were so numerous, that Maitland, who was Commander-in-Chief as well as Lord High Commissioner, declared that he would make an example of the next offender. In defiance of this warning, one Thomas Pryke, a private of the 10th Regiment, deserted to the Albanian coast. He was brought back, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot. The whole garrison were ordered out to witness the carrying into effect of the sentence. The column halted opposite the condemned cell, which, like the Santa Mauriote prison, was hewn out of the solid rock. The prisoner here took his place in the procession.

Then was enacted the sad tragedy in all its grim details.

The muffled drums, the band playing the "Dead March in Saul," the black coffin, and the living man performing the chief mourner in his own funeral. The troops formed three sides of a square. The fourth side was occupied by the condemned. The sentence was read, a discharge of musketry followed, the prisoner fell, the garrison marched past the lifeless corpse, and then, as is usual in ordinary military funerals, they returned to their private parades to the merriest of tunes.

That same day I saw the Lord High Commissioner. I had expected to find his spirits visibly affected by the course which a sense of duty had compelled him to adopt. I was mistaken; a "Graham of Claverhouse" or a General Hawley could not have shown less concern.

In the autumn of the year we were ordered home. We encountered a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay, and had afterwards to grope our way up Channel in a thick November fog. As the haze dispersed, we saw that every vessel, whether under way or at anchor, had its color half-mast high. The nation was mourning for her whom they had fondly hoped would be their future Queen. The Princess Charlotte had died in childbirth a few days before. In addition to the sorrow I felt for the loss of one who had been so associated with my boyish recollections, I had still heavier grief to bear, for almost at the same time that I learned the national calamity, I received intelligence that my mother had died shortly after the Princess, and partly in consequence of it, from the self-same cause. We anchored off the Isle of Wight on the 23d of November. I obtained immediate leave of absence, and reached home a few hours before my mother's funeral. She was followed to the grave by her eleven surviving children.

The second battalion of the 14th Regiment was disbanded at the moment of disembarkation. As I was this time within the break, I lost for a time my full pay and Calvert his "All Butt" as well as his "Entire."

My next appointment was to an ensigncy in the 22d Regiment of foot. In January, 1818, I joined the dépôt at Chatham. Here also were the dépôts of several other regiments, the head-

quarters of which were like mine, doing garrison duty in some of the more distant British possessions.

At Chatham I passed several pleasant weeks, and was buoying myself up in the hope that I was at length comfortably settled in an English country quarter, when a circumstance occurred which dispelled the illusion.

There were at the time I am speaking of periodical shipment of convicts to Botany Bay. The charge of the felons in their passage thither, usually devolved on a subaltern of the Chatham consolidated Dépôts. The officer next above me on the roster was ordered on this duty. Not knowing how soon, if I continued in the garrison, my turn might come for such an employment, I obtained leave from the Horse Guards to join the headquarters of my regiment, and in a few days I found myself on board a vessel bound indeed for the southern hemisphere, but not that part of it which Sydney Smith used to call "the fifth or pickpocket quarter of the globe."

When our ship reached the line, the sailors had their usual holiday. The sun was in the meridian, eight bells were struck, the log heaved, and the watch called. A voice from the fore-castle called "Ship ahoy!" Neptune was announced and invited on board. The representative of the water deity, a man of colossal form, wore on his head a huge indented crown made of tin. In his right hand he grasped dolphin grains by way of a trident. He had a long oakum wig, and a beard; his body from the waist upwards was painted to represent scales of fish. He was seated on a gun carriage covered with flags, and drawn by six amphibious-looking monsters of the same type as himself. As if to mark our latitude, a little Mauritius slave boy, grinning from ear to ear, was perched on a dicky behind Neptune. Mr. Markham, surgeon of the 56th Regiment, who had been well ducked in a voyage to the West Indies, vowed that he would not submit to the repetition of the ordeal. So when his name was called he accosted Neptune as an old acquaintance. "Well, doctor," said the functionary, "I have seen you somewhere about the tropics but this 'ere is the first time you have visited me at the *ekynoxial*." Before my friend could answer, he was on his back in a huge tub of water. My turn came next.

"Keppel?" said Neptune, with a ruminating air, while he ran his fingers through his dripping beard; "sure I must have seen Mr. Keppel afore. Scratchetary (secretary), just cast your eye over my list." "Please your honor," was the reply, "you must mean the gen'leman's uncle, the Admiral, who you must remember, was always a crossing o' your line." "Just so," rejoined Neptune, "a little salt water will do his nevy no harm;" in a trice, I was floundering alongside the doctor.

After three dreary months on shipboard, our sailors thought by their reckoning, that we must be somewhere in the latitude of Mauritius. Ever since the early dawn of one day we had been straining our eyes for this speck on the ocean. Just as the sun was dipping below the horizon there was seen on its disk something resembling the profile of a man's head and neck. "Land! land!" resounded from all quarters. We had caught sight of the summit of "Peter Booth," the principal mountain of the Mauritius, which, from whatever point it is seen, always presents this singular appearance.

The next morning we sailed into the harbor of port Louis. A boat came alongside almost as soon as we anchored; it was manned by some eight or ten negroes, all of whose backs bore marks of the recent infliction of the whip. They were maroons—runaway slaves—in the temporary custody of the government police—to be returned to their respective owners within a given time.

The boat which came alongside brought on board two planters—*notables habitans*—as they were called. One of them addressing himself to me wished to know what was the general state of feeling in England respecting the important subject which was agitating the breast of every colonist. Now geography formed no part of the Westminster *curriculum*. At the time that I ought to have been learning this useful branch of science, Dr. Page was whipping me into "longs and shorts." I could not therefore give my querist a direct answer without wounding his vanity as well as my own, for I should have been obliged to confess that so far from understanding the nature of his question, I was not even aware of the existence of his island until I was appointed to a regiment which formed part of its garrison.

In course of time I became better informed. I discovered that the Mauritius, small as it is, has a history of its own, and that it is not an uneventful one will be shown by a few extracts from its annals:

The island was discovered by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century. From them it passed to the Spaniards, and then to the Dutch, who called it Mauritius after Prince Maurice, then Stadtholder. The Dutch abandoned it on account, it is said, of the rats by which it was infested. For three years it was wholly deserted. The French then took possession of it, gave it the name of the Isle of France, and called its capital Port Louis, after their reigning sovereign. For three-quarters of a century the colonists lived under the ancient dynasty of France happy and contented—and well they might, for from all those ills which drove the mother country into rebellion the colonists were happily free. Here there were no titles, no seigniorial rights, no rivalry between the spiritual and temporal authorities, no classes exempt from taxation, no *lettres de cachet*, no Bastille, no *corvée*,—none at least for the white man. The colonists were in full enjoyment of these immunities, when, on 30th January, 1792, there anchored in the port a vessel from Bordeaux. It was observed that the captain and crew wore red, white and blue cockades. In a few moments the island learned the meaning of this adornment. As a bull at the waving of a red rag, so were these impulsive islanders roused to instant fury at the sight of the tricolor. They straightway abjured all further allegiance to their sovereign, proclaimed the “one and indivisible republic,” assumed the badge of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, and compelled the general in command of the royal garrison to do likewise. Nor did they stop there, they formed themselves into a Constituent Assembly, dispossessed Louis XVI.’s civil officers, and filled their places by their own retainers. At the same time the soldiers of the garrison, who had thrown off all discipline, sent delegates to the self-appointed government, to assure them of their adhesion to the new order of things.

The Assembly now sent deputies to France, in order to obtain a sanction to their proceedings ; but apprehensive lest the

Admiral on the station, Count de Macnémara, a stout Royalist, might intercept them in their passage, they required as a guarantee that he should send on shore the rudder of his ship.

As soon as the vessel containing the deputies was safe out of port, four hundred soldiers, seizing the boats in the harbor, went on board the *Thetis*—the flagship—to secure the person of the Admiral. That officer would fain have received them with a broadside, but his men fraternized with the soldiers and refused to fire upon them. Making a virtue of necessity, Macnémara accompanied the soldiers ashore, first arming himself with a brace of pistols, of which his valet without his knowledge had drawn the charge.

On arriving in the Rue Royale, the Admiral came in sight of a gibbet, from which was suspended a lanthorn. Aware now of his danger, he rushed into a watchmaker's shop. He was followed by some soldiers, at whom he snapped both his pistols, and was immediately put to death; his head was severed from his body, fixed upon a pole, and carried in triumph through the streets.

Throughout the "Reign of Terror," these slave-holding apostles of freedom endeavored to ape the follies and atrocities of their European cousins. Under the name of "Les Chaumières," they formed themselves into assemblies on the Jacobin model, and when they heard that the National Assembly had issued assignats, the Mauritians had likewise recourse to an inconvertible paper currency. To complete the horrible farce, they erected a guillotine in the square, and were about to bring some of the officials of the *ancien regime* under its operation, when the news of the downfall of the Robespierre government defeated their intentions, and in some degree restored the isle to its propriety.

During the "Revolution war" the Mauritians made most successful inroads upon our commerce. It is computed that, in the first ten years of the war, the value of British ships and cargoes taken by the privateers of the island amounted to two millions and a half sterling. This profitable venture of course ceased when in 1810 the island surrendered to British arms.

But there was another lucrative employment which was also

threatened with deterioration by the capture. The colonists were busily employed in importing negroes from the island of Madagascar—a commodity for which there was a great demand, in consequence of the mortality of the slaves caused by excess of work and insufficiency of food. An act of the British Parliament was in force by which traffic in slaves was punishable by transportation. But the Mauritians were not slow to discover that they had not much to apprehend from a too rigid enforcement of the law on the part of the Governor, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Townsend Farquhar. If, therefore, their slavers could elude the vigilance of the British war-cruisers off Madagascar, the difficulties of landing their victims would be nearly nominal. Farquhar was an almost undisguised advocate for a continuance of the trade. I have before me some of his despatches that were laid before Parliament. In one of them he laments over “the great deficiency of laborers in consequence of the strict blockade of these islands.” He expresses his fears, that “unless some means be speedily devised for supplying these colonies with hands, they cannot continue in cultivation, and must become deserts.” He assures the Minister of the colonies that “without a fresh importation of slaves, these islands, he is given to understand and is led to believe, cannot continue in cultivation.” His Excellency had not far to go in search of persons who give him thus to understand and led him thus to believe, for Belombre, the largest slave estate in the colony, was the joint property of three members of his family, one of whom, his aide-de-camp, Captain Thomas le Sage, was an officer in my regiment, and the immediate neighborhood of Belombre was one of the favorite creeks of the slavers for running their contraband cargoes. The result of this connivance was, that, in contravention of the Act of Parliament, fifty thousand negroes were smuggled into the island during the first ten years that the Mauritius became a dependency of the British Crown. Farquhar was in high favor with the Prince Regent and with Louis XVIII. The one made him a baronet, the other invested him with the Legion of Honor. It is hardly necessary to add that he was a zealous supporter of the Tory Government. He used to boast in Parliament of

the "series of measures he had passed to better the condition and alleviate the oppression of the slave." One of these alleviations was the abolition of the public flogging of women. No document was produced in proof of this assertion, for the simple reason that none such ever had an existence. I was an eyewitness of one of these whippings. It took place in the market-place. The poor woman was tied to a ladder placed against the wall of the theatre. The punishment was inflicted by a negro government policeman. Another assertion of Sir Robert was that Belombre, the estate belonging to Mr. Telfair, his private secretary, and Captain le Sage of the 22d regiment, and another member of his family, was one of the best regulated in the island.

Now the average mortality of the free black and colored population in the Mauritius from 1816 to 1821 was about $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. By a return laid before Parliament, the mortality among the slaves of the Belombre estate averaged for a series of years, 16 per cent.

What a fearful amount of human suffering must have been inflicted to produce such a result!

The year before I arrived here, Farquhar went to Europe on account of his health. Major-General Gage John Hall, commander of the troops, became governor *ad interim*. The new functionary soon became convinced that not only his predecessor in office, but that all those whose duty it was to carry out the provisions of the Slave Trade Abolition Act, were resorting to every expedient to make it a dead letter. Acting upon these convictions, Hall suspended the Chief Justice and the Attorney-General, dismissed several civil servants from their posts, and established domiciliary visits to planters' "habitations," in search of newly-imported negroes. Remonstrances against his proceedings were made by the colonists to the mother-country, which procured his immediate recall; and this brings me to the question put to me by the "notable habitant" in Port Louis harbor—namely, whether the removal of the obnoxious Governor was to be construed into a virtual admission on the part of the British Government that the planters were to have no further let or hindrance to their free importation of "hands."

In the month of December, General Hall embarked for Europe, having first surrendered his post to the commanding officer of my regiment, Colonel, afterwards Major-General, Sir John Dalrymple ; and I became so far benefitted by the change of administration that I was appointed aid-de-camp to the new Governor.

My chief resided for the most part at Mon Plaisir, a country-house situate in that beautiful Shaddock Grove, where Bernardin St. Pierre has placed the cradles and the tombs of his Paul and Virginia. One event only occurs to me as worthy of record during the six weeks I abode in this pleasant retreat. This was a hurricane—a visitation to which this island is unfortunately liable. It commenced on the 25th of January, at about six in the evening. The sea-breeze had subsided, and the land-breeze came not, as on ordinary occasions, to replace it. Over our usually clear atmosphere there hung a lurid haze. In the midst of a dead calm, a sudden gust of wind blew off the tops of the cocoa-nut-trees, which came bounding over the country with the lightness of thistledown, presenting the appearance of huge artichokes engaged in a steeplechase. In common with other houses in the Island, Mon Plaisir was built entirely of wood. As the storm increased, which it did towards midnight, the timbers of the building cracked and groaned like those of a ship at sea in a heavy gale of wind. It was an anxious night that we passed, for every moment we expected the walls would fall in and bury us in the ruins.

Major-General, afterwards, Sir Ralph Darling, who had been appointed from home to succeed General Hall, arrived in the Island early in February, and continued me in my post of aide-de-camp. I now shifted my quarters from Mon Plaisir to Réduit, another charming country house, where I resided till June, when my regiment embarked for England.

As we approached the Cape of Good Hope, called by its early discoverers “Cabo Tormentoso” (the stormy cape), we encountered the most violent tempest I ever witnessed. The lightning was awful. Wet blankets were placed at the foot of each mast. Every moment we expected that a thunderbolt

would send us to the bottom. But we providentially weathered the gale, and came safe to anchor in Simon's Bay.

As soon as we set foot on shore, we started off on a visit to Cape Town. In a few minutes, one "wagen" drew up before our inn door—a most unwieldy concern, fitted up with benches, and covered with a canvass hood resembling a huge gypsy tent on wheels. On a board in front, and on a level with the horses, sat the driver. By his side was his mate, whose sole business it was to keep his horses up to the collar. This man was armed with a whip, the handle of which was of bamboo and the thong of rhinoceros-hide, roughly plaited together, and of sufficient length to reach the foremost horses of the team.

The "wagenvoerman" belonged to a race of people called at the Cape "Bastards," the offspring of a Dutch boer and a female Hottentot slave. He was of huge dimensions, and inherited the peculiar form respectively attributed to the race of both his parents. In the first half of our journey, which led principally along the seashore, we were almost stifled by the effluvia arising from the carcasses of dead whales which lay rotting on the beach.

The manner in which our coachman managed his sixteen-in-hand was something marvellous. He piloted us with great dexterity, over a rough, rocky road, full of boulders. It was with a nervous admiration I saw him wheel our cumbrous vehicle into the inn-yard of "George's Half-way House." While at the Cape I became a frequent guest of the Governor General, Lord Charles Somerset, a man of considerable humor, and possessing that easy, engaging manner which seems to sit so naturally on the House of Beaufort. When I first saw Lord Charles he was full of a visit from Theodore Hook, the famous *improvisatore*, who had made a short stay at the Cape on his way home from the Mauritius. Dining one day at the Government House, Hook was asked to give a sample of his talent. He had been previously furnished with the names and peculiarities of his fellow-guests. For each of them he had a verse which set the table in a roar. He, however, made no allusion to Lord Charles himself. "No, no, Mr. Hook," said his Excellency, "that won't do. I do not

choose to be passed over." Upon which Hook said or rather sang:—

" When we come to a Governor,
Silence is best,
So we'll tip him a *Summerset*,
And pass on to the rest."

There was at this time at the Cape a person whose eccentricities attracted universal attention—Dr. James Barry, Staff-surgeon to the garrison, and the Governor's medical adviser. Lord Charles described him to me as the most skilful of physicians, and the most wayward of men. He had lately been in professional attendance upon the Governor, who was somewhat fanciful about his health ; but taking umbrage at something said or done, he had left his patient to prescribe for himself. I had heard so much of this capricious, yet privileged gentleman, that I had a great curiosity to see him. I shortly afterwards sat next him at dinner at one of the regimental messes. In this learned Pundit I beheld a beardless lad, apparently about my own age, with an unmistakable Scotch type of countenance—reddish hair, high cheek bones. There was a certain effeminacy in his manner, which he always seemed striving to overcome. His style of conversation was greatly superior to that one usually heard at mess-tables in those days of *non-competitive* examination.

A mystery attached to Barry's whole professional career, which extended over more than half a century. While at the Cape he fought a duel, and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest, but somehow or other his offences were always condoned at head-quarters.

In Hart's *Annual Army List* for the year 1865 the name of James Barry, M.D., stands at the head of the list of Inspector-Generals of Hospitals. In the July of that same year, the *Times* one day announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the doctor was a woman. It is singular that neither the landlady of her lodging, nor the black servant who had lived with her for years, had the slightest suspicion of her sex. The late Mrs. Ward, daughter.

of Colonel Tidy, from whom I had these particulars, told me further that she believed the Doctor to have been the granddaughter of a Scotch Earl, whose name I do not now give, as I am unable to substantiate the correctness of my friend's surmise, and that she adopted the medical profession from attachment to an army-surgeon who has not been many years dead.

Before I left the Cape I paid a visit to Constantia, and had the pleasure of drinking at the fountain-head some of the celebrated wine which derives its name from the place. Very different from the luscious Constantia was a cheap and nasty beverage, called Cape Madeira, of which our mess laid in a stock for consumption on the voyage home. My palate retains an unpleasant recollection of its disagreeable earthy flavor. Doomed for three months to taste the juice of no other grape, I can enter into the fun of a *travestie* of "Romeo and Juliet," in which the author makes his hero poison himself with a bottle of South African wine. I was rejoicing at the prospect of a run with the Cape foxhounds, when I was informed that "Blue Peter" was flying at the masthead of my transport, so I hurried back to Simon's Bay, and was soon full sail out of the harbor.

Our next trip on shore was at St. Helena, a gloomy little island, consisting of huge masses of arid rocks rising abruptly from the sea a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. He must have been a bold adventurer who first thought of settling in so uninviting a locality. When viewed from the sea there does not appear a spot level enough to build a house upon—even Jamestown, the only town in the island, occupies the bed of a deep, narrow, and almost perpendicular ravine. The first appearance of the place produced upon me a deep feeling of depression, aggravated doubtless by reflecting on the fate of that extraordinary man whose prison it then was.

During my stay on the island, I was the guest of Captain Power, brother of the late Ladies Blessington and Canterbury. He was just married to Miss Brooke, the prettiest woman in the island, and daughter of the Secretary of the government. When Napoleon first arrived at St. Helena, and before Longwood was ready for his reception, he took up his residence with Mrs. Power's father, and showed by his manner how much

he was struck with the beauty of his young hostess ; but his attentions were received with a coldness and reserve that, said the St. Helenians, the ex-Emperor was ill-disposed to brook (*Brooke*).

O'Meara's *Voice from St. Helena* had exasperated all Europe against Sir Hudson Lowe for his alleged ill-treatment of his illustrious prisoner. There was probably much exaggeration in the charges of the Irish doctor against that functionary, but I do not believe them to have been altogether without foundation. Whatever may have been the merits of Sir Hudson as a brave officer in the field, he appears to have been ill-fitted for the difficult and delicate duties he was called upon to perform. When in the Ionian Islands, I was quartered with the Royal Corsican Rangers, of which regiment Lowe was a long time in command, and several of the officers who had served under him ¹ spoke of him to me as a man of churlish manners and an irritable and overbearing temper—nor did his personal appearance speak much in his favor. Cruikshank's sketch of Ralph Nickleby in Dickens's novel reminds me much of Sir Hudson—the large head and small body, the beetle brow, the shaggy projecting eyebrows, the forbidding scowl on the countenance.

My brother officers having obtained leave from the Governor, went to Longwood, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the Emperor. My principles as a Bonapartist forbade me to be of the party. I lost nothing by my forbearance. My comrades returned much disappointed, and with a certain feeling of injury. "The beast," they said, "would not stir out of his den."

Two years after I quitted St. Helena, Napoleon had ceased to breathe. His body, it will be remembered, after lying nearly twenty years in the island, was taken from its tomb and re-interred with great pomp in the Hôpital des Invalides. Count de Jarnac, now the French ambassador to our court, was one of the commissioners deputed by King Louis Philippe to convey the body to France. Associated with him in the commission was Field-Marshal Bertrand, the faithful servant who had fought by the side of his master, and was with him in his last

¹ One of these officers was Captain Susini, a native of Ajaccio, and a second cousin of Napoleon.

moments. Count de Jarnac, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make some years ago at Woburn Abbey, gave me a most interesting account of the process of exhumation. Shortly before his decease, Napoleon said to the Marshal, "C'est vous Bertrand qui me fermerez les yeux." The Marshal heard the words, but did not seize their import. "Parce que," added Napoleon, "naturellement ils restent ouverts." "C'est singulier," said Bertrand, who told de Jarnac the story, "mais je ne le savais pas"—(singular indeed, in one who had been present in so many a battle field).

The landing of a corps of officers, even for a couple of weeks, created quite a sensation in the beau monde of Jamestown. But *the* gay season was when the East Indiamen used to anchor in the harbor for water and provisions. A young lady of the island dancing with a captain of one of these vessels, said to him, "How dull London must be when all you gentlemen are away!"

My regiment landed in England in the middle of November.

Early in this year (1820) I was appointed Honorary Equerry to the Duke of Sussex. The labors of my new office were light and agreeable. My attendance on his Royal Highness was not to interfere with any engagements, whether of duty or pleasure. I had free quarters in Kensington Palace, access to an excellent library, and admission on terms of intimacy to the society of one who was at once the best-natured of men and the best-instructed of princes.

During a long life the Duke of Sussex was, as is well known, a consistent assertor of popular rights. As he used to tell me, he was an early sufferer in the good cause. When only seven years old he was locked up in his nursery and sent supperless to bed for wearing Admiral Keppel's election colors.

The youthful politician had doubtless been instigated to this display of partisanship by his uncle, William Henry, Duke of Cumberland, an enthusiastic supporter of the Admiral. The occasion was the contest for the borough of Windsor in 1780—a contest without a parallel in election annals. In the preceding year Keppel had been brought to a Court-martial and hon-

orably acquitted. He had represented Windsor in Parliament for twenty years. His brother, Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, who was also Dean of Windsor, had considerable property in the town. On the dissolution of Parliament the Admiral asked his constituents for a renewal of their suffrages. He found that he was opposed by a candidate of the King's own choosing, and that the Court and Government had united their influence against his return. Erskine, under the signature of "A Freeholder," affirmed that the highest power of Government, not content with having deprived the nation of his (Keppel's) abilities in his profession, made itself a party to rob it of his zeal and honesty in the senate. Walpole says, "all the royal brewers and bakers voted against Keppel." I have heard my father and the late Sir Robert Adair repeatedly affirm that George III. canvassed the town in person against their uncle. The Admiral himself, in his speech from the hustings, affecting to treat as a rumor what he knew to be a fact patent to an assembly whom he addressed, said, "This cannot be true, it OUGHT not to be believed, it MUST not be believed." Special mention used to be made of a certain silk mercer, a stout Keppelite, who would mimic the King's peculiar voice and manner as His Majesty entered his shop and muttered, in his hurried way—"the Queen wants a gown—wants a gown. No Keppel—no Keppel."

In January, 1819, my father presided at a grand dinner at Norwich, ostensibly to celebrate the birthday of Charles Fox, but in reality to raise a feeling against the conduct of the Tory administration. In the autumn of the same year ministers had succeeded in carrying through Parliament the famous "Six Acts," which placed the liberties of England in a state of suspension. With a view to elicit a strong expression of disapproval of these arbitrary measures, Lord Albemarle was requested to resume the chair at Norwich, at the next anniversary of the great Whig statesman's birthday. To give the meeting a national character, men of rank and station were invited from different parts of the kingdom to take part in the proceedings. The Duke of Sussex was one of those who responded to the call, and the first act of my Equerryship was to accompany

His Royal Highness into Norfolk, for the purpose of attending the dinner.

Our second day's journey landed us at Holkham, where we found assembled the Duke of Norfolk and other leaders of the movement. I now first became acquainted with the owner of the mansion, the late Earl of Leicester, then so well known as "Coke of Norfolk." He was in his sixty-sixth year, and retained much of that prepossessing appearance which in his youthful days had procured for him at Rome the appellation of the "handsome Englishman." Among the most ardent of his admirers in the eternal city was Princess Louise de Stolberg, wife of the Count of Albany, James II.'s unfortunate grandson, Charles Stuart. As an acknowledgment of the impression which young Coke's good looks had produced on the Countess, she insisted upon making him a present of his own portrait, which is now at Longford Hall, Derbyshire, the seat of his second son, Mr. Edward Coke. He is represented with a mask in his hand, and in a pink and white masquerade dress. The Countess has caused herself to be typified by the statue of a reclining Cleopatra, at the moment that the love-sick queen is applying the asp to her arm. Under date of August 18, 1774, Horace Walpole writes: "The young Mr. Coke is returned from his travels, in love with the Pretender's queen, who has permitted him to have her picture."¹ It was probably the Cleopatra in the background of Mr. Coke's own picture to which Walpole alludes.

On his return from Rome, Mr. Coke became member for Norfolk, and was for many years "Father of the House of Commons."

Over one of the chimney-pieces in the saloon at Holkham is a charming full-length picture of Coke, by Gainsborough, the last portrait, I believe, that that artist ever painted,—he thenceforth confined himself to landscapes. Mr. Coke is described in the act of loading a gun; a dog is at his feet. He wears long boots, a broad-brimmed hat, and the shooting-jacket of a century ago. Apart from its merit as a work of art, it has an

¹ Letter to Conway, August 18, 1774.

historical interest, as exhibiting the actual dress in which Coke appeared before George II. when, as knight of the shire, he presented an address from the County of Norfolk, praying that monarch to recognise the independence of the American colonies.

The high price of wheat and the low price of wages in 1815 led many of the working classes in the provincial towns to hold tumultuous meetings for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. Coke, as a true disciple of Fox, was no believer in Adam Smith's doctrine respecting a free trade in grain, and always voted, in common with other county members, for "protection to agriculture." In the month of March, 1815, he and my father attended a Cattle Show in the Norwich Castle Ditches. On the same day an Anti-Corn Law mob paraded the streets preceded by a man bearing a small loaf on a pole. Mr. Coke was immediately recognised. "Let us seize the villain," cried some of the weavers, "and before night we will have his heart on a gridiron." At the same moment they made a rush towards their intended victim. In the crowd, a stalwart poacher, whom my father had once befriended, formed with his body a temporary barrier between the mob and the object of their resentment. Coke and my father took advantage of the momentary respite, and amidst a shower of stones, scrambled over some cattle-pens. A butcher named Kett, seeing their danger, opened the door of one of his pens, and having first twisted the tail of a large bull, let him loose on the crowd. The beast, maddened with pain, went bellowing and galloping down the hill. The mob dispersed in a trice, but quickly reassembled in greater force. The Riot Act was read, and the military—a regiment of Black Brunswickers (soon to deal with a more formidable foe)—was called out. One trooper was wounded by a stone.

In the meanwhile the two fugitives made their escape to the "Angel," now the "Royal" Hotel. The gates were closed, the Anti-Corn Law rioters assembled round the inn. It was whispered that Coke would be found in the boot of the London night coach, now about to take its departure. The gates were opened, the coach was searched,—no Coke was to be found.

He and my father, having escaped out by the back way, were on their road to Lindenhall, where they arrived safely the same evening.

On our arrival in Norwich from Holkham on the morning of the 23d of January, such alarming accounts were received of the illness of the Duke of Kent, that his royal brother gave up the intention of attending the dinner; but a more favorable report arriving in the evening, he adhered to his original plan.

The dinner, over which Lord Albemarle presided, was held in St. Andrew's Hall, a noble edifice built by Sir Thomas Erpingham, that gallant old Norfolk knight who gave the signal of battle to the English army at Agincourt.

I give in inverted commas some of the toasts that were proposed from the chair, and enthusiastically responded to by the assembled guests, as marking the excited state of public feeling at this period.

"THE KING, IN SOLEMN SILENCE."

This was probably the last time that the health of George III. was given at a public meeting. He was known to be rapidly sinking, and he died a few days later.

"THE PRINCE REGENT, IN SILENCE."

In deference to our illustrious visitor, the following words that usually accompanied this toast were omitted: "May he never forget these principles which placed his family on the throne of these realms." On one occasion when the health of the Regent with the above affix was proposed, the band struck up the well-known air "Hope told a flattering tale."

"THE CONSTITUTION, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688."

"THE MEMORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX, IN RESPECTFUL SILENCE."

"THE RESPECTABILITY OF THE CROWN, THE DURABILITY OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT."

"THE SPEEDY AND FINAL EXTINCTION OF ALL LAWS, WHEREVER THEY EXIST, WHICH TEND TO OBSTRUCT THE SACRED RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE."

"THE CAUSE OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY ALL OVER THE WORLD."

"THE CAUSE FOR WHICH HAMPDEN BLED ON THE FIELD, AND SYDNEY AND RUSSELL ON THE SCAFFOLD."

"MAY THE EXAMPLE OF ONE REVOLUTION PREVENT THE NECESSITY OF ANOTHER."

In the next toast from the Chair, my father declared himself an advocate for the Ballot and Triennial Parliaments.

"A FULL, FAIR, AND FREE REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENT."

"MAY WE LIVE TO SEE THE RIGHT OF PETITION RESTORED."

In the intervals between the toasts and speeches several songs were sung, principally composed for the occasion by John Taylor of Norwich. One of these, in honor of Fox's birthday set to music by his son Edward, was quoted by my father in one of his speeches—

"Come to his tomb, but not to weep;
Here Freedom's holiday we keep.
The sacred altar let it be,
Round which we vow to Liberty."

Nor must I pass over in silence another song, also by John Taylor, and sung by Edward in his majestic bass voice, to music of his own composing. It was entitled "The Trumpet of Liberty;" The chorus was taken up by the assembled guests upstanding. Among the five hundred voices raised on that occasion that of the Duke of Sussex was distinctly audible. It ran thus—

"Fall tyrants, fall, fall, fall!
These are the days of Liberty.
Fall tyrants, fall."

"The Trumpet of Liberty" had a good forty years' run, and only fell into disuse when the restoration of the people to their rights and liberties deprived the song of its point.

As "the Trumpet of Liberty" appeared in England at about the same time as the "Jacobin" and the "Marsellaise," it was supposed to have been intended to commemorate the

French Revolution, whereas it was written for the centenary of the English Revolution, and sung by its author in 1788 at a Norwich dinner in celebration of that event.

Edward Taylor, who has edited some "hymns and miscellaneous poems" of John Taylor, says, in reference to the "Trumpet of Liberty," while my father was singing this song in Norwich, Dr. Priestley's house and laboratory were destroyed by a "Church and King mob."¹

In the early part of the present century, when unwieldy double-bodied coaches afforded to country folks the ordinary access to the metropolis, the inhabitants of large towns were more dependent upon themselves for society than in these days of easy locomotion.

Norwich, as has been described by Sir James Macintosh, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, and Henry Crabb Robinson, stood preëminent among provincial towns for the intellectual character of its leading citizens. The Taylors of whom I have just had occasion to speak formed the centre of its social circle. The first representative of the family came to Norwich a century and a half ago. Dr. John Taylor was a well-known Presbyterian divine, author, among other works, of a *Hebrew Concordance of the Old Testament*. Literary talent seems to have descended on his posterity as a heirloom. It is a saying in Norfolk, that, if a collection were made of the works of the Taylors of Norwich, it would form a respectable library. By the marriage of the Doctor's son Richard, the family became connected with the Martineaus, from whom descended Harriet, the historian and political economist. One of the Doctor's grandsons, Edgar, was a writer on Law and History. Edgar's sister, still living, has long been known for her poems and several excellent works for children. The wife of John Taylor, a woman of extraordinary energy and power, was styled in the language of the day the "Madame Roland" of Norwich.

Among the children of this union were Richard, editor of the *Diversions of Purley*; Edward, Gresham Professor of Music; Mrs. Austin, the well-known authoress, and Philip Taylor of Marseilles. This last, who died in July, 1870, the friend of Jean

¹ Page 11.

Baptiste Say and Richard Cobden, was himself distinguished as the founder of an important public company, called "*La Société des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée.*" Philip Taylor's kind and judicious treatment of his excitable Marseillaise workmen procured for him the title of "*Le père des Ouvriers.*"

Of the fourth generation of this literary family Henry Reeve of the Council Office is the sole survivor; a few years ago it could boast of that most charming of letter writers, my kinswoman by marriage, Lucie Austin, the late Lady Duff Gordon.

The post of the morning after the Fox dinner brought the news of the death of the Duke of Kent. I had to break the sad intelligence to my chief. His Royal Highness was much affected. Of all his brothers, the Duke of Kent was the one to whom he was most warmly attached, and with whom he agreed most cordially in political sentiment.

The Duke had taken up his abode for the night at the house of Mr. William Foster. An immense Norwich crowd assembled on the morning round the door to see the first Prince of the Blood who had honored their town with a visit. They had intended to greet His Royal Highness with three hearty cheers, but the intelligence of his bereavement having reached them, they, with much good taste and feeling, observed a respectful silence when he made his appearance, and remained with their heads uncovered so long as his carriage was in sight.

The Duke was my father's guest that same evening. A large party had been invited to meet His Royal Highness, but in consequence of his brother's death he dined by himself, and the next morning returned to Kensington alone.

[*June.*] Early in June I accompanied the Duke of Sussex for a second time to Holkham. The occasion was the famous annual sheep-shearing. Here was assembled men from all parts of Europe to witness the practical working of a system of husbandry of which Mr. Coke was considered to be the founder. We sat down each day upwards of five hundred to dinner in the state apartments. There were plenty of speeches—

principally on the science of agriculture. An exception to the rule was one from Lord Erskine, who afforded much amusement from the manner in which he dealt with a subject of which he was so profoundly ignorant. One of the theories broached in the morning was that crushed oyster-shells would prove an excellent manure. The opinion was erroneous, but it was not then so considered. "Gentlemen," said Erskine, "we lawyers have been accused of eating the oyster and of giving the shell to our clients. The charge is true; but our host has shown this morning that we only take a fair share of the bivalve."

The dinner, an early one, was followed by a supper for the guests who remained in the house. Erskine, the soul of the party, recited some humorous poetry of his own composition. The Duke of Sussex—and some of us who were not so gifted with an ear for music—sang songs, sentimental, bacchanalian, or comic; and,—not the least amusing part of the performances,—the foreigners made speeches in broken English. Altogether we passed several pleasant evenings.

The sheep-shearing lasted till the 6th of June. At this period occurred an event which set the whole nation in a flame—the return to England, after an absence of six years, of the unhappy Caroline of Brunswick.

Her Majesty landed at Dover on the 5th. Her journey to London was a perfect ovation. On the afternoon of the 6th she arrived at Alderman Wood's, No. 77 South Audley Street, a house nearly opposite to that of my grandmother De Clifford; and this ordinarily quiet neighborhood, which usually knew no sounds but carriage-wheels, became for several days the rendezvous of the noisy "roughs" of London, who passed the nights in breaking the windows of such of the inhabitants as refused to "light up," and the days in cheering the Queen and calling upon her to show herself on the balcony.

This summer I fell in with Sir Jacob Astley, afterwards Lord Hastings. We were for six years form-fellows at Westminster. At a later period we sat together as Members for Norfolk in the first Reformed Parliament. I have a special reason for remembering a grand fancy ball which he gave at

the Argyll Rooms, and at which I was present. Uniforms were admitted, and I was very proud of mine. Two maiden ladies connected with Norfolk, but well-known in the West of London assemblies, attracted universal attention. They were plump, dark-complexioned and elderly; they appeared as Swiss shepherdesses, wore broad-brimmed straw hats profusely decorated with ribands and flowers; scarlet boddices tastefully ornamented and skirts which, if worn on the stage, would have drawn down upon the wearers the censure of the Lord Chamberlain. The Swiss costume admits of much latitude, and of this they freely availed themselves. To heighten the effect of their charms the rouge-pot had been called into requisition. The ball was kept up with great spirit till long after daylight. As in duty bound, I was among the last to go. I was hurrying down stairs when my name was called and my assistance claimed in the shrill accents of my spinster friends. "Their coachman had played them false; no hackney-coach was on the stand. Would I escort them home on foot?" There was no help for it—off I set, with a shepherdess on each arm. As ill-luck would have it, we encountered a crowd of bricklayers on their way to work. Their comments on the trio may be imagined, but must not be repeated. With a soldier's gallantry, I stuck to my shepherdesses, but the epithets with which they and I were pelted are still ringing in my ears.

[*August 16th.*] My father, wholly engrossed with his farm, was forced to tear himself away from its attractions in obedience to a summons of the House of Lords to be in his place to take into consideration "A Bill intituled An Act to deprive Her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the title, prerogatives, rights, and privileges of Queen Consort of this realm, and to dissolve the marriage between His Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth." With a heavy heart he set out on the journey on the 16th of August. I accompanied him. We arrived late in London. My father took me to Brooks's. Only one member was present, but he the most popular man in all England—Henry Brougham, Attorney-General to the Queen, the fearless advocate who in public estimation had sacrificed all prospects of professional advancement in order to defend the

cause of a cruelly persecuted woman. Brougham was in the highest spirits. I was thrown much in his company in after life, and frequently enjoyed the brilliancy of his conversation, but never did he shine forth as on this evening when my father and I comprised his whole audience.

[*August 17th.*] I started at nine the next morning for the House of Lords. In passing through St. James's Square I saw a large assemblage of persons waiting for the arrival of the Queen from her villa on the Thames. During the trial she occupied a house on the west side of the Square, within two doors of King Street. She was within a stone's throw of the residence of her husband—of that palace into which, five-and-twenty years before, she had entered as bride, buoyant with the prospect of eventually becoming the Queen Consort of the greatest kingdom in the world. Her wish had been realized to the letter, and she had now to learn the vanity of human wishes.

With the exception of the day on which the present Queen was crowned (on which occasion I had the honor of forming part of the procession), I never beheld so dense a crowd as that which assembled between Pall Mall and Westminster Abbey on the morning of the 17th of August. The Household Cavalry, the City Light Horse, and the Horse Police, patrolled the streets; a regiment of Guards were posted in Westminster Hall and the avenues of the law Courts, and the approach to the Houses of Parliament was lined with infantry. The mob seemed to make a shrewd guess at the manner in which almost every Peer would vote, and received with groans or cheers the supposed supporters or opponents of the Ministerial measure. The Duke of Sussex met with a most enthusiastic greeting from them.

The fine tapestries representing the Spanish Armada which hung on the walls of the House of Lords were almost obscured from view by the temporary galleries which had been erected for the accommodation of the peers. Except a narrow passage for the witness, interpreter, and short-hand writer, the space below the bar was divided between the Law Officers of the King and Queen—His Majesty's on the left, and Her Majesty's on the right fronting the throne. The Gallery led from the

Peers' chamber to the apartment allotted to the Queen—a many-angled room looking upon the leads of the portico of the Peers' entrance.

The Duke of Sussex having been excused from attendance, on the plea of his consanguinity to both parties in the suit, immediately set off for Tonbridge Wells. Thither I followed him in a few days ; but as His Royal Highness was naturally desirous of hearing how the trial was proceeding, he frequently sent me to London to bring him the earliest intelligence. Mr. Ellice, the Member for Coventry, always lent me his carriage to and from Sevenoaks ; the rest of the journey I performed on a fast-trotting horse belonging to the Duke. Thus I became an eye and ear witness of all the principal events in that celebrated cause.

[*August 18th.*] Denman, as Solicitor-General of the Queen, was addressing the House, on the morning of the 18th, against the principle of the Pains and Penalties Bill, when a confused sound of drums, trumpets, and human voices announced the approach of the Queen. Beams a foot square had been thrown across the street between St. Margaret's Church and the Court of King's Bench ; but this barrier Her Majesty's admirers dashed through with as much ease as if they had been formed of reeds, and accompanied Her Majesty to the entrance of the House. She was received at the threshold by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Usher of the Black Rod. The Queen had known him while she was living under her husband's roof. "Well, Sir Thomas," she is reported to have said, "what is your master trying me for? Is it for intermarrying with a man whose first wife I knew to be alive?"

The Peers rose as the Queen entered, and remained standing until she took her seat in a crimson and gilt chair, immediately in front of her counsel. Her appearance was anything but prepossessing. She wore a black dress with a high ruff, an unbecoming gypsy hat with a huge bow in the front, the whole surmounted with a plume of ostrich feathers. Nature had given her light hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a good-humored expression of countenance ; but these characteristics were marred by painted eyebrows, and by a black wig.

with a profusion of curls, which overshadowed her cheeks, and gave a bold, defiant air to her features.

My post of Equerry to the Duke of Sussex procured me admission behind the throne, and occasionally to a seat among the Queen's law advisers.

Brougham was fond of implying that he had ample materials for recriminating on the King. "If," said he, "this necessity should be imposed upon me, I should act directly in the teeth of the instructions of this illustrious woman [here with a theatrical wave of the hand he pointed to the Queen, who sat immediately below him]: I should disobey her solemn commands, nor is it my purpose to resort to it, unless driven to it by an absolute and over-ruling compulsion."

In the course of the trial, the cashier of Coutts' bank was called to attest Queen Caroline's signature. He was retiring when Brougham called him back: "You say, Sir, you know Her Majesty's handwriting. Perhaps you know His Majesty's also!" He was answered in the affirmative, whereupon he brought out from the bottom of a bag a heap of letters which he arranged in his hand after the fashion of a conjuror showing a trick on cards, and then asked the cashier, "Is this the King's handwriting?—and this,—and this,—and this?" keeping his eyes all the while fixed on the Peers with a look of indescribable archness.

The old Houses of Parliament were separated by a building which, with its inclosure, was called Cotton Garden. The front faced the Abbey, the rear the Thames. It was the residence of Italian witnesses against the Queen: I should rather say, their prison, for they would have been torn in pieces by the populace if they had ventured beyond its precincts. The land-entrance was strongly barricaded. The side facing Westminster Bridge was shut out from the public by a wall run up for the express purpose at a right angle to the parliament stairs. Thus the only access was by the river. Here was erected a causeway to low-water mark; a flight of steps led to the interior of the inclosure. The street side was guarded by a strong military force, the water side by gun-boats. An ample supply of provisions was stealthily (for fear of the mob) intro-

duced into the building ; a bevy of royal cooks were sent to see that the food was of good quality, and to render it as palatable as their art could make it. About this building, in which the witnesses were immured from August till November, the London mob would hover like a cat round the cage of a canary. Such confinement would have been intolerable to the natives of any other country, but it was quite in unison with the feelings of Italians. To them, it realized their favorite "*dolce non far niente.*" Their only physical exertion appears to have been the indulgence in that description of dance that the *Pifferani* have made familiar to the Londoner. When these fellows appeared at the bar of the House they looked as respectable as fine clothes and soap and water could make them. Those persons who saw them before they emerged from the chrysalis into the butterfly state, described them as swarthy, dirty-looking fellows, in scanty, ragged jackets, and greasy leather caps.

There was something irresistibly comic in the manner in which Brougham with mock solemnity apologized for seeking to elude a Bill "supported by so respectable a body of witnesses as those assembled in Cotton Garden. Judging from their exterior," said Brougham, "they must be like those persons with whom your Lordships are in the habit of associating. They must doubtless be seized in fee-simple of those decent habiliments—persons who would regale themselves at their own expense, live in separate apartments, have full powers of locomotion, and require no other escort than their attendant *lacquais de place.*"

[*August 21st.*] I was present on the morning of the 21st of August at the celebrated interview between Queen Caroline and Teodoro Majocchi, the prevaricating postilion of "*Non mi ricordo*" notoriety. The moment she saw him, she raised her hands above her head and, uttering a loud exclamation, bounced out of the House of Lords in a most unqueenlike manner. What that exclamation was intended to convey is still a mystery. Some said the word was "*Teodoro,*" others "*Traditore.*" To me it seemed to be simply the interjection "*Oh!*" as expressive of disgust at seeing in her accuser one whom she had known as a dirty, discharged menial, but who was now

transferred into a clean-looking gentleman dressed in the height of the fashion.

Since making the above note, I have become possessed of several of my father's letters, written during the trial. They are addressed to my sister Anne, afterwards Countess of Leicesters. The Cokes and Keppels lived at this time as one family. My sisters Anne and Mary were guests at Holkham during the constrained absence of their father from home.

WILLIAM CHARLES, LORD ALBEMARLE, TO LADY ANNE KEPPEL.

"LONDON, *Sunday, August 20th, 1820.*

"MY DEAREST ANNE,

"I sat this morning half an hour with Lady Anson,¹ and though I did not find her as I wished to see her, still I did find her much better than I expected from the report I had heard—better in looks, and better in spirits. One could not judge of her health by seeing her for so short a time; but I am positive that I have seen her much worse, and hope that her illness will be of short duration.

"We are now embarked in this trial.

"To-morrow we begin with the witnesses, and as their evidence must pass through an interpreter, it will go on slowly.

"I think, if we sit daily, only for six hours, from ten to four, some weeks must be wanting to get through it. I am going to-morrow till Thursday to Holland House; we shall come into London every morning, but it will be pleasanter to dine and sleep in the country. Tell Miss Coke² I hope I have her pity in being obliged to breakfast every morning at half-past eight. This is worse than Dr. Rigby, and very disagreeable and unwholesome.

"I do not think it likely that I shall have anything new for Mr. Coke for some days, as the trial will go regularly on; but

¹ Anne Margaret Coke, daughter of Mr. Coke of Holkham, wife of Thomas, Viscount Anson, and grandmother of the present Earl of Lichfield, died May 23, 1843.

² Elizabeth Wilhelmina Coke, youngest daughter of Mr. Coke, married, in 1822, John Spencer Stanhope, of Cannon Hall, Yorkshire, Esq.

I shall leave this open till five to-morrow for the chance. I am anxious for an account of The Norwich meeting.

“ Ever, my dearest Anne,

“ Your affectionate Father,

“ ALBEMARLE.”

“ *Half-past 5, Monday [August 21st].*

“ Just returned. When the first witness was called in, the Queen stood up close to him. She threw her veil completely back, held her body very backward, and placed both her arms in her sides. In this posture, she stared furiously at him for some seconds ; there was a dead silence, and she screamed out *Theodore*, in the most frantic manner, and rushed violently out of the House. It appeared to me a paroxysm of madness. The witness was then examined, and there is left a strong case against her. I think she is insane, for her manner to-day chilled my blood. She appeared no more to-day, nor can we guess what she will do to-morrow.

“ I am going to Holland House.”

While Brougham was cross-examining this same Theodore Majocchi, he was interrupted by some Peer making a remark. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, he fixed a withering glance on Lord Exmouth, who had been previously examining witnesses against the Queen, with all the zeal of a counsel for the prosecution. The expression of Brougham's face at this moment is indescribable ; his eyes flashed with real or pretended fury, while his nose, to which nature had given such an extraordinary motive power, seemed by its contortions to sympathize with the resentment of its owner. The noble and gallant Admiral claimed the protection of the House, from the insulting gaze of the learned counsel ; but he got no redress, and cross-examination was resumed amid a suppressed titter at the expense of the captor of Algiers.

Throughout the trial it was the evident object of Brougham to express by word, look, and gesture the contempt he felt for the tribunal which was sitting in judgment upon his client. He

even made the interpreter a medium for conveying the feeling. This man was a teacher of Italian—by name Nicolas Dorien Marchese di Spineto. In all the examinations Brougham would insist upon addressing him as “Marquis,” implying that he held him to be equal in social position with Peers bearing a like title.

WILLIAM CHARLES, LORD ALBEMARLE, TO LADY ANNE KEPPEL.

“FROGNALL,¹ *Sunday, September 3d.*

“We are still in uncertainty ; perhaps to-morrow may lead us to guess at the time of our release. I therefore shall keep this open till the day is over. In the mean time, I think it likely the prosecution may finish about the middle of the week, and we may adjourn for two months. Let me know by return of post whether you left the imperial belonging to the chaise at Lexham. If you have, I can call for it on my way to Holkham, as it will be scarcely out of the way ; the moment I am released I intend to go to Grey’s² for one night, and then to Lexham³ and from thence the following morning to Holkham. I will just stop to tell my story and then wish to hurry home to see the remainder of my harvest, for it will scarcely be over. Coulson⁴ writes me word that he shall never have done carting barley ; there are two barns filled with wheat and twenty-two large wheat-stacks. The wheat on the new land turns out less injured than we expected. It is always right to get good out of evil if possible ; and this good will result from my present attendance in the House of Lords, namely, that when this forced attendance is over I will never again attend voluntarily, at least whilst the present system prevails. Tell Mr. Coke it is certain the House will pass the Bill, but the commons *dare not*.”

“*Half-past 5.*

“Report says one or two days will finish the Prosecution. I think it is going much in favor of the Queen.”

¹ Frognall, Kent, the seat of my mother’s brother-in-law, and my godfather, John Thomas, second Viscount Sydney.

² Earl Grey, afterwards Prime Minister.

³ Lexham Hall, Norfolk, seat of Frederick Keppel, son of the Honourable and Right Reverend Dr. Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter.

⁴ Lord Albemarle’s bailiff.

On Saturday, the 9th of September, the case for the prosecution closed, and at the request of the Queen's counsel the House adjourned to the 3d of October. My father passed the interval in Norfolk, and I returned to the Duke of Sussex's, "Wellington House, Tonbridge Wells."

On the morning of the 3d of October the Duke's hack set me down at the House of Lords, in time to hear Brougham enter upon the Defence.

The following day Lord Albemarle writes to Lady Anne Keppel.

"Wednesday, October 4th.

"I am writing this in the House of Lords, where Mr. Brougham has just finished a very fine speech, and Mr. Williams is beginning to open the case of the Queen, which will take up the remainder of the day; the examination of witnesses cannot begin before to-morrow, so our progress is not rapid. This will find you just arrived at Holkham; as to saying anything of the time I am likely to be detained it is useless to guess. I am going to-day to Holland House, where I shall stay till Sunday. I return then to dine at Paddington.¹ George² came to London yesterday to hear Brougham's speech, and is to-day gone back to the Duke of Sussex. Sophia³ continues still well."

Private letters which have since found their way into print bear record to the treatment which members of the Government experienced from the populace. Lord Chancellor Eldon, once the friend, now the bitter foe of Caroline of Brunswick, was greeted even at his own country seat with cries of "Queen for ever." When Castlereagh and Sidmouth walked arm-in-arm together to Westminster amidst the execrations of the mob, the former exclaimed, "Here go two of the most popular men in England." To this trio unpopularity was familiar, and they

¹ Dowager Lady de Clifford's villa at Westbourne Green, Paddington.

² The writer of these Memoirs.

³ My sister, wife of Mr. James Macdonald, M.P. for Calne, son of the Right Honorable Sir Archibald Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, by Louisa, eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Stafford.

submitted to it with more or less philosophy. Not so Lord Liverpool, who had hitherto been treated with singular forbearance ; but he too, at last, was doomed to take his share of the popular odium. The effect it had upon him was visible to every beholder. When he rose to address the House, it was with all the timidity of a nervous young Peer making his maiden speech. Nor could he have given utterance to his words at all without the aid of large doses of ether, the odor of which reached the nostrils of us who were standing on the steps of the throne.

WILLIAM CHARLES, LORD ALBEMARLE, TO LADY ANNE KEPPEL.

Sunday Night, October 15th.

"I can begin my letter with the satisfactory news that Sophia has got a very fine boy,¹ and that they are both perfectly well. This event happened at half-past seven this evening. I have made use of my holiday, and have seen Lady Andover in good health, and also Lady Anson looking in my opinion and to my infinite satisfaction remarkably well. I have this instant got a very kind note from her in return for one I wrote announcing Sophia's happy state.

"I must wait till five to-morrow before I can say anything about the Queen. I have been so much occupied this day with matters which interested me so much more, that I have not once thought of the Queen, nor of Mr. Coke's friend—His Majesty.²

"To-morrow I must buckle to again. I went yesterday to dine with Wilbraham³ and had a pleasant day.

"I feel very proud in being a grandfather, and your consequence is increased by becoming an aunt ; we shall have Uncle John and Aunt Caroline talked of at Christmas. George is come up for a day, but he is so fond of the Duke of Sussex that he returns to him to-morrow. Grandmamma de Clifford

¹ The boy to whom my sister gave birth is the present Sir Archibald Keppel Macdonald, of Woolmer Park, Hants, Bart.

² Before George Prince of Wales became Regent, he was a frequent guest at Holkham.

³ Roger Wilbraham, Esq., of 11 Stratton Street, Piccadilly.

goes to-morrow to Bath, rather I hope to prevent an illness, than on account of an actual one. She complains of feeling ill but she looks better than I have seen her.

"God bless you both. Ever, my dearest Anne,

"Your affectionate father,

"ALBEMARLE."

Five o'clock Monday, October 16th.

"We have had a very dull day—nothing material. Sophia and child quite well."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Thursday, October 26th.

"We can now guess when, but not how, our business will end. In ten days it must be decided.

"I think the second reading will be carried, and, if it is, I fear rioting is unavoidable in London.

"Prince Leopold has just returned from calling at Brandenburg House.

"Lady Fitzwilliam is going to the Queen as soon as the Solicitor-General has finished.

"If the Lords decide against the Queen, I shall go to pay my respects to her, being convinced of her innocence. If she is acquitted by the Lords, I shall not go, being determined to go to no Court. I have heard enough in forty-two days to be determined not to trouble myself about kings or queens."

On the evening of the 6th of November the House divided on the second reading. Contents 123, non-contents 95,—majority 28. With the second reading of the Bill the judicial part of the proceedings were brought to a close, and the gentlemen of the long robe retired from the scene. To speak of the four principal performers in this drama, the palm of oratory would, I suppose, be awarded to Brougham; yet to my mind the eloquence of my honored friend Thomas Denman was scarcely less effective than that of his gifted leader. His noble cast of features, the honest expression of his countenance, the deep-

toned melody of his voice, the happy choice of his language, his dignified irony, his consistent political conduct, and his irreproachable private character,—all these, together with the belief that he was firmly convinced of the innocence of his client, combined to produce a most favorable impression upon his hearers.

It was greatly to the disadvantage of Sir Robert Gifford, the King's Attorney-General, that he had to follow such a speaker, for he lacked the external graces which rendered the addresses of his professional adversary so attractive. Sir Robert was a red-faced little man, wanting dignity in manner and appearance; his language seemed ill-chosen, his voice was painfully shrill, and an incorrect ear caused him to place the accent mostly on the wrong word.

Although a much better speaker than his principal, Sir John Singleton Copley, the Solicitor-General, could not bear a comparison with either Brougham or Denman. He had a disagreeable expression of countenance—a sort of scowl, which, however, wore away as he advanced in years. His manner had not the naturalness of his opponents, it was too theatrical, and his style of speaking suggested to me the spouting manner which schoolboys acquire by reciting pentameter verses.

A quarter of a century later it was my delight to listen to the finished orations of Lord Lyndhurst, but I could hardly persuade myself that the "Nestor of the House of Lords" was the same person whom I had heard plead at its bar for a verdict against Queen Caroline.

Perhaps I may have been influenced by my political prejudices in forming so low an estimate of Copley's oratorical powers, but I shared with my party the feeling of dislike with which he was then regarded by them. He was a recent deserter from the Liberal camp. His conversion had been sudden. Before he became a Court lawyer he was what in more modern times would have been called a "Radical," he was also a Bonapartist of the ultra type: his theory was that nations could not be happy unless all the then existing thrones were overturned.

When the news reached London that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, Copley is said to have been walking in the streets

and to have thrown up his hat in the air exclaiming, "Now is Europe free!"

On Tuesday, the 7th of November, my father writes to my sister Anne:—

"I am afraid to reckon the day of my liberation; but it cannot be very distant.

"The instant the attendance is over I shall set off for Holkham, where I am anxious enough to see you all again. Not one moment's voluntary attendance will I give for either of the persons engaged in this wretched squabble. And I look, though not with much confidence, to a release on Friday night or Saturday. It has just come into my head to ask whether you recollected to write to Miss Rawlins.¹ If you have not written, you should write now. I thought of the *battue*² yesterday; and was glad the day was so fine. To-day and to-morrow we have holidays, and this relaxation is useful, for I am nearly done up. The want of air and exercise for such a length of time affects me a great deal, and particularly my spirits; and I find upon comparing notes with others that they are also so affected. I never was engaged in any business so irksome, in which I felt so little interest, and so fatigued and disgusted me."

People used at this time to speculate how many sickly or elderly Peers would owe their death to the Pains and Penalties Bill. I remember seeing some verses of Lord Erskine, which, after pointing out the baneful influence that the measure would have on public morals, ended by saying that the only living creatures that would derive benefit from it would be

"Peers' eldest sons, law advisers, and—grouse."

¹ My sisters' governess.

² The Holkham *battues* began the second week in November, and continued to the last day of the shooting season.

WILLIAM CHARLES, LORD ALBEMARLE, TO LADY ANNE
KEPPEL.

"November 8th.

"We drag on slowly, but the end cannot be far off. We have got through Committee to day—to-morrow will be the Report, and the Bill will pass on Friday. I shall therefore set off on Saturday morning ; but as the journey at this time of the year is too long for a day, I can only promise to reach Holkham by dinner-time on Sunday.

"Tell Mr. Coke the opposition have this day played off a manœuvre against the Bill which may possibly defeat it altogether. Eight or nine Bishops and two or three other Lords have declared that they could not vote for the Bill if the Divorce clause continued in. The Archbishop of York moved that it should be left out ; those most inveterate against the Queen were for retaining it. The Opposition in a body joined the latter party, and with their force have carried the Divorce clause, voting for it with a view to make the Bill as odious as possible. If there is honesty in a Bishop, ten or twelve who voted for the second reading with an implied promise from Lord Liverpool that the Divorce clause shall be left out, must now vote against the third reading, as the Divorce clause is retained ; and thus the majority will be reduced to five or six. But I have no faith in such honesty."

The sequel showed that my father had not formed too harsh a judgment of the Episcopal bench. Although several Bishops had publicly declared that they had scruples, on religious grounds, in voting for the Divorce clause, yet, when the matter came to a division, ten out of thirteen of them voted for the third reading of the Bill—Divorce clause included.

Dr. Vernon, Archbishop of York, who had opposed the Bill in all its stages, could only obtain the support of two prelates, Dr. Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, and Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Gloucester.

Among the persons who acquired an unenviable notoriety for their share in the proceedings against the Queen was Sir John Leach, an equity lawyer of eminence, previously distin-

quished for his zealous advocacy of Whig principles, but who had quitted the ranks of the Opposition to become a confidential adviser of the then Regent. It was upon his suggestion that persons were sent to Italy to collect evidence criminatory of the Princess of Wales, with a view to procure a divorce for his royal master. While the second "delicate investigation" was in progress, Leach had the imprudence to visit the country in which it was being carried on; and as he in the same year (1819) was appointed Vice-Chancellor, the public were impressed with the belief that he had personally suborned witnesses to give evidence against the Princess, and that he had received the judicial appointment as a reward for this special service.

The resemblance of Leach's name to that of a certain animal used for medical purposes furnished a ready-made pun for the squib-makers, and there was scarcely a caricature relating to the trial in which was not to be seen the black worm with a human head in a lawyer's wig.

Towards the close of the trial I went to Drury Lane to see Edmund Kean in *Othello*. It was his farewell performance prior to his departure for America, whither he was about to proceed to fulfil a theatrical engagement. Here was the first actor of his day, and in his masterpiece. But this evening the audience had neither eyes nor ears for their favorite. Their whole interest in the play was concentrated in those passages which bore or appeared to bear some analogy to the event which was absorbing the public mind.

In the second scene of the fourth act Emilia informs Iago of the opprobrious epithets which Othello has been heaping upon Desdemona. Iago asks:—

How comes this trick on him?

DESDEMONA. Nay, heaven doth know.

EMILIA. I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Hath not devised this slander.

Whereupon there arose in the gallery yellings and hootings, inter-

mixed with cries of "Leach! Leach!" The uproar continued some minutes. When silence was in some degree restored, the actors resumed their parts.

IAGO. Fye, there is no such man! it is impossible.

DESDEMONA. If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

EMILIA. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones.

* * * * *

The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

Oh heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascal naked through the world,

Even from the east to the west.

These words were followed by tremendous applause, by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and by other tokens of approval of the sentiment implied. After another long pause, the performance proceeded.

DESDEMONA (*kneeling*). Here I kneel.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse or actual deed.

* * * * *

And that I do not yet, or ever did,

And ever will—tho' he did shake me off

To *beggarly divorcement*—love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me.

There are few educated men of the present day who do not feel how ill Desdemona's protestations of fidelity and affection would apply to the case of the Queen Consort, but the gallery thought otherwise; they could only see in Caroline of Brunswick the ill-treated but still innocent and loving wife—consequently there were loud cheers for the Queen, and the applause was more vehement than before.

In a Christmas pantomime of this year, one of the scenes described the Fives Court of the King's Bench Prison. Suddenly enters a barrister in a wig and gown, carrying a "green bag."¹

¹ The evidence of the Milan Commission was laid before the House of Parliament in a green bag.

His appearance produces an immense excitement among the prisoners, who forthwith toss him in a blanket, green bag and all. The gallery viewed the spectacle with intense delight, and begged that the rascal might have another toss.

On the 10th of November Lord Liverpool withdrew his Bill of Pains and Penalties. This virtual defeat of the Government was celebrated by illuminations and other tokens of popular rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The Duke of Sussex went from Tonbridge Wells to pay a visit of congratulation to the Queen at Brandenburg House. On his return I accompanied his Royal Highness to a meeting at the "Wells," where such of the visitors as disapproved of the Ministerial attempt to set aside the law of the land endeavored to get up an Address to the Queen congratulating her upon her escape out of the hands of her enemies. The Duke took a prominent part in the proceedings. That same evening there was a ball at the Assembly Rooms; but at midnight the local authorities, who were of the adverse faction, took away our fiddlers, and the Master of Ceremonies withdrew his countenance from us by retiring. But we determined to

" Confound their politics,
And frustrate their knavish tricks."

We elected Mr. Douglas Kinnaird our provisional Master of Ceremonies, and under his tuition went through the figures of the quadrille without instrumental music, humming the tunes, as well as our laughter would enable us to do so.

From Tonbridge Wells I went with the Duke of Sussex to Battle Abbey, on a visit to Sir Godfrey Webster. At the bottom of the hill on which the town of Battle is built, the horses were taken out of the carriage, and we were dragged up to the Abbey by the populace amidst cries of the "Queen and Sussex for ever!" We were welcomed within the gates of the Abbey by a military band and by a salvo of artillery. Here a large party was assembled to meet the Duke, among whom were Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse, the then radical members for Westminster, and other advanced members of the Liberal party.

Our next visit was to Newstead Abbey, which Colonel Wildman had a few years before purchased of his friend Lord Byron.

From Newstead we paid a third visit to Holkham. In passing through Thetford I shook hands with my old friend Betty Radcliffe. She was a violent anti-Queenite, and desired me to take a message to the Duke, condemning the part he had taken in the trial. As the expressions she used were of the homeliest description, I advised her to give the Duke a piece of her mind in person. This she did, without any circumlocution, much to His Royal Highness's amusement.

On our return to town I accompanied the Duke of Sussex to the "Beefsteak Club," of which "Sublime Society" he was a member.

I was seated between Mr. Stephenson, secretary to the Duke and afterwards my brother-in-law, and Alderman Wood;—the latter, one of the most prominent men of the day for the advocacy of the Queen's cause both in and out of Parliament.

As I did not know Mr. Wood by sight I asked Stephenson who my next neighbor was. Without answering me he rose, and, with much seriousness of manner, declared it to be his painful duty to bring under the consideration of the Club the extraordinary conduct of "Brother Wood," which had brought discredit upon the Sublime Society. He then improvised some alleged disrespect to the Queen—whom he designated as the beloved Consort of her dear lord, our highly popular and never-to-be-sufficiently-venerated Sovereign—and ended by moving that the offending brother should be given in custody of the Sergeant-at-arms to receive sentence from the Recorder. Anon appeared the cook, a solemn-looking man, dressed in the white cap, jacket, and apron peculiar to his calling, and carrying sword-fashion a huge carving-knife. He approached the Alderman, who immediately became his prisoner.

The Recorder, named Richards, was solicitor to the Duke of Sussex and brother of a then popular chemist in St. James's Street.

After dwelling some time on the heinousness of the offence the Recorder put on his head the cap in which Garrick used to

play "Abel Drugger," and sentenced "Brother Wood" to pass two hours of the following day in the company of "Brother —," the most taciturn, and—at this time of day there is no harm in saying—the dullest man in the club.

The Alderman heard his sentence with a deep groan, and declared that human malignity could not have devised a heavier punishment.

CHAPTER X.

Ordered out to India.—Appointed Aide-de camp to Lord Hastings.—Calcutta Theatricals.—Jackal Hunting.—An Indian Fever.—A Cobra Capella.—General Hardwick's Snakery.—A Suttee.—Lord Hastings embarks for Europe.—I am appointed Aide-de-camp to the Governor General *ad interim*.—Set out on my Overland Journey.—Arrival at Bombay.—Captain Marryat.—His Caricatures.—His description of Clawing off a Lee-shore.

[1821.] I had been so long absent from duty that I had almost forgotten that I was a soldier. Towards the close of 1820, however I was reminded of the fact by the receipt of a prosaic missive from the Horse Guards, intimating that Lieutenant Keppel of the 24th regiment was forthwith to proceed to Chatham, there to join a detachment of his regiment under orders to proceed to join the head-quarters stationed in Bengal. In obedience to this command, I on the 14th of January, 1821, marched with the said detachment from Chatham to Northfleet, whence I embarked on board the *Lowther Castle*, East India-man. Half a century has not obliterated from my mind the feeling of depression with which I stepped on deck. The crew were getting in the live stock. Such hallooing, bleating, crackling, grunting, and quacking, such a villainous compound of bad smells? All was noise, dirt and confusion. I was sitting shivering on a hen-coop in silent despair when my friend, Mr. Archibald Macdonald, who had come to take leave of me, hearing that the ship would not be ready for sea for a couple of days, took me back with him to town, to dine at the "Catch and Glee Club"—my last London gaiety for some years.

The next morning I took my place on the outside of one

of the Greenwich stages, which were then running twice a day to and from London. The driver called my attention to a little steamboat wending its way down the Thames. It was the first I ever remember to have seen. There were, I believe, a few of these boats plying "between the bridges," but it was thought a rash act for one of them to venture so near the river's mouth. "There's the things," said my jehu, "that will ruin us coachmen." Some years later I travelled the same road, and I thought of the prophetic remark of coachee. Steamers were indeed running every hour during the day, but so also were Gravesend stage-coaches.

As these "floating hotels," as Indiamen used to be called, were thoroughly well victualled, they had no occasion to run into port for water or provisions ; consequently we passengers could not look forward to breaking the monotony of the voyage by an occasional trip on land. I was debating how I should dispose of my abundant spare time, when I stumbled on Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar, which placed the language of which it treats in so attractive a form that a knowledge of it seemed to me to be an easy attainment. Accordingly I devoted a part of each day to its study. In this manner I picked up more Persian in the four months on board the *Lowther Castle* than I did Latin in the same number of years at Westminster school under the heavy ferule of Dr. Page.

With the knowledge of the language thus acquired on ship-board, I afterwards managed to make my way from the Persian Gulf to the mouths of the Volga, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience for the want of a medium of communication with the various Mohammedan nations through whose countries my road lay.

I will not ask my readers to share with me the tediousness of a long sea-voyage ; suffice it to say, that exactly four calendar months (May 23) after the *Lowther Castle* weighed anchor in the Downs she dropped again in Saugor Roads.

The next day I landed at the City of Palaces, and shortly after had an audience of the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of India, to whom I brought letters from his niece, Lady William Russell, Mr. Coke of Holk-

ham, Lord Lauderdale, and Lord Holland. These served me in good stead, for there happened to be a vacancy on his personal staff to which I was immediately appointed.

The following week I accompanied Lord Hastings to his country seat at Barrackpore to take my turn of aide-de-camp in waiting. We dined at four in the afternoon. After dinner two phaetons, each drawn by four white horses, came to the door. On one side were ranged seven elephants gaudily caparisoned, especially one destined to carry the "Lord Sahib," which bore the title of Bahadur (General), and had "a livery more guarded than its fellows." On a word from the Mahout the Bahadur went on all-fours to receive its load. A ladder was placed against its side; Lord Hastings ascended, and bade me seat myself beside him. My first ride was not altogether agreeable. The equilateral movement of the animal in its walk too much resembled that of a ship in a heavy swell.

I remember being struck with the beauty of an air-plant which formed a succession of festoons over our heads. The elephant was ordered to gather it for me. The delicate manner in which it separated the tender parasite from the tree with its trunk could not have been outdone by the most delicate of human fingers.

One evening, my attention was arrested by the behaviour of the elephant that was to carry the Governor-General. It would not stand still for a moment, but kept constantly shaking the little ornamental bells of its howdah-cloth. On inquiry, I found that the "Bahadur" being indisposed, this animal supplied its place, and that its contortions arose from the pleasure it felt at the gaudiness of its apparel. When I approached the conceited beast it was making a noise with its trunk like the purring of a cat.

I used greatly to enjoy these elephantine rides. It was gratifying to a youngster to be on terms of familiar intercourse with a man who, as soldier, orator, or statesman, had been before the world for nearly half a century. On public occasions Lord Hastings was the most stately of human beings; you then saw only the haughty ruler over a hundred and odd millions of fellow-creatures; but ~~little & little~~ in a howdah he was totally differ-

ent, would talk freely on all subjects, and make no secret of his disputes with the East India Directors, who were everything in his eyes but his "much approved and esteemed good masters." But the subject that most interested me was his military life, beginning from 1773, when as Francis Rawdon, Captain of Grenadiers, he had two bullets through his cap at the battle of Bunker's Hill, up to 1817, when by strategically concentrating the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, on a given spot on a given day, he annihilated the Pindarrees and wholly subverted the power of the Mahrattas.

There was one subject in which the General and his aide-de-camp took a common interest,—we were both enthusiastic admirers of Shakespeare. As we were tolerably well up in our author, we used to recite to each other our favourite passages, and occasionally with such emphasis that I often wondered what the Mahout must have thought of our seeming altercations.

Like Horace Walpole, Lord Hastings was a stout apologist for Richard the Third, and differed from the view that his favorite bard has taken of his character. He contended that Richard was to be judged by the moral standard of the age in which he lived, and not by ours; that his humanity was on a par with that of Edward the Fourth, and that in his short reign of King he did much to mitigate the tyrannical measures of his elder brother. I was amused to hear him defend Richard for cutting off the head of his ancestor—the Lord Hastings of that day,—he thought that self-preservation fully warranted the deed.

Private theatricals formed one of the principal amusements at Calcutta in my day. I was not long in enlisting in the corps.

Our theatre, the "Chowringhee," was about the size of the market. In point of scenery and decoration, of everything that in theatrical language goes by the name of "proprietor," it could vie with a London playhouse. As for our

The next of them had grown grey and bald in the service, after had and have done no discredit to any boards.

General and I first appearance as Dick Dashall in Martin's letters from his "The Way to Get Married." The part of Tangent of Mr. Alsop, a Calcutta stipendiary magis-

trate, a son-in-law of Mrs. Jordan the actress. He was our stage manager, and as much at home in that calling as if he had never followed any other. He was an excellent actor of all work, and wore with equal grace the socks and the buskin.

Toby Allspice was personated by Horace Hayman Wilson, the first Oriental scholar of his day, known in after times for his continuation of Mill's "History of India" and as Boden Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford. In some characters he was without an equal.

Our performances took place on a Friday, in order to secure the attendance of the Governor-General, who came from Barrackpore on that day to attend Council. His Excellency always visited us in great state; wore all his decorations, not omitting the diamond star of the Garter which the Prince Regent had taken off his own breast to place upon his. He was attended by his whole staff of aides-de-camp, secretaries, doctors, and interpreter, escorted by his own body-guard of cavalry and received by an infantry guard of honor at the theatre. At the door the managers were in attendance to conduct His Excellency to his box in the centre of the house, where chairs of state were placed for his and Lady Hastings's reception.

On the Monday following a play night the amateurs met at the theatre to agree upon the next representation. At my suggestion they formed themselves into the "Calcutta Theatrical Beefsteak Club." The institution was quite a success, and brought around us some of the most agreeable men of the Presidency, whether residents in the capital or birds of passage. We used to dine on the stage. The cast of our next play was the first business of the evening; that disposed of, a pianoforte was placed at the foot of the dinner-table and presided over by a professional musician, and the rest of the evening was passed in speechifying and in singing catches and glees.

In spite of the warnings of wiser and older heads, I could not resist the temptations of the hunting-field. The Calcutta Hunt was a thoroughly well-conducted establishment. I used to think we made a splendid appearance at the cover side. Two Sons of Tippoo Sultan, state prisoners of "John Company," always formed part of our field. One of these "Mysore

princes" I met a year or two ago in a London Assembly. Our sport was uniformly good, and we never knew what it was to draw blank. The scent was burning and the pace sometimes killing. I prided myself on my stud. One of my hunters, a hard-mouthed, self-willed animal, always insisting upon being well up to the hounds, and acquired for its rider the name of the "Flying Dutchman."

Few persons could indulge in this sport with impunity. Soon after following to the grave a brother sportsman, who landed at Calcutta the same day as I did, I was myself laid low with what was called the *pucka* fever. The staff-surgeon to whom I was consigned was nicknamed "Joe Manton," after the famous gunmaker, from the supposed killing qualities of his prescriptions. By God's good providence, I survived the disease and the remedies, but for some time I was hovering between life and death. One morning Lord Hastings paid me a visit, which I rightly conjectured was intended as a last farewell. The disorder was then at its crisis. My doctor had ordered the external application of some strong acid, and Alsop, my brother actor, took off his coat and waistcoat to carry out the prescription. While so employed, a friend came to the door, but immediately closed it after him. The interval between death and interment in India is necessarily brief. On the evening of the day on which Lord Hastings paid me a visit a large party of my acquaintance met at the burial-ground. They had been informed by the friend who had peeped in at my door that "Keppel was dead, for he had seen the undertaker washing the body."

One day that I was walking in the conservatory of the Barrackpore Government House, I nearly trod on a cobra capella. It had wound itself into a circle so as to resemble a coil of rope, and was so like in color to the stone pavement as not to be easily discernible. Attracted doubtless by the moisture, which a serpent so delights in, it occupied the damp spot from which a large flower-pot had lately been removed. As I had no weapon at hand wherewith to do it battle I allowed it to escape. A few days afterwards (June 17) a cowboy who had been bitten by a cobra was brought to the Government House

in the hope that Dr. Sawers, the Governor-General's physician in attendance would cure him. The doctor gave him some *Eau de Luce*, but the poor lad was past recovery, and died in about half an hour. While living his body was in a state of perfect repose, the hands open, the palms upwards. There can be no doubt that the asp which Cleopatra employed for her own destruction was the cobra, which she selected probably as the instrument most likely to procure an easy death. Shakespeare makes her call it

"The pretty worm of Nilus,
That kills and pains not."

The clown who brings the serpent tells the queen that "his biting is immortal, and that those who die of it do seldom or never recover."

But Sawers contradicted, not what the clown said, but what he intended to say. He, the doctor, once saved the life of a soldier who had been bitten by a cobra. His remedies were large doses of brandy, and keeping the patient while supported by two men constantly walking up and down the room, the poor fellow begging in vain to be allowed to lie down and die.

The time when the cobra is most to be dreaded is in the rainy season. It is then that the reptile, washed out of its hole, wanders in search of a new home. A not infrequent place of refuge is a bathroom, into which it effects an entrance by the aperture that is made for the escape of the refuse water. No less than three cobras had been killed in the bathroom which I occupied.

My palanquin-bearers warned me against killing a cobra. They told me that some of its relations would avenge its death. They were not aware that Pliny tells a somewhat similar story.

It is probable that the belief which the Hindoos share with the Roman naturalist respecting the revengeful spirit of the cobra has allowed these reptiles to make such head in India. It appears by a recent publication that in the Presidency of Bengal alone no less than 11,416 persons died of snake-bite in 1869.

The general in command of the Barrackpore district in my

time, an old gentleman of the name of Hardwick, was passionately fond of cobras, of which he had a large collection. His pets being of a truant disposition, would frequently escape into the adjoining *compounds*, to the no small annoyance and terror of his neighbors. I one paid a visit to his snakery. I saw him seize a cobra by the tail with his right hand, while he passed the body of the animal rapidly through his left till he reached the hood. He then forced open the serpent's mouth and showed the poison-bag at the base of the fangs. When he let the reptile go, so far from showing irritation at such rough usage, it seemed rather gratified at having been chosen to exhibit the idiosyncrasy of its species in its own person. I forget the name of the author, but I have seen a published account of General Hardwick's collection of reptiles.

I find, from a note which I made of the occurrence, that on the morning of the 14th of October, 1822, I witnessed at a distance, at a village called Howrah on the right bank of the Ganges, the burning of a woman on the funeral pile of her husband. As I was on the left or Calcutta side of the river, I could hear nothing but the sound of human voices and tam-tams, and could see little more than an assemblage of figures in white robes hovering round the flames.

The pile was set on fire by the son of the widow, and she, in conformity with the practice prevalent in Bengal, was made fast to the fagots by two bamboos placed across her body.

On my return to the Government House, I had a long conversation with Lord Hastings' Circar (native house-steward), a wealthy Brahmin of high caste. I quoted the opinions of Ram Mohun Roy, who had written several pamphlets against the cremation of widows, as being contrary to the Vedas or sacred writings of the Hindoos. The Circar stoutly defended the practice. A few months later he died. In his will, he made ample provision for his widow, and left express directions that she should not ascend his funeral pile.

Suttee was abolished in India about six years after I left the country, that is to say in 1829, under Lord William Bentinck's administration. It continued, however, in native states

till 1847, when Lord Hardinge procured from Hindoo princes and chiefs its abolition.

During the interval between 1829 and 1847 it was the duty of British officers located in foreign states to be present at any case of Suttee, so as to see that no coercion was used, and to prevail upon the widow if possible to forego her intention. My friend, Sir Erskine Perry, has given me the following details of a Suttee, communicated to him by Mr. Graver Lumsden, at which that gentleman presided, in one of the small native states of the Bombay Presidency:—

“The widow in this case was a young beauty of very good caste and means. The procession to the pyre was most solemn and picturesque. She, dressed in her best, and with all her jewels on, attended by servants carrying presents, walked slowly round the pile of faggots ; and with a heavenly smile on her countenance, and expressive of happiness that could not be gainsaid, distributed her gifts to all around. Then ascending the pile, and taking her husband’s head in her lap, she set fire to the funeral pile, and expired without a groan, and with the self-satisfaction of the most devoted martyr.”

[1823.] On New Year’s Day of this year Lord Hastings, dissatisfied with his treatment by the East India Company, threw up his high office, and embarked for Europe in H.M.S. *Jupiter*. In the interval between his departure and the arrival in India of his successor, the government devolved provisionally on Mr. John Adam, the senior member of Council, who kindly appointed me to the same post that I had occupied in Lord Hastings’ family.

Soon after the arrival of Lord Amherst, the Governor-General appointed from home, I set out on my long projected Oriental journey. Commodore Grant was to have given me a berth on board the frigate in which his broad pendant was flying, but before I could avail myself of his kindness the cholera broke out on board. It may be worthy of remark that the disease confined its ravages to midships, leaving the fore and after part of the vessel wholly unassailed.

Early in November I took a passage in a merchantman to Bombay. As the vessel came to an anchor in the harbor of

that island, Captain Gillespie, aide-de-camp to the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the Governor, came alongside, and, in obedience to the orders of his Chief, carried me with him to Pareil, one of the Governor's country seats, which became my head-quarters during my stay.

It was worth a trip to Bombay if only to make acquaintance with its Governor. I have the most pleasing reminiscences of that accomplished scholar and very agreeable companion. Mr. Elphinstone took a lively interest in my projected journey, strongly urged me to publish an account of my travels, and suggested several hints which proved of much service to the inchoate author. No person could have been better qualified to offer advice on such a subject, for his "Mission to Caubul" is, from the fidelity of its narrative and the gracefulness of its diction, a model to writers of travels through semi-barbarous countries.

In Bombay Harbor I first made acquaintance with Frederick Marryat, then in command of H.M.S. *Lorne*. He had not at that time written any of his charming sea novels, but he was not unknown to the public as a caricaturist. Two of his productions long held their place in the shopwindows.

One was "a lee lurch on board an Indiaman." Some forty ladies and gentlemen are seated at the cuddy dinner-table, which suddenly describes an angle of 45 degrees; the guests to leeward are frantically grasping the table-cloth. A negro boy with a tureen of boiling pea-soup is holding on by his heels; you see at a glance what must happen next.

The other is a very tolerable likeness of Marryat himself. He is in full uniform at the Court of a sort of "King Coffee." His Majesty is sitting cross-legged, surrounded by a body guard, at the top of whose spears are bleeding heads. Three giggling negresses, grouped and attired as the graces usually are, occupy the foreground: they are the three daughters of the cannibal king. The captain is to choose which of them he will make his wife; he has his hand on his heart, and his look of embarrassment is truly admirable. The *Lorne* at this time was more like a ménagerie than a man-of-war, and its Captain by no means a bad showman. Of the manner in which he played this part I was strongly reminded, when a year or two later I

read the account of "Peter Simple" among the wild beasts at Portsdown Fair.

The sensational and graphic description of clawing off a lee shore in the "King's Own" is by no means an exaggerated account of what actually happened to the *Ariadne* frigate off the Deserta Islands when Marryat was in command of her. My brother Tom, who was one of his lieutenants, told me that "all hands" had given themselves up for lost, that they kicked off their shoes and stockings and rushed into the rigging, there to await the expected catastrophe.

CHAPTER XI.

Preparations for my Overland journey.—My Fellow Travellers.—Embark on board H.M.S. *Alligator*.—Yard-arm Smith.—Land at Bussorah.—Horse-racing in the Desert.—Prepare for our Trip on the Tigris.—Our Arab Guard.—Take leave of our Shipmates.—Arab Black Mail.—Our voyage up the river.—Koorna.—Our first interview with the desert Arabs.—Partridge shooting in the Desert.—A Lion and Lioness.—Arrive at Bagdad.—Commandant of Artillery.—Visit to Babylon.—The Pasha of Bagdad.—A residence of Caliph Haroun al Raschid.—Reflections thereupon.—We leave Bagdad.—Are waylaid.—Arrive at Kermanshah.—A curious order of Knighthood.—An Arab Outlaw.—A Moolah.—A Royal Funeral.—We prevent a Duel.—The Moolah's opinion of Duelling.—An audience with the Prince Governor.

[1824.] At the beginning of each year, Bombay used to be the resort of travellers who wished, on returning to Europe, to avoid the long sea-voyage round the Cape. What was called the "Overland journey" comprised merely two days' trip across the Isthmus of Suez. My peregrinations embraced a much wider field, and extended to countries then but little known, and a portion of them even now remaining untrodden by the traveller.

It was in the month of January 1824, that Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, Captain Hart of the 4th Dragoons, and Dr. Lamb arrived from different parts of India, in the Island of Bombay, bent on a like expedition to my own. They became my fellow-travellers, and Captain Alexander, R. N., kindly helped us on our journey by giving us a passage to Bussorah in the *Alligator* frigate, of which he had the command.

"On the 27th of January we weighed and sailed. Before sunset the town of Bombay had disappeared from view, and the

high ghauts (mountains) which mark this coast were all we could discern of Indian land."

Thus begins Keppel's "Overland Journey to England," in which the adventures of its author appear duly chronicled.

To return to the *Alligator*. Her first lieutenant bore the name of Smith—not a very uncommon one, perhaps—but, like many others of its gallant bearers, he was distinguished by a *sobriquet* which he had won in battle, and was popularly known in the Navy. This prefix he obtained by his conduct in the famous action between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* in 1813. The circumstances connected with that passage of arms were worthy of the days of chivalry. A short time previously Captain Broke wrote a very polite and even flattering letter to Captain Rogers of the *Chesapeake*, hoping that he would do him the honor to come out of harbor and try his strength with him. The challenge was promptly and courteously accepted, and the captain of the *Chesapeake* sailed out of Boston amidst the cheers of his countrymen, who prepared an entertainment in anticipation of his victory. As the two ships came to close quarters, Stevens, the boatswain of the *Shannon*, who had served under Rodney and Nelson, lashed them together. After some desperate fighting Broke succeeded in gaining the quarter-deck of the enemy with about sixty of his followers. At the same moment William Smith entered the *Chesapeake* by the foreyard-arm. The Americans in the rigging fled at his approach on to the deck. One of them, however, he caught by the waistband of his trowsers, and hove him out of the top. The last who sought to make his escape was a hulking midshipman, with huge boots like those of an English trawler; the foretopmast back-stay had been shot away and trailed on the fore-castle. By this rope he slid down, but before he could reach the deck Smith's feet were on his shoulders, and in this fashion they came down together by the run.

The first use that Captain Broke made of his victory was to stay the impetuosity of his men. While so employed three American sailors attacked him from behind. "Broke parried the pike of his first assailant and wounded him in the face. Before he could recover his guard, the second foe struck him

with a cutlass on the side of the head, and instantly on this the third American drove home his comrade's weapon until a large part of the skull was cloven entirely away, and the brain was laid bare."

At the moment that Broke sank bleeding on the deck, Smith had reached the enemy's forecastle in the manner already described. He hastened to raise his captain, followed by the American midshipman, who expected every moment to fall a victim to the fury of the assailants ; and such would have been his fate if Broke, the moment before he lost all consciousness, had not touched his collar. So the life of the prisoner was saved, and his English captor promoted to a lieutenancy.

I was not personally acquainted with Sir Philip Broke, but I used to see him frequently at the *levees* of William IV., where he was conspicuous for the black skull-cap which he wore to conceal the handywork of the three Americans on his cranium. He fought the action in a chimney-pot hat, which is to be seen in its cloven state at Shrubland Park, the seat of his nephew, Admiral Sir George Broke Middleton, Bart.

We had a most charming little voyage up the Gulf, visiting on our way the Imaum of Muscat, a sovereign Arab prince, who very kindly lent us his stud to make an excursion into the interior.

On the 21st of February we anchored off Bussorah, and arrived in the nick of time to see the new Governor, a Pasha of two tails, make his triumphal entry into the town. Two days after Captain Alexander, the officers of the frigate, and we travellers paid him a visit. We were regaled in the usual Eastern fashion on sweetmeats, coffee, pipes, sherbet, and rose-water. At last some chafing-dishes, containing incense, were brought for perfuming our beards—a ceremony which was gravely performed by every downy-cheeked midshipman of the *Alligator*.

March 1st.—We went this morning to a horse-race. The spot selected was the great desert which commences immediately outside the town. A circular furrow of two miles marked the course, the stakes consisting of a small subscription amongst our European party. Five candidates started for the prize. A

coarse loose shirt comprised all the clothing of the Arab jockey, and the powerful bit of the country the only equipment of the horse he bestrode. Thus simply accoutred, at a signal given the half naked competitors set off at full speed, each giving a shout to animate his steed. The prize was adjudged to an Ethiopian slave. We had neither gay equipages nor fair ladies to grace our sports, but what we lost in splendor and beauty we gained in novelty, and were indemnified for the absence of the bright smile of woman by the animated sight of turbaned Turks, who would gallop past us jereed in hand, challenge each other to the contest, and spurred on by their favorite amusement would, in the exhilarating air of the desert, lay aside the gravity of the divan.

Every youngster of the *Alligator* had provided himself with a half-broke Arabian. One of them, zealous for the honor of his cloth, challenged me to ride a race with him. I accepted ; and, in his eagerness to get the weather gauge of the "soldier officer," he ran foul of a comrade, whom he capsized as well as himself. The palm was consequently adjudged to me, though my competitor swore that he should certainly have won if "the lubber had not come athwart his hawse."

The next stage of our journey was to Bagdad. The ordinary mode of proceeding thither by water was to procure a passage in one of a fleet of boats which took their departure at this season of the year, whenever their numbers were sufficient to protect them from the attacks of the lawless tribes of wandering Arabs which infested the banks of the river. Our party, however, adopted an unusual but more expeditious course. We started alone, and had a boat to ourselves. As a defence from the riparian robbers, we engaged a guard of twenty men belonging to the tribes through which we should have to pass. As the voyage was mainly performed by tracking up stream, and we wished to travel night and day, we hired a double set of boatmen. Our whole establishment was under the superintendence of Aboo Nazir, a good-humored drunken Arab, whose gratitude for a life thrice spared by British influence we considered a sufficient guarantee for his fidelity. To Aboo

Nazir we paid beforehand the amount of tribute which it was expected would be levied upon us.

As soon as there was sufficient water in the canal our boat was moored alongside the British factory. When the gates opened it discovered to us our guard of Arabs, who, armed with swords, shields, and muskets, scrambled on board, singing and dancing to the rude beating of the tantam, and presenting as wild an appearance as their countrymen against whom they were to protect us.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 6th of March, we quitted the frigate to go on board our boat. Our shipmates accompanied us to the gangway, gave us a loud cheer, and bade us an affectionate farewell. We were setting out on a journey supposed to be beset with dangers, and one which had been undertaken by few Europeans. The manner of our messmates showed unmistakably that they considered the parting might be a final one. So indeed it proved to be, but not in the manner anticipated. My fellow-travellers long survived the journey, but within two years of their leave-taking, Captain Alexander and five of his officers had fallen victims to the Indian climate.

This trip up the Tigris was never attended by any real danger, provided the claim to black mail was duly satisfied. But inasmuch as every piastre that did not find its way into the pocket of the sheikh of a tribe remained in Aboo Nazir's, he let slip no opportunity of shirking the contribution, and we, for the fun and excitement sure to be caused by the pious fraud, winked at what we used to call his "bilking the turnpike." Thus, when an occasional slant of wind would enable us to dispense with the tow-rope, we defiantly sailed past the enemy, all hands mustered on deck for the occasion. We travellers and our servants appeared in the after-part of the boat, armed to the teeth, our guard on the forecastle performed the sword dance with more than usual energy, while Aboo Nazir and our boatmen fired a volley of derisive Arabic upon the angry and bamboozled Ishmaelites.

On the 4th of March we arrived off Koorna, situated at a narrow slip of land formed by the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris. Two miles above the town the plantations of date

trees which had hitherto covered the banks ceased, and the country on both sides was overflowed. We landed in the afternoon on the west side to shoot. The ground was very wet, and the state of the vegetation indicated little fertility. This desolate country, now called Il Jezeenah (the Island), has claims on our interest as the ancient Bablonia, and as the birth-place of Abraham. It is by some held to be the site of Paradise.

March 9th.—Half-an-hour before sunset we arrived at a village of wandering Arabs. One of them, a wild-looking savage, ran towards us in a frantic manner, and throwing down his turban, demanded *Buxis* (a present). He was made to replace his turban, but continued screaming as if distracted. His noise and our appearance soon collected a crowd of men, women and children, the greater number had evidently never seen a European before.

When we reached the banks of the river we had to wait for our boat which was tracking round a headland. As we were thus for a time in a state of durance, we stood with our backs to the water to prevent an attack from the rear. In the meantime crowds of the Nomades continued to press forward. As their numbers were greatly superior to ours we tried by our manner to show as little distrust of them as possible. Not so our guards, who, from being of the same calling as these marauders, treated them with less ceremony, and stood by us the whole time with their guns loaded and cocked, their fingers on the triggers, and the muzzles presented towards the crowd. Some of the Arabs occasionally came forward to look at our fire-arms, especially our double-barrelled guns, but, whenever they attempted to touch them, they were repulsed by our guard, who kept them at a distance. In the midst of this curious interview, the sheikh or chief of the village, a venerable looking old man with a long white beard, came accompanied by two others, who brought us a present of a sheet, for which, according to custom, we gave double its value in money. The sheikh's arrival, and our pecuniary acknowledgement of his present seemed an earnest of amity, as the crowd, by his directions, retired to a small distance and formed themselves into a

semicircle—himself and his two friends sitting about four yards in front.

The scene to us was of the most lively interest. Around us, as far as the eye could reach, was a trackless desert, and immediately in the fore-ground were the primitive inhabitants, unchanged probably in dress, customs, or language, since the time of the "wild man," Ishmael, their common ancestor.

March 10th.—"We went out shooting in the desert and had excellent sport. Hares, black partridges, and snipes were in the greatest abundance. For my own share of the game I laid claim to a brace of partridges, not a little proud that nearly the first birds that ever fell to my gun should have been killed in the Garden of Eden."

One of my critics who quoted this passage of my narrative asked whether instead of partridges the gallant Captain did not mean "birds of Paradise."

"At 2 P.M. we passed the residence of Sheikh Abdallah Bin Ali, an Arab chief. As we were wending our way over the desert tract, unmarked by human habitation, we approached a boy tending cattle, who ran with all his might to a small mound, so gradually elevated as to be scarcely perceptible to us. In an instant, like the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed, a large body of men armed with spears appeared on the brow of the eminence, and seemed to have grown out from the till then unpeopled spot. The men set up a loud shout in which they were joined by women and children, who now made their appearance. All with one accord rushed towards us demanding the nature of our intentions, but once assured of our peaceful disposition their clamor ceased, and in two minutes we were on the most friendly terms.

"At four o'clock we stopped at a patch of brushwood jungle, where our boatmen and guard went on shore to cut wood for fuel. In the midst of this employment, one of them disturbed a lion that was sleeping under a bush. The fellow was greatly frightened and communicated his terror to his comrades who hastened on board. The lion stole away and the trackers continued their work without making any objection. Game of every description is abundant throughout in this ancient king-

dom of Nimrod, that 'mighty hunter before the Lord.' The spot we were now passing was quite living with animals—flesh or fowl. At every step the boatmen put up pelicans, swans, geese, ducks, teal, and snipes ; wild boars were seen galloping about in all directions. A lioness strolled towards our boat and stood staring at us for two or three seconds. Mr. Hamilton and I both fired at her, but as we were only loaded with small shot we did her no injury. The noise of our guns made her turn quietly around, and she trotted away as leisurely as she came."

On the 21st of March we landed at Bagdad, and became the guests of Aga Sarkees, the British agent.

On the 24th of March we set out on our visit to the ruins of Babylon. I do not here repeat the results of that expedition, inasmuch as they are fully detailed in my published narrative, and are also recapitulated in Keith's "*Spirit of Prophecy*,"—a work which its venerable author had lived to see in its fortieth edition.

On our return from Babylon we travellers paid our respects to the Pasha of Bagdad, and went through the same ceremonial of sweetmeats, pipes and coffee as had been observed in our visit to his brother, the Governor of Bussorah.

An extract from my "*Overland Journey*" will show the stamp of man, to whom, under Ottoman rule, despotic power was delegated in the first quarter of this century.

Davoud (David) Pasha is a Georgian by birth, and was formerly a slave to the then Pasha of Bagdad. At an early age he abjured Christianity, and assumed the character of a Mohammedan devotee. Seating himself at the palace gate he acquired so large a sum by begging that he became a candidate for the Pashalick. His proposal to the Grand Signior was accepted and answered in the usual manner—an order for the execution of the ruling Pasha, which being carried into immediate effect, the mendicant slave passed quietly into the place of his old master. He was not long in throwing off the mask of ascetic. Convinced that a situation gained by blood "by blood must be maintained"—he has been as ruthless as any of those who had gone before him in the office. No less than fifteen hundred

persons have fallen victims to his rapacity or ambition. He is a good-humored looking man, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, and of very prepossessing manners. During the interview, I tried to discover in his fine countenance any lines of remorse for such a load of crime. I looked in vain—and remembering Byron's descriptive lines of the famous Ali Pasha of Janina, found it no less difficult

“ to trace
The deeds which lurk beneath and stamp him with disgrace.”

During our stay in Bagdad we were very anxious to see anything that could remind us of Haroun Al Raschid of Arabian Nights' celebrity ; but our researches were far from satisfactory. A tumble-down house was shewn us as having once been the residence of the Caliph. There is nothing in its actual appearance worthy of notice, except the judicious situation in which it is built. The Tigris washes its wall, and from its lattices is a fine view of the surrounding scenery.

On returning from this excursion, I made the following entry in my Journal :—

“ Here it may not be irrelevant to offer a few remarks on that disposition so observable in Eastern nations to allow the works of antiquity to fade to decay. The Turk, careless and indolent, dozes through his existence, unmindful of the future. With us the actions of our forefathers are associated with our own. One of the motives which stimulates us to present exertion is the recollection of our predecessors and the hope of handing down our own name to posterity. The Turk from the insecurity of property, and the frail hold by which he clings to life, regards merely the present moment. To-morrow he may be dead, or he may be a beggar. To-day is his existence. He knows that like the mighty Davoud, the slave may become the three-tailed bashaw, but he also knows that the same sum which purchased the head of his predecessor may be given for his own. He exercises power while he may in extortion and oppression. Prodigal of the life of others, careless of his own, when his turn comes he yields with the indifference of a predestinarian, and respectfully submits his neck to the bow-string

whenever the vicar of the Holy Prophet dooms him to destruction."

Fifty-two years ago when I penned the foregoing paragraph, it was with a strong presentiment that the Eastern potentate with whom I had lately been sipping coffee would illustrate in his own person the appositeness of my reflections. So it turned out in the sequel. Soon after the narrative of this journey had passed through the press, I heard that Davoud Pasha had died the same death as that to which he had submitted his predecessor in office.

We left Bagdad on the 8th of April *en route* to Kermanshah, the capital of Coordestan. Two days later, we crossed from Turkish into the Persian dominions. This was by far the most dangerous part of our journey. Armed with a firman or Persian passport, the English traveller was almost as safe as in his own country, but lacking it he was virtually an outlaw, and could claim no immunity from any attack that might be made upon him. Although no actual harm befell our party, we were several times waylaid on our journey to Kermanshah. On one occasion shortly before daybreak three men on horseback—the apparent leader of whom rode a black horse—came suddenly into the narrow mountain pass through which we were riding, and seemed to be watching us. We thought their conduct somewhat suspicious in this country of robbers, for they preceded us for several miles, but at last they struck into the mountains and disappeared. We heard of them afterwards from a young Arab chieftain at Kermanshah, who informed us that twenty Coords of the Calor tribe (one of the most powerful of Coordestan) had followed us from Khanaki for the express purpose of plundering our party; that their gang consisted of twelve men on horseback and eight on foot, armed with matchlocks. Their chief, who, he told us, rode a black horse, exactly coincided in description with the person whom we had seen. It seems that they had received intelligence of our party being supposed to consist of an ambassador and his suite travelling with a large treasure. They, however, found us always so much on our guard that they abandoned their purpose of plunder when we got near the mountain pass of Pace Takht (foot of the throne) where a

military force was stationed. . It was near this place that Sir Robert Ker Porter was attacked on his journey to Bagdad.

A day or two afterwards our little camp was attacked at Kisra Shereen. We had just made fast our tent doors at night and were going to sleep, when we heard several shots fired in quick succession. Some robbers had descended the hill, and had commenced unloosing the cords by which our horses had been picketed to the ground, but being fired upon had fled. Shortly after another gang, for the same could hardly have got round in time, came to the opposite side and made a like attempt, but they also were repulsed in the same way. We saw no more of the fellows, though, as we afterwards heard, they formed part of the Calor banditti.

On the 22d of April, being the fourteenth day since our departure from Bagdad, we arrived at Kermanshah. As we were descending a hill three miles from the town, we saw marshalled at a short distance, a gayly caparisoned cavalcade, habited in the Persian dress. It was easy to perceive that they had assembled in compliment to us. We were speculating who they could be—for we looked in vain for the European costume—when one of the company with a long beard saluted us in military fashion, and in the French language welcomed us to Kermanshah. They turned out to be European residents in the city attended by their united trains of servants and followers. Of these were Messrs. Court and De Veaux, two French officers, to whom we had letters, two Italians, and a Spaniard of the name of Oms. Hassan Khan, one of the principal officers of the Prince Governor, came to tell us on the part of his Highness that a house had been prepared for our reception. We yielded, however, to the pressing invitation of Messrs. Court and De Veaux and became their guests during their stay.

“These gentlemen and the Spanish officer, Señor Oms, are all *Khans* (Lords) of Persia, and Knights of the Lion and Sun, as well as of another order, the decoration of which is a star, with the curious device of two lions fighting for the Persian crown.

“Some years since the present King, Futteh Ali Shah, in conformity with one of the most ancient laws of Persia, assem-

bled his sons for the purpose of nominating his successor to the throne. Abbas Meerza, the King's second son, was promised this high dignity. All the Princes present bowed in token of obedience to the royal will, with the exception of Mohammed Ali Meerza, the King's eldest son, and then Prince-Governor of Kermanshah. He alone stood erect. Unawed by the presence of his father and sovereign, he refused to acknowledge the decree. 'May God,' said he, 'preserve the King of Kings ; but if my brother and myself should have the misfortune to survive your Majesty' (and he half unsheathed his sword as he spoke) '*this* shall decide the succession to the throne.' On the return of the French officers from some successful expedition against the Turks, they asked the Prince to institute some order of knighthood as a reward for their services. Mohammed Ali, bearing in mind his oath of enmity against his brother, founded the order with the device of the fighting lions."

Happily for the cause of humanity and civilization, the King, Futteh Ali, outlived both his warlike sons, and consequently this fratricidal war did not take place. In 1834, Mohammed, son of Abbas Meerza, succeeded to the throne, and at his death in 1848 his son, Nazr-ul-deen, the present Shah, our late illustrious visitor.

One day during our stay we found Messrs. Court and De Veaux seated in the garden, in company with two Arabs who had lately fled for protection from the Pasha of Bagdad.

One of these was the young Arab chief to whom we were indebted for our information respecting the Calor banditti. A few months back this young man's father, with only forty men, defended a fortress against Davoud Pasha, but had ultimately been induced to surrender on a solemn assurance of protection. In the interview that followed the capitulation, the Pasha caused his prisoner's head to be struck off and packed up in a parcel to adorn one of the gates of Constantinople.

The other guest was one Moolah Ali, an Arab though he wore the Persian dress, a man to whom murder and every other crime had long been familiar. This man's features bore none of the marks which romance readers usually ascribe to those of a murderer. On the contrary, his mild eye beamed with intelli-

gence, and when he spoke, his mouth lighted up with so pleasing a smile that the diabolical matter of his speech was forgotten in the attractive manner of his delivery. He was a man whose conscience never troubled him with "air-drawn daggers," but he had a substantial one in his girdle, ready for use as inclination prompted.

"Not many weeks before we saw this Moolah, he was one of the principal persons of Mendali, a Turkish town near the frontier. In those days he was the bosom friend of Davoud Pasha and 'his best of cut-throats.' It was during this intimacy that he invited sixteen persons to a feast, and, placing a confidential agent between each guest, caused every one to be put to death, himself giving the signal by plunging a dagger into the breast of the person beside him. Such feats as these we may find in the histories of savage countries. Among all barbarians, the virtue of hospitality, so vaunted, has rarely withstood the excitement of avarice or revenge."

The friendship between the Moolah and the Pasha was not of long duration. Each of these brethren in iniquity, unable to take personal vengeance on the other, have been exercising their spite on the kindred of their respective foes. Seventy of the Moolah's relations have fallen victims to the vindictiveness of the Pasha. In the mean while, the Moolah has not been slow in retaliation. Leaving the town of Mendali, attended by several of his tribe, he sallied forth into the desert, and, to use his own expression, struck off at every opportunity the heads of all those wearing turbans.

We one day asked the Moolah how he generally deprived his enemies of life; "that," replied he, "is as I can catch them. Some I have killed in battle, others I have stabbed sleeping." Another time we had the curiosity to examine his pistols, which were studded with nails. On inquiring the reason, he told us "that each nail was to commemorate the death of some victim who had fallen by that weapon."

April 27.—For two days guns had been fired at intervals, preparatory to the removal of the body of the late Prince Governor of Kermanshah, for interment at Meshed Ali. On the morning appointed for the setting out of the cortège, we put

crape on our left arms and sword hilts, and mounting our horses set out at an early hour to witness the ceremony.

As our eagerness to be in time brought us out much sooner than was necessary, we whiled away a couple of hours in observing the various chattering parties, all dressed in black, their merry faces somewhat oddly contrasted with their mournful garb.

Anon there appeared a blind horseman attended by a train of servants, one of whom held his horse's rein—by name, Hassan Khan—to which was added the epithet of *Khoord* (the blind).

In the brief interval of anarchy that had followed the death of the late King, this Khan became a competitor for the crown, but being worsted, his eyes were put out by his more successful rival.

A sudden discharge of artillery, followed by loud shrieks, announced to us that the Prince Governor had left the palace with the dead body of his father. We now took up our station near the gates of the town, ready to fall in with the procession.

Near this place, mounted on a handsome charger, was the Prince Governor's son—Nasir Ali Meerza—a pretty boy, about five years old. His little Highness was attended by a train of courtiers of his own age and size, who seemed to be as well versed in the art of rendering homage as their pigmy Lord in receiving it. He appeared to be quite indifferent to the noise and bustle around him, and returned our salute with the easy air of one long accustomed to receive externally a like mark of respect.

The procession moved slowly out of the town, led by the artisans; each craft having with it a black banner. After them came two hundred Coordish soldiers who were to escort the corpse to Meshed Ali. The escort was preceded by a band of drums and fifes playing a variety of airs—principally English—"Rule Britannia" among others; and there were several country dance tunes. After the military came the representatives of the Church; a body of mounted Moolahs, headed by their Chief (Bashee), a jolly, drunken-looking fellow, who with a voice amounting to a scream, recited verses from the Koran,

in which his followers joined, making the air resound with their vociferous lamentations. Behind them was the corpse of Mohumud Ali Meerza, borne by two mules in that sort of covered litter, called a *tuckhte rewawn*.

At intervals, the cavalcade stopped, and each person baring his breast, struck it so violently with his hand that the flesh bore visible marks of the severity of the discipline. At these times, the shouts were redoubled, and tears flowed copiously from every eye; large groups of women, veiled from head to foot, and huddled together almost into shapeless heaps, were seated on each side of the road, and were by no means the most silent of the party.

We fell in with the French officers in rear of the troops; two or three chiefs were in the same line with us.

After proceeding almost a mile, we quitted the procession and, halted on one side, waited till the Prince gave us the *marukhus*, or permission to depart. His eyes were much inflamed, and tears chased each other down his cheeks. The funeral procession arrived at Mahidesht near sunset, when His Highness ordered the caravanserai to be cleared of its inmates, and taking with him several boon companions, among others the Moolah Bashee, he passed the night in drinking and smoking, determined apparently to keep his father's *wake* in true Irish fashion. The following morning the merry mourners remounted their horses, and reached Kermanshah without accident; though the Prince was so intoxicated that on arriving at the palace gate he fell off his horse into the arms of his attendants, and was by them conveyed to his own apartment in a state of insensibility.

Our departure from Kermanshah was delayed by a quarrel between our hosts, who determined to settle their differences by a duel. We however, undertook the office of mediators, and after much difficulty succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation.

The whole proceeding greatly puzzled our friend Moolah Ali, "how foolish," said he "is it for a man who wishes to kill his enemy, to expose his own life, when he can accomplish his purpose with so much greater safety, by shooting at him from behind a rock."

Señor Oms, the Spaniard, having behaved very ill and treacherously during this affair, our hosts determined to represent his conduct to the prince, and requested us to accompany them as witnesses. When we were at first admitted into the garden of the palace our attention was arrested by hearing some one scream a song with all the power of his lungs. In spite of the tipsy hiccough which occasionally interrupted the harmony, we had no difficulty in recognizing the voice of the Moolah Bashee, who with his royal patron, a pupil, was thus passing the rigid Mohammedan fast of the Ramazan. The sudden silence of the singer proved that our arrival had been announced.

The Prince, half drunk, standing against a tree, and supported by a stick, was trying to conceal the effect that the wine had made on his brain. Among those present was Hassan Khan Khoord, the blind councillor whom we had seen at the funeral. Messrs. Court and De Veaux having related all the circumstances of the case, Señor Oms, who had been sent for, attempted a justification, but was interrupted by Hassan Khan Khoord who used the expression *Khoor Khoordeed*, a Persian term of reproach for which the property of our language has no synonym. We were frequently appealed to, to confirm the statements of the French officers, and having in my capacity of interpreter delivered my testimony, I was somewhat startled at the Prince asking me, "*Een keh gofteed devoogh neest?*" (Is not that which you have been telling me a lie?) a harsh sound to an English ear, but in this land of falsehood, a mere idiomatical phrase of inquiry.

Our conference ended with Señor Oms being sent to prison and the Prince resuming those enjoyments which our presence had so unseasonably interrupted.

CHAPTER XII.

Arrive at Teheran.—Are presented to Futteh Ali Shah.—Interview with another Shah.—Tabreez.—My Valet.—Becomes a Khan.—Resume My Journey.—“The Proud Araxes.”—Enter the Russian Territory.—Sheesha.—Baku.—Steppe Traveling.—Smatreetels.—Astrakhan.—A Sturgeon Fishery.—Fair of Nishney Novogorod.—Horsemanship.—A Russian Dance.—Moscow.—Dine with the Governor-General.—A Russian State Prisoner.—First sight of a Macadamized Road.—St. Petersburg.—An Imperial Aide-de-camp.—We are under secret Surveillance.—Departure from St. Petersburg.—General Jomini.—General and Madame de Zublikoff.—Emperor Alexander.—His death

FROM Kermanshah we proceeded to Teheran, where on the 26th of May we were presented to the King. At the appointed hour Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, formerly ambassador to the court of St. James, and major (afterwards Sir Henry) Willock, the British Minister, Mr. Hamilton, and I, set out for our interview. The Persian was in his court dress, we were in full uniform; and we all wore green slippers and long boots of red cloth, without which none can approach the King.

His Majesty received us in a small palace in the middle of a garden called the *Gulestan* — “Garden of Roses.” When we arrived at the top of the avenue, leading to the hall of audience, we imitated the motions of the Meerza, and bowed several times, our hands touching our knees at each reverence. We had at this time a good side view of the King, who, apparently from established etiquette, seemed unconscious of our presence. We repeated our bows at intervals. When within twenty yards of the palace, we left our slippers behind us, and the King turning towards us for the first time, said *Bee an bula*,

"Ascend." A narrow flight of steps brought us to the presence-chamber. It is an apartment open at the two opposite sides, where the roof is supported by spiral pillars painted white and red ; a large carpet is spread on the floor ; the walls and ceiling are completely covered with looking-glasses. One or two European clocks, probably presents, stand in different parts of the room, but the accumulation of dust upon them shows they are considered useless lumber. On entering the chamber we sidled to the remotest corner from that which the King occupied. After the usual compliments of welcome, His Majesty asked several questions respecting our journey, and surprised us not a little by his geographical knowledge. The audience lasted twenty minutes. The King was in high good humor and conversed with unaffected ease on a variety of subjects. He was seated on his heels upon some doubled nummuds ; the Persians priding themselves on this hard seat in contradistinction to their enemies the Turks, whom they charge with effeminacy for their use of cushions.

The King had a variety of toys which gave employment to his hands. One was a Chinese ivory hand at the end of a thin stick, called in India a scratch-back, a name which faithfully denotes its office ; another was a crutch, three feet long, the shaft of ebony and the head of crystal. I should have known the King from his strong resemblance to the prints I have seen of him in London. I think, however, they hardly do justice to that beard, by which his subjects are in the habit of swearing. It is so large that it conceals all the face but the forehead and eyes, and extends to the girdle. The King was very plainly dressed, wearing a cotton gown of dark color and the common sheepskin cap. In his girdle was a dagger studded with jewels of an extraordinary size.

A few minutes before we were presented, we observed two men carrying a long pole and a bundle of cudgels towards the audience-chamber. We asked the Meerza the meaning : "That machine," said he laughing, "is the bastinado. It is for you if you misbehave, the King never grants an audience without having it by him." The pole was about eight feet long ; when the punishment is inflicted the culprit is thrown on his back,

his feet are secured by cords bound round the ankles and made fast to the pole with the soles uppermost ; the pole is held by a man at each end, and two other men, one on each side, armed with these sticks, strike with such force that the toenails frequently drop off. This punishment is inflicted by order of the King upon men of the highest rank, generally for the purpose of extorting money. If Persia were not so fond of illustrating the use of this emblem of power, I do not see why she would not have as much right to her bastinado as Great Britain has to her "Black Rod."

In withdrawing from the presence of His Majesty, how little did I anticipate that half-a-century later, I should have the honor of being admitted to an audience with another Persian King,—in the person of Fatteh, Ali Shah's great grandson, and that I should be received not in the Garden of Roses at Teheran, but in the garden of Buckingham Palace, where His Majesty was the guest of my own sovereign !

From May 28th to June 14th we were travelling to Tabreez, the residence of Abbas Meerza, the Prince Royal of Persia. I here became the guest of Major (afterwards General) Monteith, an officer of British Engineers, employed in the survey of part of the country lying to the south of the Caucasus. Monteith consigned me to the care of his servant, an Armenian who spoke English perfectly, a man of prepossessing manners and gentlemanly demeanor.

The following year (1825) I attended the Duke of Sussex to a dinner at Fishmongers' Hall. I was told that a Persian of distinction charged with some secret mission had been invited to meet His Royal Highness. Going to the dining-room to ascertain my place at dinner, I found the name of Monteith's servant with the prefix of "His Excellency," in the place of honor next to that of the Duke. On my return to the reception-room, I saw the man himself, to whom I went through the form of a personal introduction, and pretending not to recognize him, talked of my travels in the East, as if I were addressing a stranger. He seemed pleased at my forbearance, and we afterwards became great friends.

In Persia, the Christian population meet with such cruel

treatment from their Mohammedan fellow-countrymen, that Armenians of property gladly accept employment, however humble, under European residents, on account of the protection which such service ensures. Monteith's servant was, I believe, a person of this description.

Shortly after I left Tabreez, Abbas Meerza, desirous of procuring arms from England, asked the British officers to recommend him a person properly qualified for such a commission. They unanimously suggested Monteith's Armenian, who performed his task with such satisfaction to the Prince, that on his return he was made a Khan (lord).

Beards were at that time as rare in England as they are common now. The Armenian had one of such enormous length that he was followed through the streets of Sheffield on account of it. One day turning suddenly round on his pursuers, and taking his beard in his hand, he said, "My good people of Sheffield, why do you persecute me so? Is it because I will not use your razors?"

At Tabreez I parted company with Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, who returned home by Poland and Germany. Left free to choose my own route, I projected a line of march through the Russian dominions; for which journey, lying much out of the usual track, I asked the assistance of Colonel Mazerovitch, the old Russian *chargé d'affaires*. His answer was not encouraging. He knew nothing of the country I intended to visit. He had no authority to stop me, nor to allow me to proceed; upon myself, therefore, must rest the consequences of the undertaking. He could not give me a passport, but had no objection to sign the written document Major Willock had intended should do duty for one.

My arrangements for the new expedition were soon made. In lieu of my old servant, Turko, I substituted a native of Ghilaun, who could speak Persian and Turkish. I engaged five horses for my baggage and servant, and obtained from the Prince Royal a Mehmandaur and the usual *rukum* or permission to travel.

June 18th.—On the evening of the 18th, our party, of which I was the only Christian, set forth on our journey. Having

now no will to consult but my own, I fixed my resting-place for the night when and where inclination prompted. I once took up my quarters in a Tartar hut, but bugs, fleas, and other nameless vermin soon taught me to give the preference to bivouac in the open plain. If I passed the night at a village, it was not in the inside, but on the roof of a house.

The fifth day's march brought me to the Arras, the Araxes of Plutarch. With a motive akin to that which led Byron to cross the Hellespont, I attempted to swim over

"The proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind."

But I was not so successful as the noble poet. The current would have carried me away, if it had not brought me in contact with some friendly boulders, which inflicted no other penalty upon me for my rashness than a few bruises. On my return to my people, I found them and a party of Illyants busied in placing my baggage in a tree, which had been scooped out and fashioned like a child's toy-boat, the fibres of the trunk serving as the painter by which it was made fast to the bank. In this primitive bark we crossed in safety, at the same time that our horses had been made to swim over, though one was nearly carried away by the violence of the stream.

As I had now arrived in Russian territory, my mehmandaur delivered me over formally to the chief of the encampment, from whom he took a written receipt for the safe consignment of my person.

On the 26th of June I arrived at Sheesha, a Tartar town on one of the affluents of the Arras. Here I was supplied by the Commandant with an order for five horses on all Cossack stations. I was also to be furnished with an escort of one or more Cossacks, as occasion might require.

Instead of following the usual route to Europe, and crossing the Caucasus at Tiflitz, I struck off in an easterly direction, and, after a journey of eight days, arrived at Baku, a town on the western coast of the Caspian Sea. I remained there two days to visit the temple of the fire-worshippers, and then resumed my journey. After a fortnight's hard riding—on one occasion

I was two-and-twenty hours in the saddle—I reached Kizliar, the last Cossack station.

At Kizliar my journey on horseback ended, and that on wheels began. The change was by no means for the better. For whatever relief I gained by a diminution of physical fatigue, was more than outweighed by mental weariness.

If anyone would wish to put his powers of endurance to the test, let him cross a Russian steppe in a kibitka. The only relief to the jaded eye from the view of a barren waste, is a succession of painted verst posts, which, being placed at equal distances from each other, rather increase the monotony of the scene. The post-houses are constructed on one and the same model. In a room in every post-house, and in exactly the same part of the room, stands the only provision for the traveller's creature comforts, the *semawar*, a brass urn with boiling water. The *smatreetels* too, the postmasters dressed in the same uniform, and, with features cast in the same Tartar mould, are almost as undistinguishable from each other as the verst posts. So after several days' and nights' travelling, you may almost fancy that you are received by the same officials from whom you parted company several days before.

By reference to my "Narrative" I find that I was much annoyed on this journey by the vexatious delay to which I was subjected by the refusal of the *smatreetels* to supply me with post-horses, and that I have suggested a remedy.

I know but one more mode of insuring the good offices of the *smatreetel*, which I shall illustrate in an anecdote of a French nobleman :—This personage, an *attaché* to the embassy of his Court, being on his journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, had been, as usual, delayed on the road for want of horses ; the *smatreetel* telling him that there were none in the stable. He had one day been deploring his hard fate, full an hour, when a Cossack officer with despatches arrived at the post-house. To dismount from his *arba*, to unsling his whip from his own shoulder, to lay it across that of the *smatreetel*, to have fresh horses attached to his vehicle, and to be again on his journey—was but the work of a moment. The hint was not thrown away on the Frenchman: he immediately unlocked his

portmanteau, took out his Parisian cane, and imitated the action of the Cossack. The effect was equally instantaneous. The little cane, like the wand of Cinderella's fairy Godmother, was no sooner waved than a coach and horses appeared, and carried off the French magician, who, by repeating this secret of his newly acquired art, reached Moscow a day sooner than he had any reason to expect."

On the 23d of July I arrived at Astrakhan. Here I made a week's halt. During my stay I visited some sturgeon fisheries at one of the mouths of the Wolga. As I can find no mention in any other work than my own of this mode of fishing, I give the following extract from my Journal :—

"The distance was thirty versts, but ten active Kalmuks soon rowed us down. The name of the fishery is Karmaziack. One hundred boats are employed ; two persons are in each boat ; one, generally a female, rows ; the other hands in the fish. The instruments used are a mallet and a stick, with a large unbarbed hook at the end. Every fisherman has a certain number of lines : one line contains fifty hooks ; these are placed at regular distances from each other ; they are without barbs, sunk about a foot under water, and are kept in motion by small pieces of wood attached to them. The sturgeon generally swims in a shoal near the surface. Upon being caught, with one hook, he generally gets entangled with others in his struggle to escape. Immediately on our arrival, the boats simultaneously shoved off from the shore ; each fisherman proceeded to take up his lines ; on coming to a fish, he drew it with his hooked stick to the side of the boat, stunned it by a violent blow with his mallet, and after disengaging it from the other hooks hauled it into the boat. This part of the process was excellent sport. On every side the tremendous splashing of the water announced the capture of some monster of the deep."

We next went into a large wooden house on the banks of the river, where a clerk was seated to take an account of the number caught. The "take" of the morning comprised four beloogas, one hundred and ten sturgeons, nine shevreegas, and several sterlets, a small kind of sturgeon which though most delicious are never counted : they are almost peculiar to

the Wolga, though occasionally a few are caught in the Don. The Russians make a soup of them, which is as much esteemed by them as turtle is by us. The belooga is a large fish ; one of those caught to-day weighed four pood—one hundred and forty-four pounds. The shevreega is like a pike having a very large head. There was also a large black fish called a sam. It is very voracious, and will attack a man in the water. The head is not sold, as nobody but the Kalmuks will eat it, and they will eat anything. It was given to our boatmen, who went off in high glee to make a meal of it.

In this house men with hooked instruments draw the fish from the boats, land them in a row and split their heads in two. The roe or *caviar*, and the isinglass, which consists of the tendinous muscle on each side of the back-bone, were then taken out and separately disposed ; the bodies were cut in half and washed in a reservoir of water, they were then removed to a large warehouse, between the walls of which is placed a quantity of ice ; a few shovels of salt were thrown over them, and by this short process they became ready salted for exportation. The isinglass was taken into a room, where children were employed either in rolling it up in the same form in which it is exposed for sale, or laying it out on flat boards ; the former as applied to the external tendinous muscle constitutes the *book*, as the latter does the *sheet* isinglass. In the meantime the caviar was collected in pails, and placed on a frame of network over a large tub ; by being passed to and fro, the fat fibres were separated from it, and afterwards converted into oil. This done, there was thrown upon it a certain quantity of salt and water, which after being worked with paddles was drained off by a sieve, and the caviar was put into mat bags, these were squeezed well between two boards, and there the process ended. In the short space of three hours I saw the fish caught, killed, and salted, the isinglass prepared for sale and the caviar ready packed for exportation.

Mr. Tsaposhemkoff hires these fisheries of Prince Korackchin at an annual rent of four hundred and fifty thousand roubles. Besides this fishery of Karmaziack, he has twenty more others.

After the exhibition, we retired to a summer-house on the banks of the Wolga. Here a sumptuous entertainment awaited us, consisting among other luxuries of a delicious sterlet, and some London bottled porter which had arrived in this remote and inland quarter in a state of perfect preservation.

As I was stepping into the boat to return to Astrakhan, the superintendent of the fisheries made me a present of some book isinglass, and a bag of caviar taken from the fish which I had seen alive four hours before.

My next halt was at Nishney (Lower) Novogorod, which I reached on the 8th of August. I arrived at the time of the great annual fair; albeit that fair had none of the characteristics with which Englishmen associate the name—no wild beasts, no booths, no swings, no merry-go-rounds, no fun. All was noiseless, orderly, and dull. Business, not pleasure, was the object of the merchants who had assembled from all parts of the world. I was probably the only person who had been attracted thither solely by curiosity or amusement.

In the afternoon I dined with General Groukoff, the Governor, and in the evening met at his house the Prince of Georgia and other Russian noblemen.

August 11th.—The next day the Director of the fair kindly acted as my cicerone to the sights—among others to some equestrian feats. The principal performer, a Frenchman, danced skilfully enough on the bare back of a horse. "Look! look!" said the Director, pointing to him; but my attention was directed to a more interesting sight. The spectators assembled round the ring were natives of nearly every nation in Asia, who, dressed after the manner of their respective countries, exhibited features as varied as their garb. I was amused at the wonder expressed by some Tartar horse-catchers at witnessing a style of riding not dreamed of in their philosophy.

From the Circus we went to the Theatre. The performance was Kotzebue's play of "Pizarro," or "The Death of Rolla," as it is here called. It appeared to differ but little from Sheridan's translation. Rolla was in the hands of a young man who gave full effect to the declamation in favor of

freedom. He and the rest of the troop were the "slaves" of a neighboring prince, who had let them out at so much a head to a strolling *impresario*.

The amusements closed with the national Russian dance. It described the usual process of a courtship—a proper degree of importunity on the one hand, of resistance and ultimate consent on the other. The female dancer here, a pretty lively coquette, suddenly attracted by my scarlet coat, transferred her attention from her partner on the stage to me in the pit, to the no small amusement of the spectators—myself not excepted.

August 12th.—Left Nishney Novogorod on the 12th, and, after three days' and three nights' travelling, arrived at Moscow.

August 15th.—During our stay in this city we received every possible attention from its amiable and agreeable Governor-general, Prince Demetrio Galitzin.

We left Moscow on the 28th of August, having engaged a diligence to convey us to St. Petersburg.

One morning as we were changing horses, a carriage, containing a state prisoner, guarded and heavily manacled, drove up to the inn door. He looked pale and dispirited; no one appeared to be acquainted with the nature of his accusation. He had been suddenly torn from his family at Vladimir, had been travelling night and day, and was not to be allowed to stop till he had reached St. Petersburg. It was with a shudder I heard that he was in all probability doomed to die under the dreadful lash of the knout.

From (Upper) Novogorod to St. Petersburg, the last forty versts of the journey we travelled over a macadamized road—the first any of our party had ever seen. We arrived at the Russian capital on the 31st of August, just too late to have a glimpse of the Emperor Alexander, who had set out the day before on a tour of inspection in the south of Russia.

Calling at the British Embassy, we were allowed to take away with us to our hotel some of the later issues of the *Times* newspaper—a most acceptable loan, for we had not heard from home for a whole year. We were soon so absorbed in the

search among the births, marriages and deaths of the *Times* as to be scarcely aware of the entrance into our *salon* of one of the Emperor's aide-de-camps, Prince Nicolas Galitzin, who apologized in perfect English for his intrusion, saying that he had mistaken our room for that of Mr. Wilson. The Prince took a hasty leave, after having first elicited from us that the newspapers belonged to the British Embassy. The next day we were informed by a British resident in St. Petersburg that the Prince was one of the Emperor's spies, and that English travellers were under his special supervision, and that we were evidently indebted for the honor of his visit to the information he had received from our hotel-keeper ; for Mr. Ward, the British *chargé d'affaires*, having forgotten to inform the authorities that we had the *Times* in our possession. The same informant told us that we were likely to be subject to the strictest surveillance, and were warned to be very careful about our words and actions, as a report of both was sure to find its way to the police authorities. He added that my journey through a country of which the Russians were only then partially in occupation, would render me a special object of suspicion ; for migratory as Englishmen were known to be, the authorities would hardly believe that a British officer should have selected such a route for mere personal gratification.

The Englishman whom the Prince Nicolas had professed his intention to visit at the hotel was Mr. Rae Wilson, author of "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land." He occupied the next room to ours. The identity of his surname and the initial of his Christian name with those of Sir Robert Wilson, whose writings respecting led the imperial police authorities to the persuasion that they must needs be relations, and obnoxious. Sir Robert, as all the world knows, was an advanced Liberal ; on the other hand, Mr. Rae Wilson, an ultra-Tory, had an abstract love of princes, and came to the Russian capital prepared to write a warm eulogium upon the Emperor ; but the numberless petty vexations to which he found himself subject by the meddling of an over-zealous police somewhat altered his views, and when I took leave of him at our hotel I found him disposed to dip his pen " in gall instead of honey."

The consciousness of this surveillance greatly marred the enjoyment of our visit to the Russian metropolis. If we could have indulged our own inclinations, we should have rushed on board the first vessel ready for sea ; but this we were not allowed to do. By the municipal regulations we were compelled to advertise our intended departure in the Government gazette for three weeks consecutively. At the expiration of that period we went to the " *Lieutenant du Quartier* " in whose jurisdiction our hotel was situated, and applied, each of us, for permission to quit the Russian dominions. As there were divers signings and countersignings to be obtained from other offices, we took this functionary with us in our carriage, and he amused us on the way by giving so minute an account of the manner in which we had passed our time, as to prove to us how faithfully he and his myrmidons had performed their functions.

Armed with our " tickets of leave," we took the steamer to Cronstadt, where lay at anchor the ship in which we had taken our passage to England. Soon after us there came on board the boat a sickly-looking general officer, so covered with orders and decorations that one could hardly discover the color of his coat. It was General Jomini, the celebrated strategist, the man who had so materially assisted Napoleon in his rise, and who, when driven by jealousy and ingratitude to seek other service had not a little contributed to his fall.

Jomini, at the time I saw him, was military instructor to the Grand Duke, afterwards Emperor, Nicholas, and was on his way to join his Imperial pupil at Czarkeselo. The General did me the honor to keep me in conversation during our trip down the Neva. He asked me many questions respecting the constitution of our Sepoy army ; and was especially inquisitive about the Burmese War. I answered truly that the first I had heard of that war was from Russian officers, and that if I had thought hostilities were even probable I should not have left India. I look back with pleasure to my interview with this distinguished Swiss, whose memory deserves to be held in remembrance for having been one of the few officers of high rank who had the courage to plead for the life of Marshal Ney, his former commander.

The time that my vessel was preparing for sea was passed very pleasantly in the society of General and Madame Zublikoff, then residing at Cronstadt.

Lady Charlotte Bury, speaking of a dinner at the Princess of Wales' (August 23d, 1813), says, "The only person I have seen at Kensington for a long time is Madame Zublikoff, the wife of a General Zublikoff, a very pretty, agreeable person. Her husband appears clever and sincere."

The General, whom in after years I met frequently in London society, was Captain on guard at the Imperial Palace of St. Petersburg the night that the Emperor Paul was murdered (March 23d, 1801). It is hardly necessary to add that suspicion never for one moment attached to him or to his brother officers on duty, as having been accessories to the crime: the Emperor's foes were they of his own household.

Madame Zublikoff was a sister of a near neighbor of my father in the country, Mr John Angerstein, of Weeting Hall, Norfolk. When I had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, she had lost none of the agreeableness that my friend, Lady Charlotte, assigned to her. She spoke to me of the state of public affairs in St. Petersburg with a freedom of expression that came oddly from the lips of a person bearing a Russian name. The mention of some of the revelations which she then made me will explain why I did not think it right to give them a place in my published Narrative. The Emperor Alexander, who had left St. Petersburg the day before my arrival there, was, according to her account, one of the most miserable men in his dominions, and in momentary dread of assassination. Perhaps the witticism of a French lady may have strengthened this reflection. Alluding to the part which Alexander had taken on the occasion of a public ceremony soon after his accession, she writes to Fouché: "The young Emperor walked, preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, followed by those of his father, and surrounded by his own." Be that as it may, it was against the persons in daily attendance upon him that his suspicions were principally directed. Frequently, he would turn suddenly round upon one or other of them and accuse him of being a "Carbonaro." So haunted was he with the idea of assassina-

tion, that he would not sleep two nights consecutively in the same room, nor would he retire to rest until some one had first lain down on his bed—a hard mattress—to prove that it did not contain some instrument of destruction.

These apprehensions, I was informed, were not altogether groundless. A feeling of disaffection towards the person of the Emperor pervaded all classes of his subjects. Madame Zublikoff mentioned it as a matter of public notoriety that Alexander was doomed never to return alive to his capital, and that no one was more conscious of such a decree having gone forth than the unhappy subject of it himself. She told me that satisfactory evidence would be offered to the public to show that the autocrat had died from natural causes, and that his death would be the signal of a general rising, as a great body of Russians were determined to refuse allegiance to Archduke Constantine, the heir presumptive to the crown.

Madame Zublikoff attributed this disaffection to the establishment of military colonies. The scheme was first suggested to the Emperor by a Count Aratchief, who was afterwards murdered by his domestics.

The measure, as stupid in conception as it was barbarous in the mode of its enactment, proved a miserable failure ; and is a blot upon a reign otherwise characterized by humanity and useful reforms.

The idea was to engraft military service upon the agricultural pursuits of a peasantry, and it was hoped thereby to furnish the army with men and provisions. By the Russian *corvée*, the lord was entitled to exact three days' labor in each week from his serfs. These three days the crown serfs were forced to employ in acquiring a knowledge of the duties of a soldier.

They were now compelled to substitute a military uniform for the warm sheepskin which had heretofore protected them from the rigors of a Russian winter. Their huts were required to be in the same order as a barrack-room. Arms and accoutrements, articles of furniture, implements of husbandry, each had its appointed place. The dwellings of the colonists were subjected to a rigid military inspection and every deviation from the prescribed regulations was punished with great severity.

The crown colonies, who had heretofore enjoyed as large a share of freedom as was compatible with a despotism such as that of Russia, were impatient of the military restraint to which they now became subject. In many places they offered a strenuous, though passive resistance to the Imperial decrees. Their contumacy was punished with extreme harshness. Many of them expired under the lash of the knout, and the survivors of the torture were condemned to pass the remainder of their days in forced labor in the mines.

Of all the regulations imposed upon the crown serfs by the new order of things the most obnoxious was that which subjected them to the loss of their beards. My informant told me that in one village where an attempt was made to reduce the inhabitants to submission by force of arms, the mutineers threw the bodies of their relatives who had fallen by the bullets, to their assailants, exclaiming, "Shave them if you like, it is only with life that we will part with our beards."

As the Empress-mother was about to enter one of the crown villages, she found the inhabitants lying on their faces across the road. It was intimated to her that they would not rise from that posture until they had extorted from her a promise that she would intercede with her son, the Emperor, for a reversal of the hateful ukase.

On one occasion that the Emperor was at Moscow, the crown serfs assembled in great multitudes round his Palace, and implored him to restore them to their former condition. Upon his refusal, voices were heard calling out that their Emperor was a German, and no Russian, and that he had not a drop of Romanoff blood in his veins.

We considered ourselves fortunate in having for a fellow-passenger to England, Sir Robert Ker Porter, for a most agreeable companion he proved to be. He had been historical painter to the Emperor Alexander, and has left behind him at St. Petersburg many samples of his skill. His taste for the fine arts was first called into action by the celebrated Flora MacDonald, who saw in some of his childish performances promises of future proficiency. She used to show him drawings of actions in the "forty-five," in which Prince Charlie had borne a part. These

delineations led him in his after career to give a preference to representations of battle-fields, for although he painted several well-known altar pieces, he was principally distinguished for his panoramic pictures of the "Battle of Agincourt," the "Siege of Acre," and the "Storming of Seringapatam."

Sir Robert, himself an author of some interesting books of travels, was the brother of Anna Maria and Jane Porter, whose historical novels were the delight of the lovers of works of fiction in my young days. These ladies remained in undisputed possession of this field of literature till Walter Scott appeared as a competitor, and ever since "Don Sebastian," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the "Scottish Chiefs," have been compelled to yield the palm to "Waverley," "Rob Roy," and "Old Mortality."

We sailed out of Cronstadt harbour at the same time with a merchantman and a Russian man-of-war. We had not been many days at sea before we were overtaken by a violent storm. What became of our companions we never knew. Our belief was that they went to the bottom. For ourselves we were so fortunate as to run into a small harbour in the Gulf of Finland.

The only other incident of our voyage was a stay of a few hours at Copenhagen.

"At the dawn of a dull, misty, but to me a delightful, morning, of November, we made the Suffolk coast; nearly at the same moment we hailed a herring smack which landed me at Lowestoft, and I had the gratification of dining with my family the same evening."¹

¹ Journal.

CHAPTER XIII.

Promoted to a Company.—Join my Regiment.—“Torrens’s Field Exercises.”—Appointed Aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—The two Wellesleys—Richard Colley, Marquis Wellesley.—His early Promise.—Arthur, Duke of Wellington.—His slow Development.—His Demeanor as Aide-de-camp of the Viceroy.—The Wellesleys in India.—Lord Wellesley’s Contingent to the Army in Egypt.—A Question to Wellington.—His answer.—Wellington’s first Visit to his last Battle-field.—Death of the Emperor Alexander.—A tour of waiting on the Duke of Sussex.—An Illustrious Child.—A Brother Equerry.—A Visit to Holkham.—Joe Hibbert.—Polly Fishbourne.—I appear in Print.—Miss Lydia White.—My admission into Literary Circles.—A Dinner at General Phipps’.—Colman and Lady Cork.—Three Agreeable Acquaintances.—Interview with the Duke of Wellington.—Its result.

AT the opening of the year 1825, I found myself still a subaltern; but in the month of February I was gazetted to a captaincy, by purchase, in the 62d Regiment. In due time I set out to take charge of my company with a full resolve to make up, by a strict application to regimental duties, for the time I had wasted in the luxurious and lazy post of Governor’s Aide-de-camp. I joined my corps in the south of Ireland. In the course of the summer we were ordered to Dublin, there to undergo a severe course of drill. For this there was a more than usual necessity: a radical reform had just been introduced into the British tactics. “Dundas’s Eighteen Manœuvres,” which for thirty-three years had prevailed in the army, had given place to “Torrens’s Field Exercise.” It was decided by the authorities that the new system should be studied from its very rudiments. Accordingly, officers of all ranks, many of them not very firm on their legs, were ordered to re-practise the “goose-step.” Drill-sergeants followed them everywhere to prove by the pace stick whether they had accomplished the regulation number of inches at each stride, while plummets were

vibrating to show them the exact number of steps in a minute they ought respectively to take in slow, quick, double, or wheeling time. One consequence—perhaps an intentional one—of resolving the system into its elements, was to drive many of the old hands on half-pay.

I had the advantage over my superiors of having very little to unlearn. To me “Torrens’s Field exercises” were a pleasing novelty; and not the least agreeable days that I spent at this period of my military career were then passed in the “Sixty Acres,” as our soldiers used to call the drill-ground in the Phoenix Park.

As soon as the regiment was pronounced to be in an efficient state by Sir Colquhoun Grant, the Major-General commanding, it received its route for Enniskillen.

While in this quarter, my Colonel, with whom I had always lived on the best of terms, obtained leave of absence, and was succeeded in the command by an officer who made my regimental duties so exceedingly irksome that all my fine resolutions gave way, and I sought and found refuge from my persecutor in the personal staff of Marquess Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

I arrived in Dublin just as my new chief was about to be married to the beautiful Mrs. Patterson, the granddaughter of Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signatory of American independence; and I was the aide-de-camp in waiting at the wedding, which took place on the 25th of October of this year.

The post which I now held brought me in frequent contact with persons who had been acquainted both with

“The Wellesley of Mysore, and the Wellesley of Assaye.”

The elder brother, as is well known, after carrying away all the honors of school and university, entered parliament at an early age, and soon established a character for himself as an orator and statesman. The abilities of Arthur, the younger brother, were of much slower development. The late Earl of Leitrim, who was with him at a small private school in the town of Portarlington, used to speak of him to me as a singu-

larly dull, backward boy. Gleig, late Chaplain-General, in his interesting "Life" of the great Captain, says that his mother, believing him to be the dunce of the family, not only treated him with indifference, but in some degree neglected his education. At Eton, his intellect was rated at a very low standard; his idleness in school-hours not being redeemed in the eyes of his fellows by any proficiency in the play-ground. He was a "dab" at no game, could neither handle a bat nor an oar. As soon as he passed into the remove it was determined to place him in the "fool's profession," as the army in those days was irreverently called. At the Military College at Angers he seemed to have a little more aptitude for studying the art of war than he had shown for the "Humanities," but he was still a shy, awkward lad. It is a matter of notoriety that he was refused a collectorship of Customs on the ground of his incompetency for the duties; and I have reason to believe that a letter is now extant from Lord Mornington (afterwards Lord Wellesley) to Lord Camden, declining a commission for his brother Arthur, in the army, on the same grounds. When he became aide-de-camp to Lord Westmoreland, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, his acquaintance with the usages of society was as limited as could well be possessed by any lad who had passed through the ordeal of a public school. Moore, the poet, who visited Dublin shortly before me, and who lived in much the same society as myself, alludes in his journal to the character for frivolity which young Wellesley had acquired while a member of the Viceregal staff. An old lady, one of his contemporaries, told me that when any of the Dublin *belles* received an invitation to a picnic they stipulated as a condition of its acceptance that "that mischievous boy, Arthur Wellesley, should not be of the party." It was the fashion of that period for gentlemen to wear instead of a neckcloth, a piece of rich lace, which was passed through a loop in the shirt collar. To twitch the lace out of its loop was a favorite pastime of the inchoate "Iron Duke." The disastrous campaign of the Duke of York appears to have had a sobering effect upon his character. From that time forth he put away childish things, and

betook himself in good earnest to the active duties of his profession.

It has often been asserted that if Lord Wellesley had not had the co-operation of so able an officer as his brother, his administration as Governor-General would have been attended with less brilliant results ; but I have been taught to believe that the benefits which the brothers derived from each other were tolerably reciprocal. If, on the one hand, the victories of the Sepoy General over the Mahrattas reflected lustre on the Governor-General who appointed him to the command ; on the other hand, the instruction which that Governor-General imparted to the youthful Colonel proved of infinite service to him in his future career. Two military qualities for which the Duke of Wellington became afterwards so distinguished his elder brother possessed in an eminent degree—the faculty of arranging the transport and the victualling of troops. There is one enterprise of Lord Wellesley to which I think his biographers have hardly done justice—I mean the expedition which he despatched from India to aid a European army in driving the French out of Egypt. This project emanated entirely from himself. He had it in contemplation from the moment he learned that Bonaparte had effected a landing in that country. A year before he received the official sanction for sending this force to the assistance of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, he had matured all the necessary provisions. To despatch an army seven thousand strong across an arid desert was of itself no slight achievement. But fully to appreciate the sagacity of Lord Wellesley's arrangements, it should be borne in mind that half that force was composed of Sepoys, whose prejudices of caste, with respect to food and removal from their own country, had to be considered and provided for.

The importance which the Great Captain attached to the provisioning troops may be inferred from an anecdote I heard in Dublin, and which I know to be authentic.

At an early period of the Peninsular war, a body of general officers were assembled round the dinner-table of Lord Wellington. Military matters were discussed with much free-

dom. An officer present ventured to ask the commander-in-chief, upon whom, in the event of anything happening to his lordship, the command ought to fall. No answer was given, and the unlucky general thought that, in modern parlance, "he had put his foot in it." Later in the evening, Wellington delivered his verdict in favor of Beresford. An expression of surprise prevailed the countenances of the guests, as the reputation of that marshal did not stand high among them as a "strategist." "I see," said Wellington, "what you mean by your looks. If it were a question of handling troops, some of you fellows might do as well, perhaps better than he; but what we now want is some one to *feed* our men; and I know of no one fitter for that purpose than Beresford."

Lady Wellesley (then Mrs. Patterson), and her sisters, Lady Hervey, the late Duchess of Leeds, and Miss Caton, the late Lady Stafford, were at Brussels in the summer of 1816. The illustrious Prince of Waterloo was also there at the time. After much entreaty, the sisters obtained his reluctant consent to accompany them to his last battle-field. He had not been there since the day of the action. The ladies dined with him on their return from Waterloo. During the whole evening he scarcely uttered a word, and by his deep-drawn sighs showed how sad a picture was brought to his mind by revisiting the scene of his greatest victory.

Lady Wellesley frequently told me that, desirous as she had been to visit so famed a spot under such auspices, she would not have made the request she did if she could have foreseen the mental anguish which the compliance with her wish would cause.

In the December of this year, intelligence was received in England that Alexander, Emperor of Russia, had expired at Taganrog, on the 19th of the preceding month. The account of the circumstances attending his decease coincided so exactly with that which, fourteen months before, Madame Zabloudoff had taught me to expect would be given, that it could not fail to produce on my mind the belief that the death of the Czar had not proceeded from natural causes, and my father, the only person to whom I had communicated the substance of that

lady's conversation, fully shared this impression. I have since been convinced that we judged erroneously. But that there were others who came to the same conclusion with ourselves, without the same strong grounds for suspicion, may be inferred from a published letter of the late Miss Frances Williams Wynne :—

“FLORENCE, .

“December, 24, 1825.

“We are full of speculations upon the subject of the death of Alexander, which this day's post has announced. Many are inclined to believe that his death has been occasioned by the *hereditary complaint* which proved fatal to his three predecessors. It is now universally believed that Catherine was strangled.”¹

[1826.] A grand ball, given by the Lord Lieutenant, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, terminated the festivities of the Dublin season. Lord Wellesley retired to the Vice-Regal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, and, as the services of only one aide-de-camp were required, I shifted my quarters from Dublin Castle to Kensington Palace, and entered upon a tour of waiting upon the Duke of Sussex.

My master was the essence of punctuality. We breakfasted precisely at nine. As the palace clock struck that hour its tones were responded to by a host of other loud-sounding timepieces, to be found in every nook and corner of the Duke's suite of apartments. Some of them played martial tunes, others the national anthem. This bell-metal chorus was half drowned by the yapping of a pack of little dogs, which came scampering down the stairs. At the same moment would appear the Duke's page, Mr. Blackman—a black man by name and color—whose diminutive form set off to advantage the truly imposing appearance of the royal master whom he preceded.

One of my occupations of a morning, while waiting for the Duke, was to watch from the window the movements of a bright pretty little girl, seven years of age. She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window.

¹ “Memoirs of a Lady of Quality.” Edited by A. Hayward, Esq., Q. C.

It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. Her simple but becoming dress contrasted favourably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation—a large straw hat, and a suit of white cotton; a colored *fichu* round the neck was the only ornament she wore. The young lady I am describing was the Princess Victoria, our present gracious Sovereign, whom God preserve!

Among my grandfather's papers I find the following letter addressed to him, while Commander-in-Chief of the Havana Expedition. I will presently give my reasons for inserting it here, rather than the place to which its date would seem properly to assign it.

MAJOR LOFTUS TO GEORGE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

MATANZAS,

Nov. 29th, 1762

"My Lord,—

"The only thing extraordinary that has happened since I have been here was the murder of Joseph Barnes, a soldier in the Regiment of Artillery, and in Captain Anderson's Company, by Marcus Vincentz, a soldier in the Regiment of Havana, who also robbed him of his money and his buckles, on the 19th, at night, in a cruel treacherous manner, not the least offence being given by the deceased.

"I was informed of the murder the next morning, and sent to the magistrate, and desired he might do all in his power to find out the criminal. I also sent out parties all round the town; and one of them, commanded by Ensign McGrath, a brave and active young officer, took him about four miles from this place, and brought him into town, about twelve of the clock. The deceased's buckles and some of his money was found in his pocket. I ordered him immediately to be hanged, first showing the buckles and the money to the magistrate and the priest, in order to convince them that I would not execute him without the strongest conviction. They begged that the priest might confess him, and that his body, after execution,

might be returned to them, both of which I granted. A little before he was hanged he begged, as he was a soldier, that he might be shot; but I refused him, and told him he did not deserve so much honor. He was executed without the least disturbance. The people in general seemed very well satisfied.

“I am, with the greatest respect,

“Your Lordship’s most obedient,

“humble servant,

“A. LOFTUS.”

I reproduce this letter here, not from any interest in Marcus Vincentz, who doubtless deserved his fate, but in his captor, the “brave and active young officer,” with whom, at a later period of his life, I became personally acquainted.

Perkins Magra (not McGrath, as stated in the letter) was an Ensign in the 17th Foot at the reduction of the Havana. In a London gazette of 1762, his name is among the wounded during the siege. He remained in the Regiment till he reached the rank of Major, when he went on half pay. He was afterwards appointed an Equerry to the Duke of Sussex, and thus he and I were members of the same household. He lived to be upwards of ninety. Although old in dress and appearance, he was youthful in mind, and proved a most agreeable companion. While I was in India, he was seized with a paralytic stroke. I have not the Duke of Sussex’s letter by me, which announced the event, but it contained a message somewhat to this effect: “Magra bids me tell George Keppel that half of his old friend is gone, and the other half is ready to follow at a moment’s notice.” He was also, when I returned, infirm, but as cheerful as usual. I paid him frequent visits at his lodgings in Quebec Street. One evening, as I was sitting with him at his usual dinner-hour, he told me to call the next day before twelve; but he added: “You shall be admitted whenever you come.”

Some engagement prevented me from going there till two. On the Major’s servant opening the door to me, he told me that his master desired I should be shown to his bedroom. I there beheld the lifeless form of my old friend, not in the bed,

but on it, and its limbs straightened by the undertaker, preparatory to being placed in the coffin.

Early in November I accompanied the Duke of Sussex to Holkham. For three successive months Mr. Coke kept open house for his friends. Among his annual guests were Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, and the Duke of Gloucester. These Princes desired to be considered as private friends, and dispensed with the attentions that etiquette usually assigns to persons in their station of life. The *battues* began the first Wednesday in November, and continued twice a week for the rest of the season. The quantity of game killed in the three months was probably not much more than it is now the fashion to slaughter in as many days; but the flint and steel guns were always fully employed, and everybody was satisfied with his day's sport. The *non-battue* days were passed, either in the turnip-fields among the partridges, or in the salt marshes in pursuit of snipes and wild fowl. In a shooting establishment like Holkham, game-keepers are persons of importance. Several of these were characters in their way. There was old Joe Hibbert, who had been a prizefighter in his youth. On one occasion, Sir John Shelley, who was celebrated for his neat sparring, challenged Hibbert to a set-to with the gloves, and some of the young men mischievously promised Joe a good tip if he would administer a little punishment to Sir John. Joe put on the gloves, but soon drew them off again; and, turning round upon his backers, exclaimed, "Not for twice the money would I strike a gentleman!"

One of Joe's colleagues, but of a different sex, was Polly Fishbourne, keeper of the Church Lodge, who, when I last heard of her, was still alive. She must be about my own age. She had large, black eyes, red cheeks, and white teeth; her hair was cropped like a man's, and she wore a man's hat. The rest of her attire was feminine. She was irreproachable in character, and, indeed, somewhat of a prude. Polly was the terror of poachers, with whom she had frequent encounters, would give and take hard knocks; but generally succeeded in capturing her opponents and making them answer for their misdeeds at Petty Sessions.

A Norfolk game preserver once offered Polly a shilling a piece for a hundred pheasant's eggs. She nodded her head. Soon after she brought Mr. Coke a five-pound note. "There, Squire," said she, "is the price of one hundred of your guinea fowl eggs." Of course the Squire made Polly keep the five-pound note.

One time that I was staying at Holkham, a bull killed a laboring man in the salt marshes. The savage brute was standing over his victim, and a crowd were assembling at the gate, when Polly appeared at the opposite side. There was a cry, "Get out of the way Polly, or the bull will kill you." "Not he," was the reply, "he knows better." She was right. The moment he saw her he backed astern to the remotest corner of the enclosure. It turned out that the animal had once attempted to run at her, but she lodged a charge of small shot in his muzzle.

Two young gentlemen once paid a visit to Holkham in the summer time. The dinner hour was half-past three, but the guests were not forthcoming. It was eight in the evening before they put in an appearance, and then looked uncommonly sheepish. At day-break they decamped without beat of drum. It transpired that they had expressed a wish to see the Church, and applied to the keeper of the Church Lodge. In their way thither, one of them attempted to rob Polly of a kiss. Luckily for them they were guests at the hall, or she would have treated them as she used to treat the poachers. She resorted to a milder punishment; while they were in the belfry admiring the surrounding scenery, Polly turned the key upon them.

On the 10th of January, the Duke of Sussex attended the Duke of York's funeral at Windsor. I was prevented by a severe cold from attending His Royal Highness, but I well remember the precise date, because on that day my "*Overland Journey from India*" first saw the light. It had a success which a work of ten times its merit could not hope to achieve in these days of universal authorship. The press spoke of it with great indulgence, and their favorable notices caused it to pass through several editions; indeed, the first impression went off so rapidly that in a very few weeks my publisher asked me for a revise.

One of the first fruits of my authorship was admission to the literary coteries of Miss Lydia White, an elderly lady who lived in a very small house in Park Lane. Upon entering her drawing-room, I found her reclining on a sofa, and surrounded by many of the leading men of letters of the day. Although she was then, as she and her visitors alike knew, suffering from a disorder which in all probability would end fatally, suddenly, and almost immediately, she cheerfully and agreeably discharged the duties of hostess. I was to have dined with her the day she died. To this projected dinner Walter Scott thus alludes in his "Diary," January 28th, 1827 :—"Heard of Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! she gave a dinner the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago she used to tease me with her youthful affectations—her dressing like the queen of chimney-sweeps on May-day morning, &c., and some times letting her wit run mad; but she was a woman of wit, and had a kind, feeling heart."

The "Overland Journey" opened to me other houses not usually accessible to young men about town. At Sir George Phillip's in Mount Street, I made the acquaintance of Sydney Smith, Sir James Macintosh, Hallam, and Macaulay. In "Conversation Sharp's" little dining-room in Upper Grosvenor Street, I met men who could boast of personal acquaintance with members of the "Club," *e. g.*, such for instance as Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds. Lord Essex used to give very pleasant dinners of eight covers to persons of all callings. At Mr. Edmund Byng's I was to have for fellow guests the leading actors of the day—Mathews, Liston, Downton, Fawcett, Harley, Yates. I met poets at Samuel Rogers' breakfasts, and punsters at General Phipps'—at the house of this last named officer I remember meeting George Colman, the author of "Broad Grins," James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and Jekyll, *non-pareil* of the punsters. The only lady of the company was the Dowager Lady Cork. Puns were of course the staple of the entertainment. I record one by way of a sample: "Mr. Colman," said Lady Cork, "you are so agreeable that you shall drink a glass of champagne with me."

"Your Ladyship's wishes are laws to me," answered Colman, "but really champagne does not agree with me." Upon which Jekyll called out, "Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than to the bottle."

I at this time made the acquaintance of three agreeable young men, who used to meet at each other's lodgings. They were unknown to fame, but their abilities were such that they could not always remain in obscurity—Henry Lytton Bulwer, the late Lord Dalling, his brother Edward, the late Lord Lytton, and Alexander Cockburn, now Lord Chief Justice of England, then a student of Middle Temple, but not called to the bar.

Lord Wellesley's term of office was drawing to a close. The surrender of his post involved that of mine, and opened upon me the unpleasant prospect of having soon to return to regimental duty under a disagreeable commanding officer. Promotion seemed the best mode of avoiding the contingency. A friend who had unsuccessfully pleaded my cause with the Duke of Wellington, lately appointed new Commander-in-Chief, advised me to make a personal application to his Grace. I did so. The "Iron Duke" thoroughly looked the character. "Sir," said he, in his most chilling accents, "you will be pleased to send in a memorial of your claims to promotion, and you will receive an answer through the usual channel." Nothing was left me but to obey. In the memorial, I made the most of my scanty services, and threw in the "Overland Journey" by way of a make-weight. Anon came a letter, "On His Majesty's Service," from the Horse Guards. It was "the answer through the usual channel." Judge of my surprise and joy when I found that it announced my promotion to an unattached majority. The friend who applied to the Field-Marshal in my favor thanked him for his prompt compliance with his request. "You have nothing to thank me for," was the answer, "it was the young fellow's book that got him his step."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Hoo.—Lady Dacre.—Hoo Theatricals.—“Cozy.”—Join the Hatfield House Company.—Our “Corps Dramatique.”—Theodore Hook.—Our Audience.—The Ghost of Queen Elizabeth.—A Distinguished Brother Actor.—Harrington House Theatre.—Travellers and Raleigh Clubs.—James Holman, the Blind Traveller.—Return to Ireland.—Lord Plunkett’s Definition of the Word “Personal.”—A Vice-Regal Dinner.—Lady Morgan and Lady Clark.—A Masquerade Group.—A Poetical Sketch of Dublin Society.—Lady Morgan and her Sister “Livy.”—Pass Christmas Holidays at Bowood.—Make a New Acquaintance.—Moore and his Melodies.—Sloperton Cottage.—Extracts from Moore’s Journal.—The Bowood Servants’ Ball.—A day with Poet Moore.—My Lodgings in Bury Street.—Enter the Military College.—Bagshot Park.—Death of Lady de Clifford.—Meet the Duke of Orleans at Cobham.—Lady Elizabeth Brownlow’s Account of the Visit.—A *Soirée* at Mrs. Norton’s.—Theodore Hook.—The two Chin-men.

I PASSED much of the summer of 1827 at The Hoo, Lord Dacre’s seat in Hertfordshire. It was my home whenever I chose to make it so.

Lady Dacre, recognized by artists as the best modeller in wax in Europe, was known also in the literary world for some volumes of poems. Besides several dramas they contained some admirable translations of Petrarch. One of her plays was acted at Drury Lane. I remember, as a Westminster boy, being one of its *claqueurs* on its first representation; but the piece, though full of the most exquisite poetry, had not a sufficiency of stirring incident to fit it for the stage, and it was unsuccessful. When I first became acquainted with Lady Dacre, she was engaged in writing a comedy, in which she assigned me a principal part. Having failed in her endeavor to please the public, she determined that she would not again solicit their “sweet voices.” In the new piece, actors and audience

were to consist of personal friends. Even the scenery was the work of unprofessional artists, being that of Lady Dacre's neighbors, the Miss Blakes of Danesbury. The comedy was called "Pomps and Vanities." Lady Dacre was Mrs. Flushém, a privileged nurse in the family of a certain Lord Pompsbury—a character to which she gave full effect in a broad Hampshire dialect. My part was "Cozy," a superannuated valet of Lord Pompsbury, and as proud of his master's ancestry as the old Lord himself. Flushém and Cozy were always at daggers drawn.

Accounts of our performances found their way into the newspapers, and "Pomps and Vanities" created quite a sensation in the West-end of London.

February 18th, 1828.—Moore, the poet, says in his Diary, "Met Lady Dacre, talked about her private theatricals: said I should be very happy to join in them next year, which seemed to give her great delight."

A constant guest at The Hoo was Charles Young, the tragedian, whom I believe I have seen in every character he ever played. As Hotspur, he was without a rival. In one of our walks I told him that "I could never dissociate that arch rebel from his personator, Charles Young." He laughed, and patting his heavy under-jaw—the only defective feature of a very handsome face—exclaimed, "Fancy Harry Percy with my pudding chops!"

The success of Lady Dacre's play revived a long dormant taste. Private theatricals became all the fashion. Hatfield House was the first to follow the lead set by The Hoo, and I accepted an engagement in the new company. My fellow comedians comprised Lady Salisbury, our hostess; Lord and Lady Francis Leveson Gower, afterwards Lord and Lady Ellesmere; Lord Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle; Mrs. Robert Ellison, a sister of Lord Rokeby; Mrs. Robert Ellice; Sir George Chad; and Lord Normanby's brother; Colonel—afterwards Sir Charles Phipps. Of this corps the only survivors are Lady Clanricarde, Mr. James Stuart Wortley, and myself.

The pieces performed were French Vaudevilles adapted to the Hatfield stage by Theodore Hook, and they suffered no

deterioration by passing through the hands of the author of "Killing no Murder."

Charles Phipps was to act the part of a King of Sweden, but having no star, a despatch was sent to the Duke of Wellington to borrow his. The messenger returned with His Grace's Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword. It is worthy of remark that the box which contained the order had evidently never been opened before.

On one grand occasion, the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, almost every member of the Cabinet, and nearly the whole of the *Corps Diplomatique* came from London to witness our performances.

The Hatfield epilogues were usually assigned to me. On this special evening, I had to recite a very clever one by Lord Francis Leveson in the character of the Ghost of Queen Elizabeth. I am disturbed in my grave by the goings on in a house that had served me as a prison and palace. My wrath is roused by finding that such mummeries have the sanction of the descendant of my sage minister, Lord Burleigh. In retiring I stumble accidentally into the Green Room, and my feelings as a "Virgin Queen" are shocked at seeing "a man without his coat." I swoon, the curtain drops.

But our solemnities did not stop here. An illustrious actor had his part to play. While the audience was designedly detained some minutes in the theatre, our corps had hurried into "King James's Room." On an ottoman at one end was placed a gilt chair, and on it in royal state sat Queen Elizabeth. On each side were ranged the *dramatis personæ*. The Duke of Wellington was then asked in his capacity of Prime Minister to make his obeisances to the sovereign. With a loud hearty laugh, such as many must still remember, he showed that he fully entered into the fun and accepted the *rôle* assigned him. Surrounded by the members of his cabinet, and by the representatives of the crowned heads of Europe, he approached the throne in mock solemnity, and did homage to my Majesty.

The festivities closed by a sumptuous banquet. Theodore Hook, in unusually high force, astonished the company by his wonderful improvisations. One only toast was drunk, "Long

life to the Ghost of Queen Elizabeth." To this loyal effusion the regal phantom was graciously pleased to answer in Norman parliamentary French, "*La Reyne remercie ses loyaulx sujets, et ainsi le veult.*"

After "starring it" some time in the provinces, Charles Phipps and I made our first appearance on London boards. Our new theatre was "Harrington House." It was first set on foot by the late Duchesses of Bedford and Leinster, and Lady Caroline Sandford, daughters of Lord Harrington, for the amusement of their father, whose age and infirmities prevented him from stirring abroad. Among our efficient performers were the Duchess of Leinster and Lady Caroline, Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, now Elizabeth, Countess-Dowager of Harrington, and the Honorable Georgina Elphinstone, now Lady William Godolphin Osborne.

My "Overland Journey" obtained for me a ready admission into the "Travellers'." The Club which was yet in its infancy, occupied a shabby, low-roomed house on the north side of Pall Mall. But what we lost in good accommodation, we gained in good company. We never enjoyed each other's society so much, after we shifted our quarters to the big house on the other side of the way.

Another Travellers' Club, of which I was an original member, was called the "Raleigh." It consisted of men who had visited the least known portions of the globe. We dined once or twice a month together at the "Thatched House," in St. James's Street. The Arctic region was represented by Captains Parry, Back, and Franklin; and the South Pole by another captain of the Navy, whose name I forget, I was sole member for Babylon. Another of our number was James Holman, a lieutenant in the Navy. He had been struck by blindness in a storm at sea. In this helpless state he had travelled over the greater part of the north of Europe, and of each journey published an account. Prior to leaving St. Petersburg for Siberia, Holman caused Andrew Wylie, the Emperor's physician, to examine his eyes in order that that gentleman might satisfy his Imperial master that no danger could accrue to the state by allowing a sightless man to proceed on his journey. So morbidly

suspicious, however, was Alexander at this time that he took it into his head that Holman was a dangerous spy, and caused him to be arrested on the confines of Siberia, and conveyed by force beyond the Russian frontier.

In Holman's published account he takes for his motto the words of Joseph's brethren to their father Jacob: "The man who is the Lord of the land spake roughly to us, and took us for spies of the country."¹

At the close of the London season I took up my abode at the Vice-Regal Lodge in Phoenix Park. Since I had last seen Lord Wellesley I had become an author, and was not a little proud of bringing him a copy of a revised edition of my work. As I fully expected, he received my present with some good-humored banter. Before he glanced at the contents, he opened the book at the title-page. To my name were attached the initials of a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. "F. A. S." he exclaimed, "do you know that those letters mean a Fellow Abominably Stupid, and you have only to add F. R. S. to your next edition, and you will be a Fellow Remarkably Stupid into the bargain." A thorough purist in language, Lord Wellesley next fell foul of the words, "Personal Narrative," the title which my publisher had substituted for "Overland Journey," and he, the publisher, had borrowed it from Humboldt's "Personal Narrative of Travels in South America." The same evening Lord Plunkett, recently appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, dined at the Lodge. The Viceroy renewed the attack on my malaprop adjective. "One of my aide-de-camps," said he, "has written a personal narrative of his travels, pray, Chief Justice, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "My lord," replied Plunkett, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real." The only persons present when this witticism was uttered, were Lord Wellesley and myself, but it has several times found its way into print. The last who quotes it is Charles Greville, and he had it from George Villiers, who had it from me.

If my memory serves me, this was a dinner given by the Lord Lieutenant to the members of the legal profession; and

a very pleasant one it proved to be. The mere enumeration of some of the names will show to those who remember Lord Wellesley's first Irish administration, what materials there were for an intellectual feast. William Lamb, the Irish Secretary, afterwards Lord Melbourne ; Chief Baron O'Grady, afterwards created Viscount Guillemore ; Chief Justice Bush, and Mr. Doherty, then a King's Counsel, now Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. I was not lucky enough to be at the same end of the table as the Chief Baron, for he it was who kept those within earshot of him in a roar ; and, as I cannot record any of the good things he said on that occasion, I will give an anecdote in which his name occurs.

A cause of much celebrity was tried at some country assizes. Chief Baron O'Grady was the presiding Judge. Bush, then a King's Counsel, who held a brief for the defence, was pleading the cause of his client with much eloquence, when a donkey in the court set up a loud bray. "One at a time, brother Bush!" called out his Lordship. Peals of laughter filled the Court. The Counsel bore the interruption as he best could. The Judge was proceeding to sum up with his usual ability of speech: the donkey again began to bray. "I beg your Lordship's pardon," said Bush, putting his hand to his ear ; "but there is such an *echo* in the Court that I can't hear a word you say."

A number of pleasant people used to assemble of an evening in what has been called "Lady Morgan's snug little nutshell, in Kildare Street." When I first made the acquaintance of the lady of the house, she was in the height of her popularity. I found her occupied in preparing for the press her novel of the "O'Briens and O'Flahertys." In this work, as she told me, I am made to figure as a certain Count—a great traveller—who made a trip to Jerusalem for the sole object of eating artichokes in their native country.

The chief attraction in the Kildare Street "at homes" was Lady Morgan's sister, Olivia, wife of Sir — Clerk. Her conversational powers were so greatly superior to those of her novel-writing sister, that I cannot help suspecting that the work which went in the name of one was a joint production.

I once joined a group at a masquerade, in which both sisters figured. Lady Morgan was a Marquise of the Court of Louis XV., a character, which her habit of interlarding her conversation with French epithets, came quite natural to her. Lady Clerk enacted the part of an Irish lady of the last century, upon whom the Pope had bestowed the title of Countess of the Holy Roman Empire. She wore a high-crowned hat, and that description of riding-habit called a "Joseph." It was of a bright snuff-color, and had metal buttons, as large as crown-pieces, down the front. I personated a Macaroni of the same period—fresh from Italy ; but I did not do justice to my part, from the desire I had to catch some of the clever speeches which the Irish Countess was dealing out, pleasant-ries to all around her.

Lady Clerk used to sing some charming Irish songs. They were for the most part squibs on the Dublin society of the day. I fear, from inquiries I have made, that not a copy of any of them is to be found. A verse of one of them, speaking of the attractions of Ireland, runs somewhat thus :—

" We're swarming alive,
Like bees in a hive,
With talent and *janious* and beautiful ladies,
We've a duke in Kildare,
And a Donnybrook fair ;
And if that wouldn't plaze, why nothing wouldn't plaze yes ;
We've poets in plenty,
But not one in twenty,
Will stay in ould Ireland to keep her from sinking,
They say they can't live
Where there's nothing to give,
Och, what business have poets with *ating and dhrinking*."

The authoress of the "Wild Irish Girl," justly proud of her gifted sister Olivia, was in the habit of addressing every new comer with "I must make you acquainted with my Livy." She once used this form of words to a gentleman who had just been worsted in a fierce encounter of wits with the lady in question. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply ; "I happen to know your Livy, and I only wish your Livy was Tacitus."

I passed the Christmas holidays of this year at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's country-seat. A Bath coach dropped me at the Park gate. As soon as I was dressed, I went down into the drawing-room. Although it wanted twenty minutes to dinner, I found the hearth-rug already occupied by a bright, intelligent-looking little man, with a turned-up nose. To my remark that we were before our time, my new acquaintance answered that he was a near neighbor, and had come over on foot. Being fresh from town, I thought I would give the country gentleman the latest news; but was rather surprised to find that he was more *au courant* of what was going on in the great world than I was; and I was still more puzzled when he sat down to dinner; for every time I attempted to say a good thing, my little friend *capped* me. At last, I whisperingly asked Lady Lansdowne the name of her very agreeable neighbor. "Oh!" was the reply, "I thought you were acquainted. Mr. Moore, let me introduce you to Major Keppel." Thus began my intimacy with the modern Anacreon which death only brought to a close.

The next morning Moore sang most of his charming melodies. Among others, "The Slave," a song expressive of the sympathy of the writer in the abortive insurrection for which his friend and college-chum, Robert Emmett, paid the forfeit of his life. I wish I could convey to my reader an idea of the spirit which the poet threw into the words

"the green flag flying o'er us,

* * *

And the foe we hate before us."

Moore's own Diary shows that it was by the merest chance that he had not ranged himself under that same green flag, and shared the fate of its ill-starred leader.

After luncheon, I walked with Moore to his home, "Sloper-ton Cottage," about two miles distant from Bowood, a humble thatched house, with a well-stored library of presentation copies. Having escorted the poet to Sloper-ton, he returned with me to Bowood. On the way, he told me that much of his poetry was composed in his walks between the two houses. I

have read somewhere that some one asked to be shown to the *study* of Coleridge, the poet. "This, Sir," said the maid-servant, "is Master's dining-room ; but he *studies* in the fields."

Moore was amused with a story I told him that I had heard of himself.

A French lady, a stranger to him, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Oh, le cher Lord Byron !"

"Pardonnez moi, Madame, je m'appelle Moore."

"Mais Moore, le poète, n'est pas ?"

"Oui, Madame."

"Alors, c'est le même chose,"—and then followed a second *accolade*.

That same day, I met at dinner, at Bowood, Colonel William Napier, whose first volume of his "History of the Peninsular War" had just made its appearance.

Under date of December 26th, Moore writes in his Diary : "Walked into Devizes. Found when I returned that Lord John Russell, Kerry, and Keppel, had been while I was out."

This evening, there was a Servants' Ball at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne being among the most energetic of the dancers.

In his Diary for the 28th, Moore writes : "Lord John Russell and Keppel walked home with me, and sat some time with Bessy."

The same Autobiography reminds me of a very pleasant day I spent with the writer.

[1828.] "February 19, 1828.—Called upon Rogers after breakfast. Keppel with him. Came away together. I introduced him to Murray. Went afterwards to Colburn, where he made me a present of his book. From thence to his grandmother, Lady de Clifford, a fine old woman."

Moore was then collecting materials for his "Life of Byron." At his desire, I introduced him to Lord Sligo, who was an early friend of the noble poet. After giving a faithful account in his Journal of the conversation that followed, Moore writes :

"Went with Keppel to his lodgings, 28 Bury Street, St. James's, for the purpose of seeing the rooms where he lives (second floor), which were my abode off and on for twelve

years. The sight brought back old times. It was there I wrote my "Odes and Epistles from America ;" and in the parlor, Strangford wrote most of his "Camoens." In that second floor I had an illness of eight weeks, of which I was near dying ; and in that shabby second floor, when I was slowly recovering, the beautiful Duchess of St. Albans (Miss Mellon), to my surprise, one day paid me a visit."

On the retirement of Lord Wellesley from the Viceroyship of Ireland, I entered the Senior Department of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

While a student at Sandhurst I was frequently the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, of whose kindness to me, at various periods of my life, I have a pleasing recollection. Bagshot Park, then occupied by their Royal Highnesses, is Crown property. George II. made a grant of it to my grandfather and his brothers, Augustus and William, for their respective lives. In the panels, which are wainscoted, are several portraits of the family. At the death of my grandfather in 1772, Bagshot came into the occupation of Admiral Keppel but he, wishing to make over the residence to George III.'s brother, Henry Frederic, Duke of Cumberland, applied to his Majesty for a renewal of the grant. The request was peremptorily refused. According to family tradition, the King was so rejoiced at thus defeating the wishes of two persons so obnoxious to him as his brother and my uncle, that he burst into a paroxysm of laughter, which lasted so long as to constitute the first symptoms of that mental malady of which the unhappy monarch soon after gave such unmistakable proofs.

In the autumn of this year, I was called away from my studies by the alarming illness of the friend I loved most upon earth—my kind, good grandmother, Lady de Clifford. I was seldom absent from her sick chamber. A few hours before her death, I took a chair by her bed-side, which had lately been occupied by my sister Mary, and grasped her hand. Sight, hearing, and speech had left her, and she was pronounced by the doctors to be insensible, but she no sooner felt the texture of my cloth coat than she showed her consciousness of my presence by pressing my hand to her lips.

By her will I was declared her residuary legatee, and the possessor of her estate in Ireland.

Early in June, Lord Darnley, who had known me from my childhood, asked me to help him to do the honors to the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King of the French, who had signified his intention of honoring him with a visit at Cobham Hall, his beautiful seat in Kent. For the following account of the proceedings on that occasion I am indebted to my noble host's grandson, the present Lord Darnley, who at my request applied for information to his aunt, Lady Elizabeth Brownlow, at the time I speak of unmarried and living under her father's roof.¹ She writes in answer :—

"I well remember the event respecting which my old friend, Lord Albemarle, requires information, and I believe I am the only member of the family now living who could tell him what he desires to know. I remember the time, for although kept waiting until four o'clock in the morning, it was one of the pleasantest evenings among the many happy ones spent at Cobham, because all exerted themselves to make the time pass agreeably; indeed I do not know when I laughed more, all were so good-humored and jolly. The visit was quite an *impromptu* arising from a wish expressed by the Duke of Orleans to visit Cobham and the new docks at Sheerness. My father, mother, and I went to Cobham for the occasion. S. A. R. was expected at about midnight, as he was engaged to dine at Lansdowne House. Men on horseback with flambeaus were sent to light him through the woods of the London approach, but before he arrived it was broad daylight. The company had their patience put to the proof by looking at the supper laid out under the chandelier in the 'Gilt Hall.' There were besides Lord and Lady Darnley and myself, my brother-in-law Charles Brownlow,² Lord Brabazon,³ Colonel Gascoigne,⁴ and

¹ Lady Elizabeth Bligh, daughter of John, 4th Earl of Darnley, married in 1833 her cousin, the Rev. John Brownlow, son of the Rev. Francis Brownlow, by Lady Catherine Brabazon, and died 13th November, 1872.

² The Right Hon. Charles Brownlow, afterwards Lord Lurgan, married in 1822, Lady Mary Bligh.

³ The present Earl of Meath.

⁴ Now General Ernest Frederic Gascoigne, 59th Foot.

an esteemed member of a much esteemed family—Major Keppel. Well! the royal party arrived at last. After a few hour's sleep we assembled for breakfast in the Picture Gallery. The whole party then set out for Strood, where they were to embark. My mother accompanied the Duke in an open carriage through the woods. My father drove the Duc de Chartres in a curricule, and then followed to the place of embarkation. I should have liked the sail in my father's yacht, but felt shy at being the only lady present, and returned with my mother."

The trip up and down the Medway occupied several hours. The narrow precincts of the quarter deck of a yacht, brought us Englishmen into close contact with the illustrious foreigner. His Royal Highness was very affable and communicative, talked freely of the good and evil that had marked his chequered career, not perhaps anticipating the still greater vicissitudes that yet awaited him. He seemed to take pleasure in reverting to that early period of his life, when, under the feigned name of Chabaud, he earned a livelihood as a teacher of mathematics.

In our trip to Sheerness we fell in with Lord Anglesea, who was sailing in the Medway in his yacht. We hailed him, and he came on board to pay his respects to our Royal shipmate. The gallant noble veteran was accompanied by his two handsome sons, Lord Alfred and George Paget, then boys at Westminster, now general officers.

In going over the Dockyard, we fell in with a petty officer who had been a sailor on board a man-of-war at anchor in the bay at Palermo on the day on which the Duc de Chartres was born.¹ "My Lord," said the old salt to the young Prince, "I knew you when you was but a *babby*."

After inspecting the docks we returned to Cobham to an early dinner, and the royal party crossed over to France that same evening.

Wit and beauty have seldom been crowded into so small a space as occasionally found admittance into Mrs. Norton's tiny drawing-room, at Prince's Gate, Westminster. One evening, during the discussion in the House of Commons on a Beer

¹ The Duc de Chartres was born at Palermo on the 3d of September, 1810.

Bill, I was present at one of these agreeable *reunions*. Theodore Hook formed one of the party. I was on a sofa, talking and laughing with Mrs. Norton's sister, Mrs. Blackwood—afterwards Lady Dufferin, or "Nelly," as she was called by her family. "Now, Mr. Hook," said our hostess, "tell us something about Nelly and Cosy." He immediately went to the piano, and to a tune of his own composing, sang a string of verses which began somewhat thus—

"If any one here is stupid or prosy,
He has only to look at Nelly and Cosy."

and some fifty or sixty verses to the same air and the same rhyme. His supply of ludicrous associations seemed inexhaustible. There is no knowing when he would have come to an end, if Lord Castlereagh had not come in thirsty from the House of Commons, from a debate upon a "Beer Bill," and helped himself to some brandy and water. The impromptu battery was now turned from Mrs. Blackwood and me, and pointed to the new-comer. Suddenly changing his tune, the improvisatore now sang—

"Hallo—my lord 'Cas,' what do you do here?
With your brandy-and-water instead of your beer."

and so on, till some new incident furnished fresh fuel to the fire of his muse.

The town was at this time running after a foreigner who played, or pretended to play, tunes on his chin. How he produced these sounds I do not pretend to explain. All that I know is that his execution was wonderful. I remember listening a whole afternoon to his variations on "The Last Rose of Summer." The then Chairman of "Ways and Means" in the House of Commons was Mr. Grant, who, to distinguish him from two other members of the same surname, and from a remarkable protuberance of his lower jaw, was popularly called "Chin Grant."

I was present one evening when, in some most amusing verses, Theodore Hook descanted upon what he called the two

chin men. "Both," he said, "had one object in view—the ' Ways and Means ;' but they differed in the attainment of their end—the foreigner depended solely on the *chin*—the Englishman on the eyes and nose (Ayes and Noes)."

CHAPTER XV.

Aspect of the "Eastern Question" in 1829.—Public Opinion on the Turkish Military Organization.—On the Campaign of 1828.—Dr. Walsh's Account of the Balcan.—Set out for Turkey.—Zante.—"Campbell's direction post."—Egina.—Visit to Athens.—Boatswain of H. M. S. *Wasp*.—Join the British Squadron.—Land at the Entrance of Dardanelles.—Constantinople.—Visit to the Ambassador.—My fellow Guests.—Captain Lyons and his two Sons.—Execution of Three Greeks.—*En Route* to Adrianople.—Field Marshal Diebitsch.—A Question of Identity.—Departure from Adrianople.—The Selimno pass of the Balcan.—Shumla.—Our wretched Quarters.—An Execution.—Visit to the Grand Vizier.—Our Dialogue.—Departure from Shumla.—The Cravadi Pass.—Our First Night's Quarters.—Caonabat.—Our Perils by Flood and Field.—Louleh Burgoz.—Chorli.—Return to Constantinople.—Ball at the French Embassy.—The French Ambassador and Ambassadors.—Journey into Asia Minor.—Return to England.

[1829]. I had now been for three years leading an idle, desultory life and in spite of pleasant visits to country houses like Cobham, time hung heavily on my hands. I made several unsuccessful applications to the Horse Guards to be placed on full pay, and began to languish for some active occupation. Just at this time public attention was directed to Turkey—England's special *protégé*. Some improvement in the internal administration of her affairs had procured for her sovereign the reputation of a Reformer. Under his auspices, it was hoped that she would shortly take her place among the civilized nations of the world.

But it was mainly to the military organization of Turkey that attention was now directed. So long as the Janizaries had an existence, all attempts at amelioration of any kind, every one felt, would have been futile. But this lawless soldiery had been exterminated and replaced by an army formed on a European

model ; of these new levies high expectations were formed, and the events of the preceding year (1828) seemed to favor the idea.

"Look," said the believers in Turkish regeneration, "look to the behavior of this young army, when confronted for the first time with one of the most warlike powers of Europe. See how they forced Russia to raise the siege of Silistria, to abandon her strong position on the heights of Shumla, and to remain for the whole winter on the north side of the Balcan."

This mountain chain was supposed to be of great height—to present, as it were, a sort of Alpine barrier which the genius of a Napoleon alone could surmount.

The theory derived strength from the publication of "*A Journey from Constantinople to England*," by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, Chaplain of the British Embassy at the Porte. This work, which went rapidly through three editions, adopted the popular hypothesis of the impregnable nature of the Balcan range.

My intercourse with Mohammedans in my former journey had given me a more than usual interest in the questions involved, and prompted me to test the correctness of the various surmises by personal observation. Accordingly, on the 13th of June (my thirtieth birthday), I took my departure from England, in the hope, which was not realized, of reaching the Turkish camp before the close of the campaign.

My first point was Ancona, where I arrived a day too late to catch a steamer to Corfu. I was again disappointed at Naples, and proceeded to Otranto. From this "heel of the boot" I took shipping for Corfu, where I landed on the 21st of July, arrived at Zante on the 25th, and the following day dined with an old friend in the person of Lord Charles Fitzroy, the British resident in the island. Overlooking the town is a precipitous conical hill. On its summit was a high gibbet with three arms. When I was quartered at Zante there were suspended from these arms the bodies of three men executed by order of General Campbell, and the gibbet was called by our men "Campbell's direction post." The fatal tree, with its former complement, met my eye in my evening ride that afternoon. "What ! my

old friends there still ? ” I observed to an old Zantiote acquaintance. “ Oh, no ! ” was the reply, “ your friends have been removed long ago, but fresh crimes have required fresh examples, and the bodies you now see are those of a new set of murderers.”

Two days later, after dining with Sir Frederick Adam, the Lord High Commissioner, I embarked, in company with Captain Finucane, an old brother officer, on board H. M. S. *Rattlesnake*, which landed us in the Gulf of Corinth on the . Crossing the Isthmus to Calamachi we hired an open fishing smack, which landed us at Egina the following morning.

At Mr. Dawkins, the British Resident’s breakfast-table, I met Captain Edward Hoste, R. N., whose ship, the *Wasp*, lay at anchor in the harbor. Hearing me express a wish to see Athens, Hoste sent orders to sling a cot for me in his cabin, and to make ready for sea. By the time breakfast was over, the *Wasp* corvette was lying with her sail set, and her cable up and down. The moment we stepped on board, she tripped her anchor, and filled. In a couple of hours we were sailing into the ancient harbor of the Piræus. The next morning (August 2d) we landed, a party of nineteen, to visit the ruins of Athens. The Bey—for the city was in possession of the Turks—not only sent us an escort, but placed his whole stud at our disposal. Some of us had a horse to himself; others “rode and tied.” Behind each Turkish horseman was a little British midshipman, *en croupe*. In this fashion we saw all the antiquities of the—

“eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.”

Before we left Athens, we called upon the Bey to thank him for his civilities, and left behind us that which made us welcome visitors in his eyes—a hamper containing six bottles of rum.

In the courtyard of the Bey’s house, we saw the head of a Greek, fixed by its long hair to a nail on a board, in the same manner as represented in the photograph of the heads of the murderers of Messrs. Herbert and Vyner.

I passed nine very pleasant days with Edward Hoste; and

then, at the invitation of Captain (now Admiral Sir William) Martin, G. C. B., I shifted my berth from the *Wasp* corvette to the *Samarang* frigate. In taking leave of my *Wasp* shipmates, I must say a word of my friend the Boatswain—a man whose form combined the strength of a Hercules with the symmetry of an Antinous. He obtained his rating two years before as a warrant-officer for his conduct at the battle of Navarino. The ship in which he served had just run alongside a Turkish man-of-war. Holding his cutlass between his teeth, he swung himself on to the gangway of the enemy. Then, taking his weapon out of his mouth, he called out to the astonished Osmanlis, “Make a lane, you lubbers! I’m a-coming;” and showed them the meaning of his words by hacking his way through them and cutting down their captain.

We fell in with the squadron on the 16th of August, and I remained with them till the 2nd of September, when the captain of a Dutch brig of war gave me a passage as far as the Castles, at the entrance to the Dardanelles. Here I disembarked, and made the rest of the journey to Constantinople on horseback. On my way thither, I fell in with large parties of Turkish troops. They were half-grown lads, of a slouching gait, and presenting a most unmilitary appearance. Yet it was just this description of soldiers that kept a Russian army in check a whole campaign. These fellows allowed me to pass unmolested through their ranks, and to reach Constantinople in safety. Three days’ sight-seeing in the Turkish metropolis laid me low with a fever. When well enough to leave the house, I accepted Sir Robert Gordon, our Ambassador’s, invitation to recruit my strength at Therapia, his charming country residence on the banks of the Bosphorus. I here met a large party of my countrymen, among others, Lord Yarmouth (the late Lord Hertford), Mr. Edward Villiers, a brother of the late Lord Clarendon; Mr. Robert Grosvenor, now Lord Ebury; and Lord Dunlo, afterwards Lord Clancarty.¹

At anchor in the Bosphorus, and almost opposite the Ambassador’s house, lay H.M.S. *Blonde*, commanded by Captain

¹ William, Earl of Clancarty, died April 26th, 1872.

afterwards Admiral Lord Lyons. With him were his sons, two little midshipmen, of the respective ages of twelve and ten—great favorites with everybody, whether afloat or ashore. Richard, the eldest, is the present Lord Lyons, our Ambassador in France. The younger, Edmund but universally known by the name of Jack, was killed in the night attack on Sebastopol under the immediate command of his father, the Admiral.

Within a week of the death of his son, poor Lyons had to bewail the loss of his dear friend and coadjutor, Lord Raglan. From the double bereavement he never rallied in either health or spirits. The last time I saw him was a year after these two sad events. [1856.] We met in the House of Lords, of which assembly he had lately become a member. In his shattered frame, and careworn countenance I could scarcely recognize the active and light-hearted captain of the *Blonde*. He survived his losses three years, and died soon after escorting the Queen on a visit to the late Emperor of the French, on the occasion of the opening of the Cherbourg docks.

In referring to my published Journal, I find that during my stay at Therapia, Lyons and I were almost inseparable. In the mornings we used to wander together among the evergreen and vineclad hills, which overlook the Ambassador's house. In the evenings I was always a passenger in his launch on the Bosphorus, in his sailing-matches with the boats of the Turkish men-of-war. Lyons' boat was cutter-rigged. Passing one afternoon under the stern of the Turkish flag-ship, we were recognized by the Capidan Bey (Captain of the fleet), a fine, handsome-looking man, with a black beard, dressed in a scarlet uniform, and wearing superb diamond stars and crescents on each breast. At sight of us the Bey jumped into his own barge, which was rigged with two lateen sails, and taking the helm himself, challenged us to race. The truth of an historian compels me to add that the Turk was the winner.

Lounging one day along the sea-shore with Lyons, Grosvenor, and Villiers; we came to a village where three Greek murderers had just been hanged.

"Each man was suspended from a separate gallows. The

implement of the execution was of the most primitive description. Three posts of unequal size, as if they had been found by chance on the spot, had been placed not *in* but *on* the ground, and, meeting at the top, formed a triangle, not unlike that from which scales are suspended in England. The rope by which each culprit was hanging was rove through a ring at the top of the triangle, and twisted in a slovenly manner round one of the posts. The perpendicular of the triangle was seven feet high; and the malefactors were hanging so low, that their feet were within a few inches of the ground."

While under the depressing influence of illness, I had but the one thought of returning home by the first ship; but the healthful breezes of the Bosphorus wrought such a change in my way of thinking, that, after a week's stay at Therapia, I found myself setting out on a tour through European Turkey. In this expedition I had Lord Dunlop for a fellow-traveller.

We reached Adrianople, the head-quarters of the Russian army, after a somewhat fatiguing journey of four days, and became the guests of Mr. Duveluz, the British Consul.

As in duty bound we called upon Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, but he neither received us, nor returned our visit. Indeed he totally ignored our existence—and is the only Russian officer of rank of whose lack of courtesy I have ever had reason to complain. It was probably with some irritation at his treatment of us, that I made the following entry in my Journal:

"Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, scarcely five feet high, with a large head, long black hair, a complexion of the deepest scarlet, and a countenance expressive of a certain irritability of temper, which has elicited from the troops, in addition to his proud title of Zabalcansky (the Trans-Balkanian), that of the *Semawar* (the tea-kettle)."

Diebitsch was the second son of a Prussian officer on the staff of Frederick the Great. At an early age he obtained a company in the Russian Imperial Guard. At this time the King of Prussia paid a visit to the Emperor Alexander. It was Diebitsch's duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The

Emperor foreseeing the ridiculous figure the little captain cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, desired a friend delicately to hint to him that he had better resign the post for the day to another officer. The friend delivers his message, but adds "L'Empereur dit et il faut convenir que vous ayez l'extérieur terrible." So irritated was the future hero of the Balcan at this delicate hint that he threatened to quit the Russian service and was only pacified by obtaining superior rank in a regiment of the line.

Another extract from this Journal, printed and published forty years ago, may probably call to mind a certain question of identity which was raised in a late celebrated trial.

"An officer of Uhlan cavalry, well known to our Consul, was walking along the streets of Adrianople, when a Bulgarian woman rushed towards him, exclaiming, 'My dear boy, what! now you are in a fine dress, are you ashamed of your poor mother?' Soon after an older woman claimed him for her grandson, and the younger branches of the family hailed him as a brother. He made his escape for the time, but in passing again was upbraided for his unnatural conduct in disowning his relations. Thus assailed, he applied to the Field-Marshal for protection. An inquiry was established by the Bulgarian archbishop. The parties were confronted. The supposed mother said her son had a scar on his left forehead; the officer's cap was removed, the scar was on the identical spot. The woman exclaimed, 'He had that scar ever since he was eight years old.' Here several Russian officers interposed and said that the officer left St. Petersburg without the scar, and received it in an affair with the enemy before Shumla. Thus ended this 'Comedy of Errors.'"

We left Adrianople on the 1st of November, *en route* to Shumla, the head-quarters of the Turkish army. For three days successively we were almost strangers to the luxury of dry clothing; the weather oscillating the whole time between rain and snow. Nor were the objects that met our view of a nature to dispel the gloom which our personal discomforts caused us. The villages through which we passed were deserted by their inhabitants and for the most part in ruins, and our line of

march was strewed with the carcasses of horses, buffaloes, and camels, and the sides of the road lined with fresh graves of men.

The scenery and weather improved when we approached Selimno, the town which gives its name to the Pass of the Balcan we were about to traverse the following morning. It was this Pass of which Dr. Walsh's description had made such an impression on the British public the year before. The following extract from my notes, made on the spot, will show how widely I differed in opinion from that reverend gentleman respecting the strength of this natural barrier to an attacking army :

November 5th.—After a ride of three miles we entered the mountain gorge. The Balcan here runs north-east and south-west. We traversed its side, which is covered with vine-yards from the summit to the base. The road which was paved at the beginning of the ascent was in good order, and broad enough in the narrowest part to allow two carriages to pass : it is practicable for artillery and indeed for every description of wheel conveyance. The soil of the country, of which the road is made, is of sandstone, which, containing a proportion of common clay, forms quickly, when broken into pieces, a compact substance, admirably adapted for the purpose. It is impervious to damp ; for it was neither affected by the rain of the four or five preceding days, nor by the fall of snow which was melting at the time. It is easily repairable, the soil itself forming the materials. With so much facility is this road constructed that any cart actually makes its own road by the track of its wheels. This remark is not only applicable to the Balcan, but generally to the hilly parts of Roumelia and Bulgaria which we traversed. Hence it is evident that should an army wish to cross the mountain by the Selimno Pass, it has nothing to do but to cut away the brushwood, draw it on one side, and the baggage and battering trains form the road. This in fact was what the Russians did in that part of the Balcan by which they advanced. They cut down a few trees, and filled up the inequalities of the ground. The number of carriages that accompanied that army is a proof how trifling were the difficulties

they had to encounter. Almost every field-officer had his *calèche*, the general officers three or four, and every company a cart for their camp kettles.

Since the publication of my Narrative, it appears that the obstacles to an invading army are even less formidable than I had anticipated ; for instead of there being only five passes in the Balcan, as was then supposed, there are no less than thirteen, "besides numerous bye and cross roads all equally fit for carts or artillery."¹

Two days' march brought us to Shumla. The streets were so full of Turkish troops that our horses could hardly make their way through the crowd. We were taken for Russians, but no other attempt was made to annoy us than by the soldiers making an insulting noise with their mouths, and bawling *Muscov* (Muscovite) with all the strength of their lungs.

We took up our quarters at a wretched khan in the market-place. Our apartment, eight feet square, was below the level of the ground, and so damp as to be almost in a muddy state. A few wooden bars served for a window-frame, but there were neither windows nor shutters ; the door was full of holes, and did not meet its posts or its lintel by several inches.

Within a few yards of the khan we saw from our room, which faced the entrance, eight or ten persons stand for a few seconds in a circle and then disperse. We found the object of their attention was a human body from which the head had just been severed. The neck was much jagged as though several blows had been inflicted before the decapitation had been effected. The corpse was yet warm and smoking. So indifferent did the people seem to this spectacle that it did not cause the slightest stir in the market.

November 10th.—At seven in the morning we sallied forth to pay our respects to the Turkish Prime Minister. His residence was dirty and dilapidated. The court-yard was full of cannon, some of which had been taken from the Russians. We as-

¹ General Jochmus' journey into the Balcan, 1847,—"*Journal of Geographical Society*," vol. xxiv. pp. 30-85.

cended a flight of stairs, passed through a host of attendants, and, without being detained a moment, were ushered into the presence of his Highness.

He was seated on an ottoman in the corner of a dark, unornamented room. He wore loose flowing robes and the old Turkish turban, a head-dress that is held in great abhorrence at the Porte, being considered a mark of Janizarism.

Mohammed Redschid Pasha was Seraskier (Commander-in-chief) in Roumelia in 1825, and had not long been promoted to the vizierate. He was a Georgian by birth, had coarse and severe, but not unhandsome features, large eyes, rather an aquiline nose, and good teeth. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, and his originally black beard had begun to assume a greyish tinge. He had no affectation in his manner, and Georgian liveliness seemed to be struggling with Turkish decorum. As soon as we had made our obeisances, he motioned us to sit down. We placed ourselves on his right hand. Lord Dunlo being next to him, Michalachi the dragoman stood at a respectful distance, the haughty official who had visited us the night before being transformed into an abject slave—his arms were folded, his eyes cast down, and large drops of perspiration stood on his brow. Lord Dunlo was dressed as a civilian, I wore my uniform. The Vizier spoke Turkish; Italian was the medium of conversation.

"Do you speak Turkish?" was the first question.

"Not a word."

"Who are you?"

"This gentleman," I answered, pointing to Dunlo, "is an English Lord. I am a British officer."

The Vizier to me:

"What is your rank?"

"A major in the nizam (regular) army."

"Against whom have you served?"

"Against the French."

Here the Vizier remarked that the English had an excellent navy, but that the land troops were not in such good repute.

Now, as I guessed that it was the French instructors of the Turkish troops that had cast this slur upon my profession, I

pointed to my Waterloo medal, which I told the Vizier I had received for having assisted at the final overthrow of Napoleon, the famous French Emperor. The analogy between Turkish and Persian, enabled me at once to detect Michalachi in giving a wrong interpretation to my words. Thinking my reply would not be palatable to his master, he tried to convert what I said into a compliment, but I interposed with a "*Yok ! yok ! no ! no !*" to the amusement of the Vizier at the interruption, after my professed ignorance of his language.

"Have you seen anything of Russian troops?"

"In France, Russia, and Turkey."

"Do your tactics resemble theirs?"

"In all essential points."

"What is the difference between them?"

"I think ours superior. We adopt the march in line more generally than the Russians. They form in three ranks; we, by marching in two, can show a greater extent of front to an enemy."

"In what other points are your manœuvres different from theirs?"

"We have a new system of evolutions by which, instead of moving from the flanks as the Russians do, we can also form from the centre, a mode which ensures celerity, the great object of all military movements."

"Show me one of these," said the Vizier.

This was rather an unexpected request, but, desirous to prove the superiority I had claimed, I tried to remember something of what I had learned in the Phoenix Park.

I supposed a battalion in line having to cross a bridge to meet the attack of an enemy on the opposite side. I accordingly ordered my two centre sub-divisions to advance, making the remaining sub-divisions fall into column by bringing up their right and left shoulders, and the bridge being crossed, reforming line on the two centre sub-divisions.

"What is the advantage of this?" was the Vizier's next question.

"In a mountainous country like Turkey, especially in such a

country as that about Shumla, the manœuvre would be of use in the passage of a defile, and enabling a more rapid re-formation into line."

I saw at once that I had made an impression upon the Vizier, and I determined to follow it up. I now supposed that the enemy was advancing towards a narrow gorge to the rear.

I had hitherto occupied a place on the Vizier's right hand, below Lord Dunlo, and was proceeding to explain, when his Highness told me to come close to him. I obeyed till our knees touched, thus without any premeditation on my part, I found myself face to face with the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army, and in the novel position of instructing him in the art of war.

My battalion was supposed to be in line. I was to change front to the rear on the centre. As a preliminary step I had to make my two centre companies change places. This part of the process was rather difficult to explain through the medium of a foreign language, and with a civilian for an interpreter. The Vizier had in his hand a chaplet of wooden beads, which I asked him to lend me. I made these describe a figure of eight and by using the centre oblong bead, showed the change of front, I then countermarched the wings, and, after two rehearsals, I succeeded in showing the nature of the movement.

The only person present at this interview was Michalachi, the interpreter. The Vizier now clapped his hands, and the room immediately filled with *meeralis* and *binbashees* (generals and colonels). "Look," said his Highness to them, "at this young officer. He is your inferior in rank; and yet he knows more of your profession than all of you put together." Then, turning to me, he said, "It is not the fault of the Osmanli soldier, for he is brave enough, but of these ignorant fellows, that he is not oftener successful in the field."

On the 14th of November we left Shumla on our return journey to Constantinople, and that same evening crossed the Balcan by the Pass of Pravati. A few deserted huts at a narrow part of the gorge, and a breastwork, pierced for five guns, at the summit of the hill, were the only indications of any attempts made by the Turks to repel their invaders.

Through this pass, the Russian army, under General Diebitsch, crossed the Balcan in the summer of this year. Through the same Pass, but from the southern side of the mountain (*Mons Hæmus*), Alexander the Great forced his way twenty-two centuries before.

Snow, fog, and a hard frost followed each other as we journeyed on. When the sun began to set we strained our eyes anxiously for a human habitation. We met no one—all was silent and desolate in that mountain region. At length we reached a deserted village called Chalcovatch. Only the shells of some of its hovels remained ; for the inhabitants, driven out by the ravages of war, had fled with all their movable property.

Most desolate was the hovel in which we at last took refuge. It was the only one that could boast a door ; but as the planks of which our room was formed were so rudely nailed together as to give us a view of the mountains between the crannies, we were not tempted by its comforts to a long halt, and made an early start for Carnabat. The frost was severe, and the ice on nearly every mountain stream was strong enough to bear our horses' weight, remaining unbroken by the wheels of the peasants' wagons. The road was so slippery that we were obliged to dismount, and numerous were the falls that occurred to man and beast.

Carnabat, our halting-place, contained about 600 houses. We passed the night on the damp floor of an uninhabited hovel, and next day, after its minarets receded from our view, we lost sight for a time of every vestige of habitation. The few villages we passed were unroofed and deserted. The country forms a succession of slopes, chiefly covered with dwarf oak, and there is an occasional vineyard or corn-field. That night, after crossing the Granack, we shared the cottage of a Bulgarian peasant.

On, next day, to Kibellerah, through pouring rain, for a thaw had come on suddenly. We crossed a succession of wooded hills, and then a fruitful valley, and were drenched to the skin, long before we reached our halting-place—a temporary barn—where we slept soundly on some chopped straw.

It still poured with rain when we went on to Petra, next day; and, on the following morning, we came in for a heavy storm of thunder and lightning. At Leffigee, a ruined village, we took shelter in a hovel without windows, the possession of which was disputed by a party of Cossacks, who tried to dislodge us by fierce looks and gestures, the leader pointing to his sword and grasping his pistols. We, however, remained masters of the field.

After half an hour's march, next day, we came to a mountain torrent, and found the whole valley under water, which came up to the flaps of our saddles before we could reach the ordinary channel. A party of Cossacks, whom we fell in with, were searching, like ourselves, for a fordable place; and several of these tried to sound for a passage with their spears, but in vain.

At last we saw a village on the opposite side, with a waterfall and a mill, the inhabitants of which encouraged us by signs to cross the stream. With a party of Cossacks in our rear, we thought it wiser to make the attempt; but our horses were weak, lame and tired; and Minas, our Surijee, was all but carried away by the rush of water. However, we tried again, the villagers on the other side directing us by signs (for their voices were drowned by the roar of the torrent) to keep close to our saddles, as the least unsteadiness would hurl us into the yawning gulf.

At length, to our great joy, we reached the opposite bank, with no other inconvenience than a thorough soaking to ourselves and baggage.

Our friendly villagers gave us a breakfast of bread and cheese. As to wine and milk, they had been "requisitioned" by the Cossacks.

We now found that there was yet another and a larger stream to go over. We procured a guide to show us the way; but the bridge across it was three feet under water. We remained on the brink the rest of the day, and returned for the night to the house where we breakfasted. The rain had ceased, and the water returned to its usual channels. Snow was on the ground, and the wind was piercingly cold. In five hours we came to

the vineyards that mark the entrance to Louleh Bourgaz. We passed into the town over a handsome bridge, and came to a spacious and well-constructed bazaar. The streets were full of Turkish soldiers. The houses, with the exception of a few tobacconists' shops, were all closed, padlocked, and deserted. We occupied a wretched little room without a fire-place. A sheet of paper did duty for a window. The roof was full of holes. We slept as usual on the cold ground.

The cold was intense after we left Louleh Bourgaz. Dunlo and I agreed that we had never felt anything like it. As long as we could ride fast, we were in no danger, though the sting of cold was painfully acute; but when, towards the evening, we were forced to halt and wait for some merchants who had joined our cavalcade, it was almost impossible to fight against the feeling of drowsiness which, if yielded to, must necessarily have ended in death.

A Tartar and four soldiers were frozen to death this evening, on the same road. Numbers of people, so said our servant, Mustapha, perish each winter on the plains we traversed. Few horses will face the hail-storms which frequently come on. The traveller is forced to let his steed take its own course, and, there being no land-marks to guide him, he is lost in the snow.

Homer, Xenophon, Tacitus, Ovid and Virgil, whether they speak of the rivers, hills, or dales of this *Hæmus*, the chief mountain of Thrace, bear testimony to the inclemency of the climate.

I shall not easily forget the miseries of the night we spent at Chorli, in a mud chamber riddled with holes, and with shutters that would not shut. We tried to stop the interstices with a sheepskin, which did its work so ill that the snow found its way on to our blankets.

Next day, no post-horses to be had. We were detained thirty-six hours "*gelidis in vallibus Hæmi*." Two days after we reached the British Embassy at Constantinople, at four in the afternoon.

Constantinople—at least, the Perote portion of it—was unusually gay at this time. We travellers indemnified ourselves for our rough ride from Shumla by joining in all its amuse-

ments. A host of Russian officers were here, on leave of absence. Dancing was the order of the day. Among other gaieties were three pleasant balls at the French Embassy. Here let me say a word of the host and hostess of these festivities.

His Excellency General Comte de Guillemillot, Charles X's representative at the Porte, served with distinction under the first Napoleon. He was at one time aide-de-camp to General Moreau, and was present at nearly all the great actions fought in Germany, Spain, Russia and France. At Waterloo he commanded the division posted on the extreme left of the French army. It was his division that began the battle by the attack on our Guards at Hougomont Baudoin, one of his Brigadier-Generals, was the first officer of note on either side who fell in the action. Moreover, it was one of Guillemillot's batteries that so annoyed the brigade to which I belonged.

Nor was Madame la Comtesse de Guillemillot a stranger to a battle-field. At the breaking out of the French Revolution, she and her sister, Les Demoiselles Fering, entered Dumouriez' army, as privates in a hussar regiment. They shared in most of the French victories of that period. Their gallantry in the field soon obtained them commissions. The sister of Madame de Guillemillot was killed at the battle of Valmy (1792). One of the sisters—I forget which—received a sword of honor for her conduct in the face of the enemy. In the dignified and graceful deportment of the Ambassadors of a Regal Court it was difficult to realize the idea of the young Republican *sabreuse*.

My next journey was into Asia Minor in quest of some Roman ruins of which no account had been given by any traveller. My explorations were attended with complete success, but as the details have already been published and have more of antiquarian than of general interest, I will not give them a place in this narrative.

I ate my Christmas dinner this year in Smyrna harbor, on board H.M.S. *Asia*, 74. Her captain, Frederick Maitland, was the officer to whom Napoleon had surrendered himself a prisoner fourteen years before.

[1830.] Resuming my journey on the 5th of January, I set out on my return to Constantinople, which I reached on the 23d. Here availing myself of such aid as I could pick up from men-of-war, transports, and merchantmen, I found my way to Malta. At anchor in the harbor lay H.M.S. *Spartiate*, 74 guns, under orders to return home to be paid off. Her commander, Captain Frederick Warren, hearing I was in want of a passage, gave me a berth in his cabin, and a seat at his table; and sometime in the month of March the "Spare-shot," as the sailors called their craft, landed me at Portsmouth after a somewhat eventful journey of nine months.

CHAPTER XVI.

Visit to Paris.—Dine with the King of the French.—Aumâle and Albemarle.—My Father Master of the Horse.—My Journey across the Balkan.—King William's Visit to my Father.—The Court at Brighton.—The King and the Paddock's Keeper.—Twelfth Night at the Pavilion.—Toast-drinking extraordinary.—Sykes and "Punch."—The State Coachman and the Guard of Honor.—Lord Dudley and Ward.—His opinion of Pavilion Cookery.—His Dinner to the Duke and Duchess of Clarence.—I am elected Member for East Norfolk.—The Chaining.—Anecdote of William Windham the Statesman.—Take my seat in the first Reformed Parliament.—Princess Victoria's Visit to Holkham.

[1830.] I made two visits to Paris this year, after my return from Turkey. At the first I was present at the "Grands Couverts," and saw Charles X. eat his last dinner in public. It was then and there that I met the French Artillery Officer to whom I have alluded in my notes on Waterloo.¹

The second visit was in company with my father. Louis Philippe, with whom the year before I was a fellow-passenger in Lord Darnley's yacht, had just been raised to the throne of France. We were most graciously received by the new King, and dined frequently at the Tuileries. His majesty was pleased to accept a copy of my "Overland Journey;" and to assure me that he had read it, and that it was already in his library.

The King, on presenting my father to his sons, pointed out the Duc d'Aumâle, then a boy, nine years of age, as deriving his title from the same town in Normandy as the Keppel family.²

¹ See p. 102.

² "Albemarle, Albamarla, ville et duché de Normandie—aujourd'hui Aumâle. Voir ce nom. Le titre d'Albemarle s'est aujourd'hui conservé en Angleterre, mais il n'est plus que nominal, depuis que la ville d'Aumâle a été enlevée à Richard par Philippe Auguste en 1194." (French Geographical Dictionary.)

On recrossing the British Channel, I found that England as well as France was under the rule of a new sovereign.

In November, the Liberal party came into power, when my father, for the reason I have already stated, received the appointment of Master of the Horse. Lord Albemarle was nearly of the same age as William IV., and his simple unaffected manners were well suited to the genial frankness of the sailor King. As my father's son, I became a frequent guest at St. James's Palace.

[1831.] Early in 1831, I published the notes which I had made of my visit to European and Asiatic Turkey. As I have already stated, one of the objects of that journey was to endeavor from personal observation to form a judgment as to whether the dominant classes of the Ottoman Empire had a fair claim to the character of civilization with which the British public were disposed to credit them two years before. The result of the inquiry produced on my mind the conviction, that not only were there no grounds for this belief, but on the contrary, that the barbarism of the Osmanlis is from the very nature of their institutions utterly ineradicable. Such is the opinion I then placed on record, and still hold ; and from the phase which the "Eastern Question" is now assuming, it would appear that I am not alone in this way of thinking.

The stud-house was assigned to Lord Albemarle as a residence. The King paid him frequent visits there, and won golden opinions for his universal affability. He insisted on going everywhere, and being shown everything, and he had a civil word to speak to everybody. The keeper of the paddocks was very fond of repeating the first words that were addressed to him. "Mr. Worley," said his sovereign to him, "you and I and Eclipse were all born in the same year." The King was not quite correct in his date ; "Eclipse" was his Majesty's senior by a good year.

The Court passed the Christmas holidays at Brighton. I was invited on Twelfth Night to the Pavilion. We drew "King and Queen." The character naturally belonging to Queen Adelaide fell to her lot. The king for the evening was one of the pages, Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Hudson, since distinguished

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for the able manner in which he discharged the duties of British minister at the Court of Turin.

William IV. was very fond of drinking healths. There was at this time a footman of the royal household—a little, fat, red-faced man—of the name of Sykes. One evening after dinner the King proposed somebody's health "with all the honors." Sykes, who was behind the screen, filled a tumbler of claret, and tossed it off to the toast; but, the room being full of looking-glasses, it seemed as if a whole regiment of Sykeses were offering libations to Bacchus. The next morning the good-natured King said to my father, "As I am afraid you and I were not the only witnesses of Sykes, indiscretion, I wish you would manage to keep him out of sight till the whole affair is forgotten." My father accordingly sent Sykes as gate-keeper to a remote lodge in Windsor Park; whence, some few years later, when I became a member of the royal household, he had emerged, and was porter at the equerry's entrance to the Castle.

Sykes and "Punch" Sykes lived to figure in *Punch* as one of the celebrities of the period. There came to England at this time some North American Indian Chiefs, called the "Ojibbeways." They were very desirous of seeing the King. According to *Punch*, they went down to Windsor for the purpose. The first person they fell in with was Sykes. Seeing a short man in a scarlet coat, with huge gold epaulettes, and not very unlike William IV—at least, as he appeared on the sign-posts—the Ojibbeways thought they were in the presence of their "great father;" and *Punch's* cartoon of the week represents them as circling round him, and treating him to a war-dance.

Another of the royal servants figured indirectly in the history of this time. Mr. Roberts, the little portly state coachman, whose carriage was ordered so suddenly on the memorable 22d of August, 1831, when the King dissolved Parliament in person on the defeat of the Reform Bill.

Every one knows the story as graphically told by my father's old friend, Harriet Martineau—how the King resolved to go down instantly and dissolve Parliament with his own voice—how he refused to wait for the royal carriages, and called for a

hackney coach—how Lord Durham drove off in the Lord Chancellor's carriage to the Master of the Horse, and startled him in the middle of his late breakfast: all this is now a matter of history. "Lord Albemarle," says Miss Martineau, "started up on the entrance of Lord Durham, asking what was the matter. 'You must have the King's carriage ready instantly.' 'Very well, I will just finish my breakfast.' 'Not you; you must not lose a moment. The King ought to be in the House.' 'Lord bless me! is there a revolution?' 'Not at this moment, but there will be if you stay to finish your breakfast.' So the tea and roll were left, and the royal carriages drove up to the palace in an incredibly short time. The King was ready and impatient, and walked with an unusually brisk step. And so did the royal horses in their passage through the streets, as was observed by the curious and anxious gazers."

Concerning the excited state of the royal horses, I know more than even Miss Martineau. As the carriage containing the King and his Master of the Horse was passing the guard of honor, the ensign in charge of the colors lowered, according to the established formula. The usually impassive "cream-colors" took umbrage at this act of homage, swerved, and broke into an undignified trot. Mr. Roberts, the coachman, whose mind and body were alike thrown off their balance by the unwonted hurry of the morning and the insubordination of his steeds, proceeded, in utter forgetfulness of the royal presence, loudly to anathematize the guard of honor generally, and the standard-bearer in particular. Before the procession had reached the Horse Guards the opprobrious epithets had winged their flight to the officials within the building. The consequence was, Mr. Roberts, who had played so important a part in the morning pageant, was compelled to make a public apology to the offended guard before it was marched off to its private parade.

In one of the King's visits to the stud-house the carriage was a long time coming to the door. His Majesty got into a passion, and threatened that he would make a terrible example of the dilatory coachman. Before the equipage arrived the

King cooled; and all he said to the man was, "Sir, If you keep me waiting again I'll report you to the Master of the Horse."

During my stay at Brighton I was thrown much in company with Lord Dudley and Ward, shortly afterwards created Earl Dudley. There must be many now living who have heard his two voices—his gruff bass and his high treble. Moore mentions that some one said it was like Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward. This peculiarity reminds me of the end of one of Matthews' songs about a man with two tones in his voice, who, having fallen into a pit, cried for assistance to an Irishman, and the Irishman's reply :—

"Help me out! help me out! Zounds what a pother!
If you're two of you there, why not help one another?"

Who has not heard of Lord Dudley's eccentric habit of giving utterance to his thoughts in a loud soliloquy?

He was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling off in the royal *cuisine* from the time of George IV. ; and he exclaimed in his deep base, "What a change to be sure!—cold *pâtés* and hot champagne."

The King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed Her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began aloud, "What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman?" and in the same tone continued, "May I have the honor of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?" Towards the end of dinner he asked her again, and she replied, "With great pleasure, Lord Dudley; but I have had one glass with you already." "The brute! and so she has," was the rejoinder.

The Parliament, which when last mentioned in this narrative was being dissolved by the King in person, did not outlive the year.

Months before the dissolution, preparations for contests were making in the open constituencies. Norfolk was not idle. The leading landowners of the eastern division met in a small back room in Norwich to decide upon their candidates.

They selected first William Windham, a nephew of the celebrated statesman whose name he bore, and the inheritor of his estate ; but they could not agree upon his colleague. Squire A. was jealous of B and B of C, and so on half way through the alphabet. While they were assembled in secret conclave, a member of the government, whom I met in the streets of London, said to me : " Your Norfolk country gentlemen are letting the county slip through their fingers. Why don't you lend them a hand? shy your hat into the ring, and see what will come of it."

[1832.] Acting upon this advice contained in the fistic metaphor, I put forth an address to the " Free and Independent Electors " of East Norfolk. The Squirearch was astounded at this act of audacity in a man not owning an acre in the county. However, there was no help for it. Either they must choose me or split the party. A public meeting was held, and I was declared the second candidate. " We fought and conquered," and on being declared duly elected, we went through the ceremonial of chairing. In all previous elections the members used to appear on such occasions in full court dress—bag wig, buckles and sword—but our committee decided that we should dispense with that part of the ceremony. In all other particulars we conformed to ancient usage.

The chairing in Norfolk differed from that of other counties. A chair of state gaudily decorated, placed on a platform and supported by poles, was borne on the shoulders of four-and-twenty stalwart men. By the side of this chair the member elect took his stand, and in this manner was carried through the principal streets of Norwich. At intervals the bearers made a halt, and by a simultaneous action tossed their burden so high as to give him occasional peeps into garret windows.

When William Windham, the Statesman, was elected for Norfolk he underwent this ordeal. As a boy at Eton he was famous for his cricket and his fighting, both of which accomplishments were called into play when he was chaired. While in one of his aerial flights, a ruffian in the crowd threw a paving stone at him. If it had reached his head it might have caused

a vacancy for the county ; but he saw the missile coming, caught it in his hand, jumped off the platform and pummelled the stone-shier within an inch of his life ; and the next moment he was to be seen in mid-air again bowing to the ladies as if nothing had happened.

[1833.] On Tuesday the 5th of February, I took my seat in the first Reformed Parliament. Dire were the prognostics of the consequences that would arise from the change that had been effected in that great council of the nation. One evil was especially dwelt upon. "A man in the situation of a gentleman," it was said, "would hardly condescend to accept a seat in such an assembly, and even were he so disposed, admittance would be denied him." The Cassandra prophets were wrong for once.

There was no lack of titled and untitled aristocracy in the new house. Still there were some of its members who could scarcely have hoped to enter Parliament under the old nomination system.

First there was Gully the ex-prize-fighter, the honorable member for Pontefract—a silent, respectable, inoffensive member, whom I had the pleasure frequently to accompany into the lobby on a division. Then there was Tom Attwood, M.P. for Birmingham, who had threatened to march to St. Stephen's at the head of two hundred thousand men and compel the passing of the Bill *vi et armis*. When he first addressed the House he was listened to with that courtesy which that assembly uniformly accords to new members, but after giving utterance to some common-place remarks, clothed in a somewhat strange phraseology, and delivered in a strong Warwickshire dialect, he speedily lapsed into insignificance.

But the great object of dread was William Cobbett, the democrat, the denouncer of Kings and Lords, the man who in his grammar had treated as synonymous "Mob, Parliament, House of Commons, den of thieves." To those, however, who most dreaded his appearance among them, "his bark proved waur than his bite" ; he spoke but seldom and then generally in an anti-liberal spirit. Dressed in a uniform suit of pepper-and-

salt, he had somewhat the appearance of a quaker, albeit the "Society of Friends," was his special aversion. When I first saw him he was a healthy, florid, countryfied-looking man. Before he entered upon his new calling he had been accustomed to rise from and to go to bed with the sun, but, being compelled to reverse the usual order of his existence, in a few weeks he sank into the grave.

One evening on taking my place, I found "on his legs," a beardless youth, with whose appearance and manner I was greatly struck; he had an earnest intelligent countenance, and large expressive black eyes. Young as he was, he had evidently what is called "the ear of the House;" and yet the cause he advocated was not one likely to interest a popular assembly—Slavery as an institution. I had placed myself behind the Treasury Bench. "Who is he?" I asked one of the ministers. I was answered, "He is the member for Newark—a young fellow who will some day make a great figure in Parliament." My informant was Geoffrey Stanley, then Whig Secretary of the Colonies, and in charge of the Negro Emancipation Bill, afterwards Earl of Derby; and the young Conservative orator was William Ewart Gladstone—two statesmen who each subsequently became Prime Minister—leader of the party to which at this time he was diametrically opposed.

In the summer of 1835 my sister Lady Anne Coke, summoned me to Holkham, to help her to do the honors in receiving the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. Great were the preparations on the occasion. Their Royal Highnesses were expected at dinner, but they were detained two hours by the "bankers" (navvies) of Lynn, who, in an excess of loyalty, insisted upon drawing the Royal carriage round the town.

The "Egyptian Hall" at Holkham, was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with persons anxious for a sight of their future Queen. At length a carriage and four escorted by a body of yeomanry cavalry, drove up to the door. Three ladies alighted. Mr. Coke with a candle in each hand, made them a profound bow. When he resumed his erect position the objects of his

hontage had vanished. They were the "dressers." Soon after their Royal Highnesses appeared in person. Both were most affable. The youthful princess, in particular, showed in her demeanor that winning courtesy with which millions of her subjects have since become familiar.

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of Mrs. Fitzherbert.—The Duke of Wellington and my Father.—George IV.'s dying request.—Horace Smith.—Am appointed Groom-in-waiting to the Queen.—In attendance at the Coronation.—Visit to Charles Fox's Widow.—In attendance upon Her Majesty on the day of her Marriage.—Presented to the Princess Royal.—Termination of my Court Life.—Succeed to the Family Title.—Move the Address.—Bearer of the Cap of Maintenance.—The Duke of Wellington.—His last appearance in a Public Pageant.—His last appearance at a Wedding.—His last speech in Parliament.—His last Waterloo Banquet.—Accompany the Lord Mayor and Corporation to Paris.—Mr. James Stuart Wortley.—Banquet at the Hotel de Ville.—The Lord Mayor's "Chasseur."—Am Presented to the Prince President of the Republic.—Les Caméléons.—A Scene in the House of Lords.—A Dinner at Lord John Russell's.—A Dinner at the Poet Rogers'.—The End.

IN the month of March 1837, died Mrs. Fitzherbert, a lady who had occupied a large share of public attention, and one associated in my mind with a number of childish recollections.

She was buried at Brighton, where a handsome monument was raised to her memory by the Honorable Mrs. Dawson Damer, her adopted child, and the "Minnie Seymour" of my nursery days.

In one of the pamphlets of her day, Mrs. Fitzherbert is described as "legally, really, and happily for the country, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales."¹

William IV. treated her with much kindness and consideration; he allowed her to wear widow's weeds for the deceased king; urged her to assume the royal liveries, and in her visits to the Palace, observed those external marks of courtesy which a British Sovereign usually shows to a sister-in-law.

Four years before her death there appeared in "Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party," some passages which reflected on the relation in which she stood to George IV. when Prince of Wales.

In consequence of this publication Mrs. Fitzherbert committed certain documents to the charge of Lord Stourton, as one of her nearest relatives, and to my father as her oldest and most trusted friend. Lord Stourton was prevented from acting by illness.

It was then arranged with the approval of King William, that the Duke of Wellington as executor of George IV. should meet Lord Albemarle at Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Tilney Street, and that they should, with her consent, destroy all documents that were not deemed necessary for the vindication of her character.

[1837.] The documents retained were :—

1. The mortgage on the palace at Brighton.
2. The certificate of the marriage, dated December 21st, 1785.
3. Letter from George IV, signed by him.
4. Will written by George IV.
5. Memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony.

The papers were made into a packet, and having been first sealed by the Duke of Wellington and my father, were lodged at Coutts's bank, where they now remain. They are declared to be "the property of the Earl of Albemarle," they are, however, not *my* property, but are held in trust by my brother Edward, as my father's executor.

Some idea of the mass of manuscripts committed to the flames may be formed by an expression of the Duke to my father : after several hours burning, he cried out, "I think, my Lord, we had better hold our hands for a while, or we shall set the old woman's chimney on fire."

At an early period of their marriage, George Prince of Wales presented Mrs. Fitzherbert with a large diamond. This jewel she caused to be divided into two parts. In one part was inclosed the Prince's portrait, which she reserved for herself. The other half containing her miniature, she gave to His

Royal Highness. Soon after their final separation, it was agreed between them that all tokens of affection which each had received from the other should be returned. The arrangement was carried out by Mrs. Fitzherbert, but the Prince failed to restore her miniature. Too proud to ask for an explanation, Mrs. Fitzherbert lived and died in ignorance of what had become of her present.

When on his death-bed, George IV. desired the Duke of Wellington, whom he had appointed his executor, to take care that he was buried in the night clothes in which he then lay.

Soon after His Majesty had received the assurance that his wishes should be complied with, he breathed his last. The undertakers entered the room to perform the business connected with their calling, but seeing the Duke, respectfully retired.

His Grace was now seized with an irrepressible desire to discover the motive which had led the King, his late Royal Master, to make so strange a request. Approaching the bed, he discovered round the King's neck, attached to a very dirty and faded piece of black riband, the jewelled miniature.

The poor King's dying request was fulfilled to the letter, and he carried with him to the grave the image of her who was perhaps the only woman whom he had respected as well as loved.

The portrait of George IV., as Prince of Wales, was bequeathed by Mrs. Fitzherbert to the Honorable Mrs. Dawson Damer, the "Minnie Seymour" of my childish days, and she left it in her will to her daughter, Georgiana, Countess Fortescue. It is now the property of her husband, who survived her—the present Earl Fortescue, to whom I am indebted for these particulars.

Not long after Mrs. Fitzherbert's death, Mrs. Dawson Damer, sitting next to the Duke of Wellington at dinner, asked him what he thought had become of his dear old friend's miniature. The Duke actually blushed at the question, and after some humming and hah! hahing! he pleaded guilty, with most amusing confusion, to having yielded to an impulse of a curiosity which was *plus fort que lui*.

[1837.] I passed this summer at Brighton. I here first

made acquaintance with Horace Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," of punning celebrity. At a dinner at the Duke of St. Alban's, some one was predicting that negro emancipation would be followed by a general massacre of the white population. At this moment a sudden gust of wind filled the room with soot. "Your worst fears are verified," said Horace, turning to the speaker. "Behold an insurrection of the blacks." The demise of the crown caused a general election. Captain, afterwards Sir George Pechell, was a candidate for Brighton. During the contest he broke his leg, and by the accident was saved from many awkward questions of the electors respecting his future votes. I dined with Smith on the day he, Pechell, was returned to Parliament. "What are Pechell's politics?" I inquired of my host. "Oh, Whig, decidedly," was the answer. "Why Whig?" I asked. "Because he is at the head of the poll." "His broken leg," I observed, "has served him in good stead." "It was," replied Horace, "the only leg he had to stand upon."

[1838.] Appointed Groom-in-waiting to the Queen.

One of my first duties was to attend Her Majesty to Westminster on the morning of her coronation.

It was during one of my tours of waiting, that the King and Queen of the Belgians were guests at Windsor Castle. Her Belgian Majesty's *dame d'atour*, Madame d'Hoogvoorst, expressed a great desire to see the widow of Charles Fox. Accordingly, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Mr. George Byng, Comptroller of the Household, now Earl of Strafford, and I, accompanied her to St. Anne's Hill. We experienced a most cordial reception. Our hostess, who lived very nearly a century, was in her ninety-third year, but still hale and handsome. She insisted upon showing us all over the house herself, pointing, among other things, to the tiny table on which Mr. Fox wrote his "James II." We all underwent a close scrutiny. When she came to George Byng, she said musingly, "Ay, good looking enough, but not so handsome as old George," meaning Byng's uncle and namesake, who represented Middlesex in her husband's lifetime. I reminded Mrs. Fox of my games of trap-ball with the statesman. She well remembered

the circumstance, and explained that when the swelling in Mr. Fox's legs prevented him from walking, she used to encourage him to play this game with children, as a means to taking exercise; "but," added she, "he required no encouragement from me, for you know, my dear, how fond he was of you all." I now learned that the Duke of Bedford was another of the boys with whom Fox had been in the habit of playing trap-ball.

We spoiled our dinners by a sumptuous luncheon. A profusion of costly wines was placed on the table. The butler, nearly as old as his mistress, kept constantly filling her glass. "If you don't take care," said the Duke of Bedford to him, "you will make the old lady quite tipsy." "And what if I do?" was the reply; "she can never be so in better company." Turning round to the old man, the Duke inquired whether there were many Tories in the neighborhood. "Please your Grace," was the reply, "we're eat up with them."

[1840.] *February 10th.*—I was in attendance upon the Queen on the occasion of her marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. After the ceremony, I accompanied the Royal pair to Windsor.

On the 21st of November of the same year, I had the honor of being presented by her father to the Princess Royal of England, now Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Prussia, that illustrious lady being at the time scarcely eight-and-forty hours old.

[1841.] In August this year, Lord Melbourne sent in his resignation. Mine followed as a matter of course, and thus my court life was brought to a close. In November I was promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy by the Brevet, in honor of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

I have now been for some years a full General, but my military career came virtually to an end at the time that I was *shelved* by an unattached majority.

[1849-51.] By the death of my father in November, 1849, my brother, Augustus, Lord Bury, became fifth Earl of Albemarle, and he dying in March, 1857, I succeeded to the family title and estates.

[1851.] The principal event of the year was the visit of

the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London in answer to an invitation to them from the Préfet de la Seine and the Municipal Body of the French Metropolis, in acknowledgment of the hospitalities which their countrymen had experienced the preceding year during the London International Exhibition.

A card was one day put into my hand inviting the Duke of Albemarle to be of the party. As no one had held that title for a hundred and seventy years, I thought that the representative of the Albemarle of the Revolution might fairly stand in the place of the Albemarle of the Restoration. So I wrote to the Préfet an acceptance of the proffered honor.

We, the guests, left London on Friday, the 1st of August. On board the steamer which conveyed us across all were strangers to me except Mr. James Wortley, a brother of Lord Wharnecliffe, Privy Councillor and Recorder of London, but better known to me as the *primo tenore* of the Hatfield House Theatrical Company of former days. A sudden lurch of the vessel nearly threw my friend off his balance. "Keep your luff, Jim," I called out, to the surprise of the municipals, who stood aghast at any one addressing so grave a functionary as their chief criminal judge in so familiar a style.

A rough passage produced its usual effects, especially upon such of our fellow-passengers as came from the East-end of London, who had been in the habit of faring sumptuously every day.

At Boulogne we were received on the quay by the *élite* of the town. Passing under a series of triumphal arches, expressive of the *entente cordiale* existing between the two countries, we arrived at the Buffet of the Railway Embarcadère. Here we sat down to a sumptuous repast. It is almost superfluous to say that we acquitted ourselves like Englishmen; and, by the aid of *pâté de foie gras*, washed down by champagne, amply indemnified ourselves for our late discomforts at sea. One luxury, of which there was a goodly supply, remained untasted, to the manifest surprise of our entertainers—some old Jamaica rum—of which they fully believed that we English, of whatever rank or sex, were in the habit of partaking of as freely as they do their *vin ordinaire*.

On our arrival at Paris, Sir William Musgrove, the Lord Mayor, was carried off in great state to the Hôtel de Ville, while we, his suite, as we were considered, became inmates of the Hôtel Meurice.

I regret that I did not make a collection of the French daily records of this first week in August, as they would show in what light the office of Lord Mayor of London was viewed by our neighbors. They evidently considered this functionary to stand in the same relation to our sovereign as did the Maires du Palais in the olden times to the Carolingian kings.

Lord Russell tells me that when, as a young man, the present Lord Romilly visited Paris, and at a time when he was giving promise of making a figure at the bar, some French friend said to him, "To what dignities may you not aspire. You may become Lord Chancellor, or even," added he, "Lord Mayor of London."

The few newspapers to which I have had access describing our visit, though they do not make any special reference to the social or political *status* of our metropolitan chief magistrate, show the impression his appearance produced upon the Parisians. The *Journal des Débats*, describing a visit which the Lord Mayor paid to the Legislative Assembly, says: "Le très honorable Sir Charles Musgrove, Baronet, paraît être âgé de soixante ans environ. Sa physionomie inspire déférence et respect. Jusqu'ici nous pouvons dire, aucun prince étranger n'a été reçu avec autant d'honneur que le Lord Maire dans l'Assemblée Législative de France."

Another journal, speaking of "La Seigneurie," when about to return to England, states that from "la physionomie franche et ouverte du très honorable Sir Charles Musgrove on pourrait dire d'avance les bons et loyaux sentiments."

August 2d.—Our entertainments began by a grand banquet given by the Préfet de la Seine. We went in a sort of procession from Meurice's to the Hotel de Ville. We were saluted on our way by occasional greetings of welcome from the adult population, but we did not seem to be so much in favor with the little *gamins*, who showed their democratic proclivities by the shrill cry of "*A bas les aristos !*"

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The dinner, such as no other capital in the world could produce, was given in the apartment in which Robespierre received the wound which was still bleeding when it became his turn to pass under the knife of the guillotine. Our personal appearance at the feast was not such as to favorably dispose towards us so dressy a people as the French. By the stupidity, or, as some would have it, by the spitefulness of some Anglo-hating *douanier* at Boulogne, the luggage of many of our countrymen did not reach Paris until after the dinner hour. While some of the aldermen were habited in paletots and shooting-jackets, others wore their gowns of office. These last did not escape the *humeur moqueuse* of our hosts, who inquired what offence these poor gentlemen had committed to be compelled to wear robes of fur on such a piping hot day in August. The Lord Mayor's postillion attracted universal attention. He wore his state livery. The short, tailless jacket was one mass of gold lace. The richly bullioned cap was surmounted by a gilt semi-lion almost as large as its wearer. "Who is he?" inquired everyone. A Frenchman, who pretended to be well qualified to answer, said it was the "Lord Mayor's *Chasseur*, who attended Sa Seigneurie on all his hunting expeditions."

The health of the guests was gracefully proposed by the Préfet, and that it was as gracefully acknowledged, it is only necessary to say that Lord Granville was our spokesman.

August 3d.—The programme for this day was "Les grandes eaux de Versailles." As this was no new sight to me I did not go. Those who did came back in the worst possible temper. Armed with their tickets of admission, they presented themselves at the garden at the appointed time. But no! no one could be allowed to enter before the arrival of "Le grand Lord Maire d'Angleterre." For two mortal hours city magnates "who had passed the chair" were kept kicking their heels outside the garden gates.

August 4th.—A *déjeuner à la fourchette*, given by the President of the Republic, Prince Louis^e Napoleon, at the Château de St. Cloud. When I first visited this same Château two Prussian sentries stood before the door, and Field-Marshal Prince Blucher was the self-constituted tenant. I was present-

ed to the President by our Ambassador, Lord Normanby. His Imperial Highness was very civil, and walked with me some little time about the pleasure-grounds. He expressed his satisfaction at receiving my countrymen at a time when Paris was in such a state of tranquillity. "You see, Lord Albemarle," he added, "we can do very well without revolutions."

August 5th.—Review of the troops in the Champ de Mars. Grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville. I was present at neither. I went instead to the theatre, where I was told I should see Frenchmen enjoy a hearty laugh at their own expense. The piece was an extravaganza, entitled "*Les Caméléons ; ou, soixante ans en soixante minutes, en six Tableaux et demi.*"

By way of prologue, the god Proteus appears as cicerone to a sort of Prince Rasselas from the Happy Valley on a visit to a people especially under the influence of that sea-deity. This introduces the "*Premier Tableaux*," which is intended to represent the Court of Louis XVI. The walls of the royal apartment, which are adorned with silver fleur-de-lis, are white—the first hue of the *Caméléons*. The courtiers also are in white from top to toe. They are all on pleasure bent, and are singing and dancing, without bestowing one thought on the morrow.

"Du présent il faut jouir. Rions de l'avenir," when lo! "*le deuxième Tableau*" (First French Revolution). Scene—Paris. On every house is inscribed "Prison." The white courtiers have become Red Republicans, and their features undergo as complete a transformation as their dress. The dance of pleasure is changed into that of the *Carmagnole*. "*Nous sommes libres*," cries one. "*Oui*," responded the rest. "*Egaulx ?*" "*Oui.*" "*Frères ?*" "*Nous sommes frères.*" They now say simultaneously, "*Mon frère, tu m'es suspect.*" Each grasps his neighbor furiously by the collar and sings like a maniac a *vau-deville*, the burden of which is,—

"En prison
Toute la nation."

They have all dragged each other off to prison, with the exception of a fat little *Caméléon*, who, having nobody else to lay

hold of, exclaims, "Je me suis suspect," seizes his own throat, and carries himself off to the air of

"En prison."

"Troisième Tableau" (First Empire). Scene—an open field—a camp in the background. Grouped as trophies are the flags of all the nations of Europe (that of England alone excepted).

The Caméléons have become tricolores. They wear the uniform of the Grenadiers of the Old Imperial Guard, They have a thorough *blasé* air. By way of passing the time, it is suggested that they should take some capital city. A map is brought. "Let us take Amsterdam," "We took that last night." "Madrid!" "C'est gentil à prendre." "We took Madrid the first thing this morning. But how stupid of us!" says one of them, "we have forgotten Berlin." To a soldier—"Va, prendre Berlin!" "And then Vienna! How droll nobody ever thought of Vienna!" To another soldier—"Va, prendre Vienne." The first soldier comes back. "Nous avons conquis la Prusse." The second, "Nous avons conquis l'Autriche." The preceding speaker then says with a yawn, "Since we have no more kingdoms to conquer, nothing is left us but to repose on our laurels; but first let us raise a memorial to our achievements." The Caméléons throw their firelocks into a large cauldron, from which there straightway rises a representation of the column in the Place Vendôme.

"Quatrième Tableau" (Restoration of the elder Bourbons). Scene—The fleur-de-lis apartment. Here we have a crown and sceptre, a large genealogical tree, ribands and decorations of the order of St. Louis. The band plays royalist airs. A *vau-deville* is sung, of which the refrain is,—

"aujourd'hui certain
Le droit divin."

The Caméléons are first black, implying that the Church party has regained its ascendancy, but they afterwards resume the white.

"Tableau cinquième" (the Orleans Dynasty). This scene is

a squib on the wholesale stock-jobbing which marked the reign of Louis Philippe. The Caméléons are blazing in gold and silver. The conversation turns wholly on scrip. Fortune, blind-folded and standing on a wheel, passes and repasses over the stage. "We are rolling in riches," is the cry; "but we want a change. Let us have a radical reform, and celebrate it by a banquet." A table is drawn across the stage. Fortune appears for a moment; her wheel makes a retrograde movement; and the table suddenly changes into a barricade. This brings us to

"Tableau sixième (the anarchy of 1848). Scene—a street in Paris. The street-lamps smashed to pieces, columns overthrown, trees cut down, "Maison à vendre" on every house. The Caméléons once more. Red Republicans pass repeatedly to and fro. To make confusion worse confounded, the *rappel* is continually beating to arms. The Caméléons have assumed one or other of the colors of the rainbow. One runs against the other. "Pardon Monsieur," "Je ne m'appelle pas Monsieur," "Pardon, Citoyen, what is the name of this place?" It is "La Place de Louis XV.," cries one. "Pardon, c'est la Place de la Révolution," says another. "Pardon c'est la Place de la Concorde," says a third. "It is now high time that—" here the actor looks towards the prompter, who, after a considerable row, is dragged out of his eggshell, and shows a blank page. The audience is angrily addressed from all parts of the house. The author is called for and appears in the form of a small boy, who tells the audience that the history of the Caméléons stops there, but without committing himself, ventures to hope that he may be soon able to announce "le plus heureux dénouement." Four months later was the famous "Coup d'Etat."

The next day we, the British Municipals, had the honor of meeting the Prince President at our Ambassador's in the Rue St. Honoré. Between two trees in the garden there had been a child's swing. The transverse bar and the ropes still remained. Bernal Osborne, pointing first to the ropes, and then to the sheriffs who stood beneath in their gold chains, asked me in a loud whisper whether he had not been invited to a hanging match.

[1852.] At the request of Lord Lansdowne, I consented to move the Address in the House of Lords. On the 3rd of February as I was ruminating upon the Royal speech, of which mine was to be the echo, I received the Queen's commands to carry the cap of maintenance on the approaching ceremonial of Her Majesty's opening Parliament in person, the Marquess of Winchester, the hereditary bearer having been prevented by indisposition from attendance. Although I arrived at the Palace of Westminster, a good hour before the time, the Duke of Wellington, whose office it was to carry the sword of state in the same ceremonial, had preceded me, so the hour was most agreeably spent in a *tête-à-tête* with the illustrious veteran.

This was the last public pageant in which he took a part.

The next time I saw the Field-Marshal was on the 15th of June, at No. 6 Tilney Street, on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Newark, now Earl Manvers, with Georgiana de Franquetot, daughter of the Duc de Coigny. It was the house I had so well known when Mrs. Fitzherbert was the occupant, and recalled to mind the time when I was seated on the Prince of Wales's knee. The extreme heat of the room sent me to the balcony. The Duke of Wellington came there soon afterwards. We exchanged our reminiscences of the former occupant of the house, in which we were guests. The recollection of the very curious employment in which he had been jointly engaged with my father, greatly amused him.

This was the last wedding at which the Duke was present. That same afternoon, I remember seeing him at the House of Lords with the wedding favor in his button hole, and hearing him address a few words to the House. This was the last speech he made in Parliament.

Three days later I was the Duke's guest at the Waterloo banquet.

On the three preceding anniversaries of the battle I had seated myself at the lower end of the room, as the junior officer present, and was about to do so again, when the Duke sent Lord Fitzroy Somerset to place me opposite himself. We dined that day off a superb China service given to the Duke by the King of Prussia, Frederick William III., each plate

having special reference to some event in the great captain's life, beginning with Eton College and ending with Waterloo. His Grace, who appeared in excellent health and spirits, hoped that he should have the pleasure of seeing us there again the following year. On his right hand sat the Neapolitan Minister, Prince Castelcicala. Under the title of Count Ruffo he had served at Waterloo as a lieutenant in the Enniskillen Dragoons. In Siborne's list he appears among the killed, but there he sat that evening in *propria persona*. "I will give you," said His Grace, "the health of an illustrious foreigner whom I had the honor of having under my command at Waterloo, Prince, Prince—" here he stopped. We all knew whom he meant, but did not dare to prompt him. At last Lord Sandys, who, as Lord Arthur Hill, had been his senior aide-de-camp in the action, called out "The Field-Marshal gives the health of Prince Castelcicala." "Exactly so," said the Duke, "that's the name, Prince Castelcicala." These are the last words I ever heard him utter.

This was the Duke's last Waterloo banquet. We sat down to dinner, eighty-four in number. Of these, General Sir Charles Yorke, Constable of the Tower, General Lord Rokeby, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and I, are the survivors.

In the November of that year I was present at the Duke's funeral.

[1853.] I was witness to a curious scene in the House of Lords, on the 25th of April of this year, and as a very imperfect account of it is given in Hansard, I offer my version. The debate was on the Clergy Reserves in the Canada Bill. The Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce) in making some quotation, smiled. This gave offence to Lord Derby. The Bishop admitted the smile, but denied any intention thereby of imputing anything offensive.

Lord Derby: "I accept at once the explanation that has been offered by the Right Reverend Prelate, but when he tells me that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive, because he has a smiling face, he will forgive me if I quote in his presence from a well-known writer, without intending in the least to apply the words to him :

"A man may smile and smile and be a villain."

Lord Clarendon : [in a voice of thunder.] " Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! "

Lord Derby : " What noble peer is it whose nerves are so delicate as to be wounded by a hackneyed quotation ? "

Lord Clarendon : " I am that peer, and protest against any noble Lord applying even in the language of poetry, the epithet of villain to any Member in the House, most of all the use of such an expression by a lay peer towards a Right Reverend Prelate. "

Peacemakers rose on both sides of the House. The reporters had left the gallery, the House was proceeding to a division. Lord Clarendon poured out a glass of water and drank it off. Lord Derby at the same time filled another bumper of water and called out across the table, " Your good health, Clarendon ; " and so the affair ended.

Lord Derby was probably not aware that the same quotation from " Hamlet " had, more than fifty years before produced a somewhat similar scene in the House of Commons. My authority was the late Sir Robert Adair, who was present. The contending parties were Tierney and Pitt, who had fought a duel a short time before. Tierney was addressing the House. Pitt smiled contemptuously, upon which Tierney said, " The Right Honorable Gentleman smiles, but need I remind him ' that a man may smile and smile — ' " here he paused. " Take the fellow message from me, " cried Pitt to one of his followers ; but before the bearer of the hostile mission could reach the opposition benches, Tierney added, " and yet be a minister. " So the affair ended in a laugh instead of a duel.

I dined in this summer with Lord and Lady John Russel at Pembroke Lodge. My fellow guests were Sir George and Lady Grey, who, with myself, were invited to meet Mrs. Beecher Stowe. We severally did our best to amuse the authoress of " Uncle Tom's Cabin, " a work which was at this time making a *furor* in London. " Depend upon it, " whispered Lady Grey to me after dinner, " we shall all be down in the next book. " So we were. For my own part I am well satisfied with the figure I cut in " Sunny Memories. " Amongst other things, I am given credit for some characteristic and

comical stories about the Duke of Wellington. One of these I remember, and as it amused Mrs. Beecher Stowe, it may have the same success with my readers. It is a squib on the autocratic manner in which the Iron Duke used to carry on duty in the latter years of his command.

Sitting next a lady at dinner who had a smelling-bottle containing musk, the Duke, according to my story, said to her, "In India, ladies put musk rats into their smelling-bottles." "They must be very small rats then," observed the lady. "Not at all, about the size of English rats." Then their smelling-bottles are very large." "Not at all, no bigger than yours." When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to the lady, "You now see the sort of difficulties we have at the Horse Guards; we are required to put very large rats into very small bottles."

In the course of the conversation I said jokingly to Mrs. Stowe, that in England a man might as soon kill a man as a fox. Here are Mrs. Stowe's comments upon that observation: "At dinner the conversation turned upon hunting. I told Lord Albemarle that I thought the idea of a whole concourse of strong men turning out to hunt a fox or a hare—creatures so feeble and insignificant, and who could do nothing to help themselves—was hardly consistent with manliness, that if they had some of our Indian buffaloes, the affair would be something more dignified and generous. Thereupon they all laughed, and told stories of fox hunters. It seems that killing a fox except in the way of hunting is deemed among hunters an unpardonable offence, and a man who has the misfortune to do it, would be almost as unwilling to let it be known as if he had killed a man."

[1854.] It does not often fall to the lot of a man to be one of a dinner party of five, in which there should be two nonagenarians. Yet such was my case, when, in the summer of 1854, I took my cousin, Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist, to dine with Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet. The late Duke and Duchess of Bedford completed our quintette. The conversation at dinner turned upon the authorship of "Junius." Everyone assigned it to Sir Philip Francis. I happened to be the only

one at table who had not been personally acquainted with that gentleman. The others had all met him at Woburn in the time of the fifth and sixth Dukes of Bedford. "How," I asked Rogers, "could a man accept the hospitalities of sons whose fathers he had so maligned?" I was answered that he was fond of good company and good cheer, and he was sure to find both at the Abbey. Of his love of the pleasures of the table the poet gave us a sample. At a city feast, Francis sat next a gentleman who was slowly enjoying some turtle soup, evidently reserving a large lump of green fat for a *bonne bouche*. Sir Philip looked upon the process for some moments with an envious eye. At last he seized the delicious morsel with his fork and transferred it to his mouth. He then gave the stranger his card, saying, "Sir, I am ready to make you the most ample apology, or to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, but I must say you had no right to throw such a temptation in my way." The citizen, much as he loved calipash, loved life more, and was content to accept the first of the alternatives.

Rogers and Adair died the next year, and within a few months of each other.

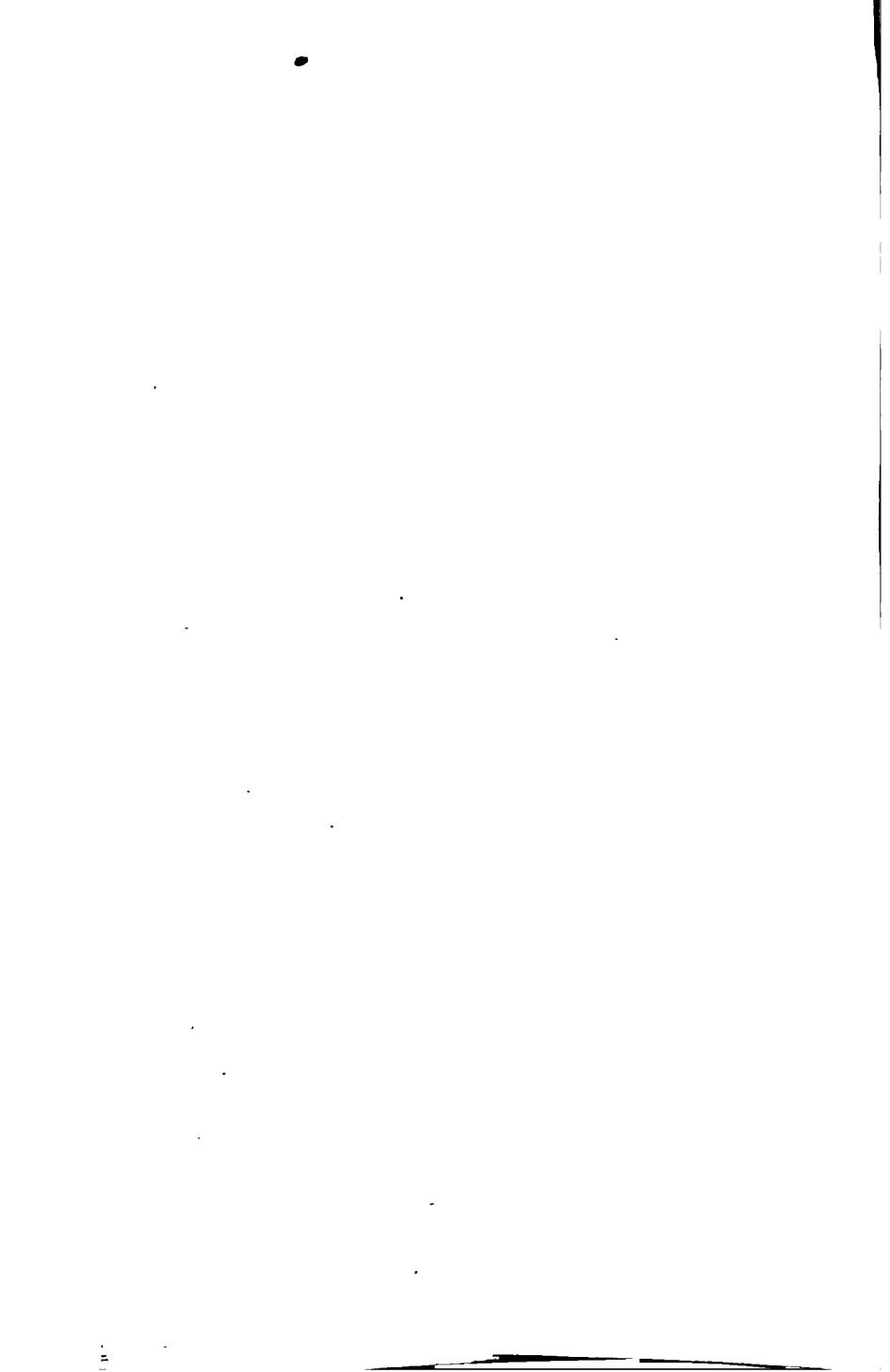
The date of this last item in my autobiography reminds me that I have reached the period to which on embarking on this task, I purposed to restrict my labors. It is, I think, therefore, high time for me to lay down my pen, and my readers who have had the patience to accompany me thus far, have probably arrived at the same conclusion.



THE FAMILY



OF KEPPEL



APPENDIX.

THE KEPPELS OF GUELDERLAND.

ON the right bank of the River Issel is a country called Zutphen or South Fen. This tract of land is the birthplace of the Keppel family. It formed part of a county in that kingdom of Saxony, which, in the year 839, the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire allotted to his son Lothaire. The county comprised much of the land lying between the Issel and the Ems, from which latter river, the Amasius of the Roman writers, it was called by the Latin name of Amasia, and by the Teutonic one of Hameland or Hamarland.¹ In proportion as the feudal system gained a footing on the right bank of the Rhine, so the land-marks of this Saxon kingdom disappeared.

The last public document in which mention is made of the county of Hameland bears date 1080, and has special reference to Zutphen—our family cradle.

Early in the twelfth century—exact date unknown—Gerhard of Nassau, Count of Guelder, married Hermengaard, Countess of Zutphen. Hendrik, their son, succeeded to the titles of both parents—but that of his mother brought with it no other accession of property than the *town* of Zutphen. Thus he used to style himself “Ego Henricus divinâ gratiâ, legitimus hæres *oppidi* Sutphaniensis.” The county of Zutphen was the property of seven equestrian chiefs or dynasties (*dynasten*), whom Van Spaen thus enumerates:—Van Bronckhorst, Van Borculo, Van Wisch, Van Bredefoort, Van Anholt, and Van Keppel.

It is from the last mentioned of these knights that our family claims its descent. These seven imperial vassals were, we are told by Van Spaen, wholly independent of the Counts of Guelder and Zutphen, and exercised exactly the same jurisdiction in their respective domains as the Sovereign Counts did in theirs.²

¹ *Regnum Saxonie* cum archis (marchis) suis ducatum Frisie usque ad Mosam, *comitatum Hamarland* comitatum Batavorum, comitatum Testrabenticum Doristada, &c.—*Ann Bertin* ad Ann. 839.

² VAN SPAEN'S “*Inleiding tot de Historie van Gelderland*,” vol. i. pp. 167-8.

Surnames were unknown in the Low Countries before the middle of the twelfth century, and our ancestor was probably among the first to make this addition to his baptismal appellation. In conformity with the custom of the period, he called himself after the spot on which his principal castle was built, and transmitted the name to his posterity.

Keppel, the site of our founders' *Hoofdsloot*, is a well-wooded islet in the Issel, about a mile long, and half a mile wide; it lies a little below the spot where that river forms a junction with the Aa (Alpha), and is a couple of miles to the north of Duisburg, a town on the Issel, formerly fortified, but dismantled by Napoleon when he overran Holland. The locality has been described by a mediæval poet—one Hubert of Nymegen.

Annatat antiquus Duisburgi mœnia fluctus
Isala¹ quem nitidis innatat Alpha² vades
Fontem Westfalici³ educit tractibus Alpha
Jugera Velævi⁴ divide radit aquâ
Cominus audenti *Keppelinum*⁵ gurgite lambis
Mœni *Duisburgi* cominus alter ferit
Hic novus et senior conjungunt Isala fauces
Junior et patulo digerit ore senem.

Duisburg deserves a passing notice. The name is a corruption of the words "Drusi," "burgus"—or Drusus town, so-called as standing at the mouth of that canal, the Fossa Drusiana of Tacitus (*Ann.* ii. 16), by which Drusus, the Roman General, diverted some of the waters of the Rhine from their natural westerly course, and caused them to flow in a northerly direction, and thereby procure for his countrymen access to the North Sea.

M. Nyhoff, who has written a treatise on the Lords and Lordship of Keppel⁶, is of opinion that upon Keppel Island was one of those fifty *castra* or entrenched camps which the Romans erected upon the banks of the Rhine and of its tributaries.

The conjecture is, I think, reasonable. So important an undertaking must have needed the personal superintendence of its projector, and some protection from the attacks of a warlike and hostile population, those "*Batavi truces*," nearly the only people whom the Romans could not bring entirely into subjection.

But the work begun by Drusus was completed by his son Germanicus. Hence it is just possible that Keppel Island

¹ The Issel.

² The Aa.

³ Westphalia.

⁴ The Veluwe.

⁵ Keppel Island.

⁶ NYHOFF'S "*Heeren en Heerlykheden van Keppel*," 1856.

may have been the head-quarters of one, if not two, Roman armies.

Of all the works of ancient Rome, there are probably few that have proved of such lasting usefulness as this Fossa Drusiana. When I first came in sight of the canal, a steamboat was paddling down stream on its way to Duisburg.

The first member of the family of whom we have any authentic record is Walter, Lord of Keppel, a knight who flourished in the twelfth century.

It appears that one Franco, a learned monk, owned a small plot of ground in the neighborhood of Doetinchem, a town belonging to the said Walter. While debating to what use he should apply this possession, there appeared to him, in a dream, as he says, some one who, pointing to the 132d Psalm, told him to build thereon a habitation to the Lord. In obedience to the vision he erected a wooden chapel [*ligncum sacellum*], which was dedicated to the Virgin and duly consecrated by Baldwin, Bishop of Utrecht. Shortly afterwards Franco caused it to be represented to the Pope that a second edifice, of more lasting material than wood, should be erected on the spot. His Holiness approved of the suggestion. The triple crown was then worn by Alexander the Third, the avenger of Thomas à Beckett's murder. Frederick the First, better known by his surname Barbarossa, himself the mightiest temporal prince in Europe, had just arrived from throwing himself at the feet of that haughty Prelate, and holding the bridle of his white palfrey. Acting upon a wish expressed by the Pontiff, the Emperor desired that the monk's suggestion should be carried out. Accordingly on Franco's plot of ground, Walter, Lord of Keppel, founded the monastery of Bethlehem, which was occupied by friars of the Augustine order. This religious house, nearly the oldest in Zutphen, was in after times richly endowed by the sovereigns and nobles of Guelderland.¹

The foundations of the monastery were laid in the year 1179, and the building must have been completed shortly before the setting forth of that crusade [1188], of which Barbarossa was the leader, and in which Philip Augustus of France and Richard Cœur de Lion of England bore such distinguished parts.

I have no proof to offer, but I am inclined to believe that this Walter accompanied his sovereign lord in that expedition. So pious a son of the Church, even if his "knight service" had not compelled him to do so, would hardly have absented

¹ SLIGHTENHORST, "Geschichte van Gelderland." PONTANI, "Historia Gelrensis."

himself from this "Holy War," and I can in no other way account for the well-known Crusaders' device of the escallop shells, which, as the public documents of Guelderland fully show, the Keppels have borne on their escutcheon from the first establishment of heraldic distinctions in that country.

"The family of Keppel," says Edmondson, "is one of the oldest and most distinguished of the nobility of Guelderland; and the family castle is as considerable for its antiquity as for its great privileges."¹

Of the privileges of the castle and of its reverses I would say a few words.

Two proclamations were issued by the Emperor Charles the Fourth, on the 14th of April, 1361. By the first, the village dependent upon the castle was raised to the dignity of a town (*oppidum*). By the other, the newly-constituted town was entitled to hold weekly markets and an annual fair.

During the intestine wars of Guelderland, in the sixteenth century, the castle was twice burned down, once in 1509, and again in 1584. The more modern superstructure was, as is seen by the date on its walls, raised in 1613; but the apartments on the basement story occupied by the family of the present owner of the castle afford unmistakable evidence, by their groined ceilings, and other indications, that they formed part of the ancient building.

In the struggles of the Dutch against their Spanish oppressors, the castle became alternatively the strong-hold of the insurgents and of the troops of Philip the Second. When in 1672 Louis the Fourteenth invaded Holland, he held his Court in the castle of Keppel. It was here that His Most Christian Majesty received those overtures from the Dutch Commissioners that led to the assassination of the two de Witts.²

The castle continued in the male line for nearly two centuries. In 1330 the second Walter, Lord of Keppel, having no son, it descended to the husband of his daughter Beatrix—one Roderrick, Lord of Voorst—a powerful robber knight of the period. The castle again passed in the female line to the van Asperens, in 1403, and in the same manner to the van Pallandts, with whom it now remains. The last-named family, when I last visited Holland, was represented by Baron Adolf van Pallandt,³ of whose hospitalities to me, his kinsman, in the old family castle, I retain a grateful recollection.

The nature of the great privileges attached to the owner-

¹ EDMONDSON'S "Genealogy of the Keppel Family."

² NYHOFF'S "Heereen en Heerlykheden van Keppel."

³ Baron Adolph died in 1874.

ship of the castle of Keppel may be summed up in one word: it was an "*Allodium*."¹ By virtue of this tenure the Lord of Keppel possessed unlimited sway over his subjects. In him centered the civil and criminal jurisdiction. He either dispensed justice in person or through a judge (*judex villicus*) of his own appointing. He issued proclamations, he made peace or war on his own account; he had the right to hunt deer or wild boar in the sovereign preserves of the Veluwe; had extensive fisheries in the Issel; allowed no corn in the district to be ground except at the castle water mill; levied a toll upon all merchandise passing over or under his bridge on its way to the market of Duisburg. He considered himself politically equal to the Count of Guelder. If he allowed him any social pre-eminence it was only as "*primus inter pares*." Nor would he assist that prince in time of war unless admitted to a share in the administration of affairs in time of peace, thus acting upon the old feudal maxim—

"Wenn wir nicht mit Rathen,
Sollen wir nicht mit Thaten.

[1227.] In the family genealogy mention is made of Derek van Keppel, who, in 1227, was killed in the battle near Aue, between the Bishop of Utrecht and the Lord of Coerverden, and supposed to have been the brother of Walter van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde, from whom the English branch are lineally descended. The account of that action gives such a picture of "the times" of my early ancestors, that I give it a place in the family history.

In 1227, Otto van der Lippe, Bishop of Utrecht, having first consigned the care of his territorial possessions to Roderick, Lord of Coerverden, went to Palestine as a soldier of the Cross. On his return he found Roderick, his custodian, by no means disposed to restore to him the land which had been placed in his keeping. The Bishop, like his predecessors and successors in the see, was as much a soldier as a priest. He resolved to compel a restitution by force of arms, and summoned his friends to his assistance. Gerhard, Count of Guelder, among others, obeyed the call of his spiritual lord. Attended by his nobles, knights, and vassals, he ranged himself under the banner of the warlike prelate, who

¹ *Allodium*. A possession held in absolute independence, without any acknowledgment of a lord paramount; it is opposed to *fee* or *feudum*, which intimates some kind of dependence. There are no allodial lands in England, all being held either mediately or immediately of the king—JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

led the troops in person. As his army approached the castle of Coerverden they found that every preparation had been made for its defence. Roderick, a strategist after a fashion, wishing to impress his assailants with the notion that he had a considerable body of cavalry at his disposal, collected within the walls of the castle a number of brood mares, which being separated from their foals, kept up an incessant neighing during the night. The next morning, the Episcopalian troops perceived the enemy drawn up in order of battle before the castle, and at the edge of a morass; wearing no other defensive armor than a helmet and breastplate. The Bishop and his allies rushed impetuously to the attack, but being clad in heavy armor, and unacquainted with the passes of the bog, they stuck so fast in the mire that they tried to extricate themselves in vain. The rebels gained a complete and easy victory. The Count of Guelder was taken prisoner and confined for a whole year in the castle of Coerverden. Among the slain was, as has been already mentioned, Derek van Keppel.¹ A terrible fate awaited the bishop. The captors of the prelate seem to have thought that his tonsure was inseparable from his sacred office, and that if this could be removed they might do with him as they listed, without incurring the crime of sacrilege. Accordingly, they scalped him with their swords. The unfortunate prelate lingered six days after this barbarous treatment before death put an end to his sufferings. His body was thrown into the bog and trampled under foot by his conquerors. A quaint epitaph in Leonine verses² records his disaster and its date:

"Lippia me pavit. Trajectum pontificavit
Tandem sors nocuit, quia me Cæverdia stravit.
Annis bisdenis septenis mille ducentes
Ad vada vaccinæ patitur miseranda ruina
Bernard Tyronis in festo Pantaleonis."

The sequel remains to be told. Pope Gregory the Ninth, furious at the outrage offered to a dignitary of the Church, caused a crusade to be despatched against the Lord of Coerverden, who, as on the former occasion, was prepared to offer a formidable resistance. His enemies, however, unable to take him by force, held out to him the promise of a pardon. Inveigled by their assurance the Lord of Coerverden surrendered himself into their hands, and—faith was not to be kept with such a sacrilegious wretch—he was immediately broken

¹ "Inter quos numerantur." Here follows a list of the killed, in which occurs the name "Didericus de Keppel."—DUNBAR'S "Analecta," p. 229.

² *Leonine* verses, which are rhymed as well as accented, *e. g.*, the epitaph on St. Bede, beginning, "Continet hæc fossa Bedæ venerabilis ossa."

on the wheel; and his body left there to rot, as that of a common malefactor.

[1329.] The seal of which a *facsimile* is given in the title page, belonged to the second Walter, Lord of Keppel, great-grandson of the founder. In his right hand is a drawn sword chained to his waist, as is seen in the seals of Edward the Third of England, of whom he was a cotemporary. He bears on his shield three escallop shells, and the trappings of his horse are also covered with the same device. The seal bears round the rim the Roman capital letters.

S (*igillum*) WOLTERI, D (*omini*) KEPPEL MILITIS.¹

The deed to which this seal is attached bears date the Eve of our Lady, 1329, and surrenders to a religious brotherhood of Utrecht a church belonging to Walter van Keppel at Dremethe, in exchange for one at Hummel in the immediate neighborhood of his castle. One copy of this seal is in the English Heralds' College; another in Butken's "*Maison de Lynden*." The historian of the Lynden family points to it as a "*signe évident de l'éminente hauteur de ceste maison, puisque cela n'était permis qu'à de seigneurs qui alloient à égale avec les comtes et seigneurs souverains.*"²

This second Walter Van Keppel was a councillor of Reynald the First and Reynald the Second respectively Sovereigns of Guelder, at the end of the 13th and the beginning of the 14th centuries. Froissart tell us how the latter of these Counts having squandered his patrimony in shows and tournaments was advised by his uncle, the Archbishop of Cologne, to repair his fortunes by marrying a rich heiress. In accordance with this shrewd counsel Reynald espoused Sophia, daughter of Floris Van Berthout, of Malines, and was thereby enabled not only to pay his debts, but to buy considerable tracts of land. Not long after Sophia's death, which happened in 1329, he was enabled to aspire to the hand of no less a lady than that of Eleanor of England, sister of Edward the Third. The nuptials between Reynald and the Princess were celebrated in 1331. The seal of Theodoricus (Derek) de Keppel is attached with those of other "*nobiles providos et discretos viros*," to Eleanor's marriage settlements, and his name again appears as one of her Councillors after she became a widow. In 1339 Guelder was converted into a duchy, in compliance with the request of Edward the Third of England to Louis of Bavaria,

¹ The seal of Walter, Lord of Keppel, Knight.

² BUTKEN'S "*de Lynden*," p. 361. Like the Sovereign Counts of Guelder, the issuer of the Proclamation, in speaking of himself, uses the plural number of the personal pronoun. "*Wy, Wolter, Ridder, Heer van Keppel*" "*We, Walter, knight, Lord of Keppel.*"

Emperor of Germany. It was the smallest state in Europe that had ever risen to such a dignity. The advancement greatly altered the social relations of the nobles towards their Sovereign. The possessors of allodial estates felt constrained to surrender them to the new Duke, and to receive them back as fiefs. Although no longer equals, but vassals, they still showed a dogged determination to resist any encroachments on their privileges, and to claim as before a full share in the administration of public affairs.

In 1423, the ducal chair became vacant ; there were several competitors. The nobles declared in favor of Arnold van Egmond ; a worse choice they could hardly have made. In a tolerably long reign he managed to embroil himself with Emperor and Pope, with the neighboring Princes, with his relations, including his wife and son, and with his own vassals. In 1436, Derek van Keppel, Lord of Verwold (from whom the English branch of the family is lineally descended), was present at a general Convention of the nobles of Guelderland, held at Nymeguen. The object of this assembly was to intimate to Duke Arnold that unless he redressed the grievances of which they complained, they would cease to do him homage.

After more than twenty years' forbearance of Duke Arnold's misrule, the nobles took up arms against him, having for their leader his son Adolf, a youth of about twenty years of age. A little later we hear of young Adolf making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On his way home he pays a visit to the court of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, where he is invested with the golden fleece, and by the aid of Philip's son, Count de Charolais (afterwards Charles the Bold), obtains the hand of the Countess of Charolais' sister, Katharine of Bourbon. On his return to Guelder he seeks the forgiveness of his father. With a countenance expressive of the deepest remorse, he throws himself at the old man's feet and promises amendment. As an earnest of pardon, the Duke agrees to pass the Christmas holidays with him at the Castle of Grave, where there is a great family gathering on the occasion of the marriage of his cousin, Frederick van Egmond, with Aleida van Kuilenburg. Adolf's uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Cleves, are among the guests. The Duke Arnold is delighted with his son's reception of him. The winter (1464-5) has been a severe one ; the moat is frozen over, the Duke wishes the ice to be broken as protection against a night attack, but his son persuades him to let it remain as it is—for his friends' amusement. The Duke, seated in an easy chair, is delighted to see the

young people happy. His son Adolf is playing a game of chess with the bridegroom. Anon a noise is heard in the castle-yard—some young nobles it is said have come from Nymeguen, and wish for a ball in celebration of the nuptials. The Duke, whose dancing days are over, retires to rest. Suddenly he is awakened out of his sleep by a body of armed men entering his apartment; he thinks at first that the castle has been surprised, but is undeceived by the presence of his son, who says to him "*Myn vader het moet nu zoo wesen, volg my.*" (Father, it must needs be so now, follow me). The armed men drag the Duke out of bed, and without giving him time even to put on his hose, they force him in that cold winter night to make a journey of four leagues on foot, and take him to the castle of Duren, where he is cast into a dungeon, into which the only gleam of light is through a small chink.¹

In the November of that same year the imprisoned Duke is persuaded by his wife, Katherine of Cleves, to sign and seal a deed of renunciation of his Duchy in favor of "their dearly beloved and only son, the Lord Adolf" (*onzen lieuen gemyn-den Soin, heren Adolf*).²

One of the earliest acts of the new Duke was to give six hundred Rhenish guildens as a marriage present to Henrick van Keppel, in acknowledgment of his long and faithful services.³

As was to be expected Adolf's quondam guests at Grave—the Duke of Cleves, the Egmonds, and Kuilenburgs, enter into an offensive and defensive alliance against their unnatural kinsman.

To strengthen himself from their attack Adolf seeks aid from his Zutphen vassals, and promises to indemnify Gysbert Lord of Bronkhorst, Jacob, Lord of Hackfort, Walter van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde, and others for any losses they may sustain in his defence.⁴

This Walter van Keppel was the son and successor of Derek, who attended the Nymeguen Convention. Besides Verwolde he was also enfeoffed with the Lordships of Wesenburg and Dinghof. In a genealogy furnished me from Holland, I learn that "*Il fut du nombre des huit personnes à qui le Duc Arnoud ne pardonna pas, mais se reserva de punir, 1472.*"

Arnold had languished in prison for nearly six years, when his son, partly at the request of the Pope (Paul II.), and the

¹ PONT. "*Hist. Gel.*" "*Mémoires de Comines,*" i. iv. ch. 1.
² NYHOFF's Proclamation, Nov. 1465.

³ Id. Sept. 1466.

⁴ Id. 23d Aug. 1469.

agency of the Duke of Burgundy, set him free in February, 1471.

Shortly after Arnold's enlargement, he and his son appeared before Charles of Burgundy, who sat as arbiter between them. Philippe de Comines who was present at several of these meetings says he saw the old man throw down his gauntlet and challenge his son to mortal combat. Charles, who was disposed to favor Adolf his brother-in-law, decreed that he should be the governor of all Guelderland, with the exception of the Castle of Grave, which was to be the possession of his father, who was also to retain the title of Duke. Philippe de Comines brought the award to Adolf, who treated it with the greatest contempt. "Rather," said he, "than consent to such a proposal, I would pitch my father headlong into a well and myself after him; he has been Duke four-and-forty years, it is my turn now. I will give him an annuity of 3000 golden crowns provided he never again sets foot in Guelderland." The words were scarcely uttered when the speaker became aware of their rashness. He sought safety in flight, assumed a disguise, was discovered, and by Charles' orders was cast into prison, where he remained for as long a term as that to which he had subjected his father.

The news of Adolf's arrest was received by the Gueldrians with great indignation. They instantly took up arms, declared anew their allegiance to their imprisoned sovereign, and entered into a solemn league of mutual assistance against all comers. In vain the Duke of Burgundy advised them to come to an understanding with Arnold; in vain the Pope (March, 1471) implored them to return to their former allegiance; in vain Arnold in person visited Guelderland, and recalled his cession of the Duchy. Unable to regain the affections of his former subjects, Arnold pawned the Duchy to the Duke of Burgundy for 300,000 gulden, to be redeemable by his heirs, excepting only his son Adolf and his children. The concession was most agreeable to the Duke, for as Philippe de Comines says, "il avait le cœur très élevé pour cette duché." In acknowledgment for the boon Charles sent Arnold, as prisoners, eight persons to be dealt with according to his good pleasure (naar zyn goed dunken). The proclamation to this effect dated 30th December, 1472, is given *in extenso* by Pontanus. In this list of eight is Walter van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde.

The Duke of Burgundy allowed Arnold to receive the revenues of his former principality for the remainder of his life. The ex-Duke's enjoyment of them was of short duration. He died on the 23d of February following.

The imprisonment of their Duke in no way affected the loy-

alty of the Gueldrians towards him. They put at their head Count van Meurs, who engaged to preserve the sovereignty for the benefit of Adolf and his children. But the exertions of the Count could avail little against so powerful a Prince as Charles of Burgundy, who entered Guelderland at the head of a large army and compelled the inhabitants to submit to his rule. At the close of the year he assumed the titles of Duke of Guelder and Count of Zutphen.

While occupied in bringing the Gueldrians into subjection, Charles was called upon by Rupert of Bavaria, Archbishop of Cologne, to assist him in defending himself against his people who had risen in rebellion against him. Accordingly Duke Charles invested Nuis, a revolted town, which though small in size, was strongly fortified, and a place of some importance, as standing at the mouth of the Düssel where that river unites with the Rhine.

Frederick, Emperor of Germany, alarmed at the ambitious designs of this powerful vassal, called upon Henry of Schwartzburg, Bishop of Münster to raise the siege.

With this same siege is connected an incident in the family history.

Herman van Keppel, who accompanied his brother Derek of Verwolde to the Convention of Nymeguen, in 1436, became by his marriage with an heiress, Lord of Wedderen. His son and successor, Gerhard, described in the Münster Annals as "*ex veteri et equestri Keppeliorum familiâ ortus*," was Marshal (Marschalk) to the Duke of Cleves.

By his wife, Hildegunda van Voetz, Gerhard had an only son, whom he named after the child's Grandfather. This Hermannus de Keppel was, if his epitaph speak true, "*formâ, ætate, armis, adolescens egregius*."

Imbued with the warlike spirit of the age, and eager to win his spurs young Herman ranged himself under the banner of the Bishop of Münster, who as has already been mentioned was endeavoring to raise the siege of Nuis. A mutiny arising in the episcopal camp, Herman was slain. His father, heart-broken for the loss of an only child and finding himself thus cut off from all hope of posterity, converted his castle of Wedderen into a monastery of Carthusian Friars, and took upon himself the vows of that austere order. Over the entrance of the cloister was hewn in stone the following inscription:—

"Sub Duce Burgundo quondam Mavortis alumno,
 Extitit armigeris Nussia cincta viris.
 Illic Hermannus Gerardo a Keppelle natus
 Saucius interuit, spes patris una sui.
 Post dedit hanc nobis Pater arcem Carthusianis
 Tu procul hunc remove, Sancta Maria, malum."

Anno 1474.

Herman van Keppel lies buried in the Collegiate Church of Nuis ; his father under the great altar of the monastery of which he was the founder.

The next year (1476) Charles of Burgundy, to whose epithet of "the Bold," was now added that of "the Terrible," set out upon that expedition against the Swiss from which he never returned. This was a humiliating period for the people of Guelderland. For nearly four centuries they had been governed by their own laws, they were now constrained to furnish their contingent to the forces of an alien despot. Each man-at-arms was to appear with a breastplate, helmet, gorget, sword, harquebuss, cross-bow, or pike, and to wear on his armor the badge of his subjection—the red lion of Burgundy.

From the time that Adolf of Guelder had so contemptuously neglected Charles' award between him and his father, he had been pent up in the castle of Koortrik, but as soon as the Flemings heard that their Duke had fallen on the bloody field of Nancy (Jan. 1476), they opened Adolf's prison doors, brought him in triumph to Charles' daughter, Mary of Burgundy, compelled their young mistress to receive him as a guest, and would fain have made her accept him as a husband.

With a view to justify his pretensions to the hand of the first heiress of Christendom, Adolf sought to do battle in her service, and endeavored to retake from the French, Doornek, a Burgundian town belonging to Mary of Burgundy that had been treacherously delivered over to Louis the eleventh. His trusty vassals of Guelder and Zutphen, with no wish to aggrandize Burgundy but out of love for their liege lord, mustered their forces and had reached the Castle of Grave in the hope that he would go there and place himself at their head. Here they received news of his death. With a mere handful of men Adolf had proceeded toward Doornek. Perceiving that the French garrison were about to make a sortie, he posted himself at the entrance of a bridge to dispute their passage. One of his friends tried to withdraw him from the unequal fight ; "Heaven forbid," he exclaimed, "that I should turn back or give up my sword. 'To conquer or die,' is my motto." A few minutes later he fell covered with wounds, with a broken lance in his hand, and the war-cry of "Gelre, Gelre," on his lips. Viewed by a modern standard, this Adolf would be looked upon as a monster in human shape. Here is a sketch of him by a cotemporary :—

"Qu'en pourront dire les grands historiens et commentateurs des choses merveilleses ? Ils pourront dire : le Duc de Gueldres est mort. Mais qui est mort ? Ung prince duc. Quel ? Très noble, car du sang réal ; très courtois, car il a em-

ployé son corps jusques à la mort pour soustenir la querelle de la fille de celui que le avoit desporté, et laquelle encore se es-crissvait ducesse de son pays au jour de sa mort : très vaillant, car lui abattu à la terre, et non souccouru de ses gens, se defendi de ung tronchon de lance tant qu'il fist esmerveillier les plus courageux de la compaignie ; très mignot et très bel, car devant le jour de sa mort, plusieurs damoiselles et auttres voidant la beaultté de son viaire, avec la fathon de son corps et le abournement de ses cheveulx passans les espaulles, douces comme soie, blonds et luisans comme or de Cipre, de la quele chose faire il avoit esté envieux, pleurirent sa mort, car nature a mis en feminin sexe pitieux, delicieux, et vénin."¹

According to Philippe de Comines, Mary of Burgundy rejoiced over the fate of the kinsman who had shed his blood in her cause.² Be that as it may, about seven weeks after his death she bestowed her hand on Maximilian Archduke of Austria. A contemporary, speaking of the wedding, says : "Lendemain au matin fut amenée Madame nostre princesse, par deux chevaliers, ses sugets, et devant elle (qui portoyent les cierges) estoyent Min Joncker de Gueldres et Mademoiselle de Gueldres sa sœur, qui estoyent lors deux beaux jeunes enfans."³

This "Joncker de Gueldres" was Adolf's son and successor, Charles of England ; famous in after life for his undying hatred towards that house in the pageant of whose union he was now taking a part. He and his sister Philippa had been seized by Charles and kept prisoners by him as hostages for the good behavior of their people.

In November of this year the States of Guelderland assembled at Nymeguen to request that Adolf's children should be restored to them. The Archduke's answer was peremptory refusal.

By an Imperial diet Guelderland was declared to be a fief escheated to the crown. Maximilian now proclaimed himself Duke of Guelder and Count of Zutphen, and in the following year his father Frederick enfeoffed him with both possessions. The States of Guelderland, so far from being parties to the Imperial decree, took up arms in defence of young Charles, and selected for their Protector Henry of Schwartzenburg, Bishop of Münster, whom they agreed to recognize as their governor during the minority of their native sovereign.

On the 25th November they strove further to strengthen their cause by an alliance with Louis the Eleventh. By this treaty the French King promised to defend them from the House of Austria, to take the young Duke and his sister, and the

1 "Kervyn de Lettenhove," pp. 275-6.

2 "Mémoires de Comines," l. v. c. 17.

3 "Mémoires d'Olivier de la Marche," vol. ii. ch. 9.

people of Guelderland under his protection, and to be a party to no peace until Charles and Philippa were restored to their inheritance.

In the list of names of the parties to this treaty appear those of "Wolterus de Keppell dominus in Verwolde," and "Theodoricus de Keppell dominus in Ansem;" while "Hermannus de Keppell" is named as one of the three Gueldrian plenipotentiaries—"ambaciatores et unitores"—who conducted the treaty.¹

But the promised assistance of Louis could avail the Gueldrians but little against the force that was now brought to bear upon them. The whole land was overrun by the Imperial cavalry of Burgundy or mercenary foot-soldiers of Switzerland. The four provinces were brought into subjection. Zutphen was the last to yield. But no sooner were the foreign troops withdrawn from the province than the nobles and citizens, among others "Henricus de Keppel, ——— de Keppel,² et plures alii militares," put forth a declaration that they had been compelled by dire necessity and from fear of the loss of life and property to take the oath of allegiance to Archduke Maximilian, but that such oath was not to be considered as in any way derogating from or prejudicing the rights of Duke Charles and his sister.³

The young Duke, in whose behalf the nobles and citizens put forth this spirited protest, was at this time a state prisoner to Louis the Eleventh, in that same castle of Peronne in which His Most Christian Majesty had a few years before (1468) himself been confined. The French King, as if with a foreknowledge of the annoyance that Charles of Egmond would prove to the hated house of Burgundy, set him at liberty. In 1492 the young Prince entered Guelderland under a French escort, and was attended by several noblemen, amongst others by Robert de la Mark, Lord of Sedan, nephew of the William de la Mark who figures in *Quentin Durward*, and who, inheriting his kinsman's ferocious nature, was also named the "wild boar of Ardennes."

Archduke Maximilian, who succeeded his father Frederick as Emperor of Germany, sent in 1505 an army into Guelderland to exact from it that obedience which he had failed to enforce when he himself was its titular lord. The Imperial troops were commanded by Philip, the Emperor's son by Mary of Burgundy, and husband of Joanna, Queen of Castile.

¹ "Nyhoff's "Oorkonden." PONTANI, "Hist. Geld." 567-9.

² Christian name illegible. NYHOFF suggests "Didericus."

³ "Non. . . . aliquo modo derogare pro presenti vel in futuro vel post preiudicium iuri naturalium dominium ducatus Gelrie et comitatus et Zutphanien videlicet ducis Karoli et sororis sue domicelle Philippe, praelium felicitis memorie domini ducis Odolphi." NYHOFF's "Oorkonden," dated 1st of August, 1481.

Charles, the native Duke of Guelder, relying upon the attachment of his people and on their hatred of a foreign yoke, prepared with characteristic spirit for the defence of his dominions. The three states of Arnheim, Tiel and Nymeguen were compelled to yield to superior numbers. As in the former war, Zutphen held out the longest. In his hour of need, the Duke received the support of Frederick van Voorst, Lord of Keppel, who, in the interest of the Cleeves, had been previously hostile to Charles's pretensions, but now placed his castle at his disposal. The example was followed by the other possessors of castles in the county. King Philip appeared before Duisberg, Lochem and Grol. The trade of these Zutphenian towns was in the hands of German merchants, who, thinking a King, and that King the son of an Emperor, more likely to advance their interests than an outlawed Duke, opened their gates to him. This proceeding compelled the possessors of castles in the respective neighborhoods of these towns to do likewise. Thus, Frederick, Lord of Bronckhorst, Frederick van Voorst, Lord of Keppel, and Derek van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde, had no alternative but to yield obedience to the conqueror.

Philip, now master of all Guelderland, proceeds to Roozendaal, the ancient residence of the Dukes of Guelder. Converting the ducal chair into a throne, and surrounded by the nobles of Germany, Holland, and Guelder, the King holds his court. Charles of Egmond, stripped alike of his possessions and titles, is brought a prisoner into his presence. Kneeling before the King, the deposed Prince attempts to justify his conduct by pleading his obligations to Louis the Twelfth of France, to whom he had done homage as his *suzerain*. With an ironical smile on his lips, Philip takes him by the hand, bids him rise, places him by his side, and engages to take him into his service at a fixed salary.¹

It was on the 29th of July, 1505, that Charles of Egmond thus lay a suppliant at the feet of his conqueror. Most men would have sunk under such a weight of humiliation. Not so Charles: within a year he had won back a great portion of his dominions. Towards the close of July 1506, he was once more master of the Zutphenian towns of Grol and Lochem, and of the Castles of Bronckhorst, Verwolde and Keppel. Frederick of Voorst, to whom Keppel belonged, refused to do homage to Charles, whereupon his castle was seized and filled with Gueldrian troops. Frederick van Bronckhorst and Derek van Keppel returned to their obedience to their native sovereign, but they hardly fared better than their neighbor, for they like-

¹ PONTANUS, 631. SLIGHTENHORST, 322.

wise were compelled to place their castles, with all the munitions of war, at the Duke's disposal. The fate of my ancestor was a hard one; his castle of Verwolde, now become a frontier fortress, was in 1510 attacked by Floris van Egmond, Lord of Isselstein and Imperial Stadholder of Guelderland, and carried by storm on the 2d of May, after a gallant defence of two days. It was then levelled to the ground, and the whole lordship of Verwolde given up to fire and sword.¹

This is the last event of importance that befel any member of the English branch of the Keppels during the time that Guelderland was governed by dukes of its own.

When in 1543 all Guelderland passed definitely under the yoke of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, he formed it into a tetrarchy, and in three of the provinces made a further subdivision of four districts, but he divided Zutphen into five parts, the fifth being "Keppel," of which one of his officers, a Baron van Pallandt, was then the Lord.²

I care not to follow minutely the fortunes of my Gueldrian forefathers after their country had lost its autonomy. They appear henceforth to have been busied in marrying and giving in marriage, and in acquiring the grand *desideratum* of a Gueldrian noble, that of adding quarterings to their escutcheons. Twelfth in descent from our founder was Oswald van Keppel, Lord of the Voorst, and he had sixteen of these much coveted distinctions.

As Arnold, the son of this Oswald, was the first Keppel upon whom were conferred the rights and privileges of British citizenship, I now proceed to view the family under another phase.

¹ NYHOFF'S "Oorkonden. VAN DEN BERG, v. i. p. 3, v. ii. p. 119.

² Keppelium denique dominium a Baronibus Vorstis ad Palandos per conjugium derivatum sub se amplectitur.—PONTANI HIST.

THE KEPPELS OF ENGLAND.

At the age of thirteen (1685) Arnold Joost van Keppel succeeded his father in the Lordship of the Voorst, being then page of honor to William of Orange, Stadholder of the united provinces of the Netherlands. He was the youngest, liveliest, and handsomest of the Dutchmen who, three years later, landed with their illustrious countryman at Torbay on the memorable 5th of November, 1689. On the accession of William to the throne he employed Keppel chiefly as an amanuensis; but his charming disposition, added to his good looks and winning manners, so won the affections of his royal master, that he soon became the dispenser of his patronage, the depository of his secrets, and his inseparable companion in peace or war. When he came of age, in 1695, he was raised to the peerage by the titles of Baron Ashford, Viscount Bury of St. Edmunds, and Earl of Albemarle. Three years later the King made him a grant of 100,000 acres of confiscated property in Ireland, which grant, however, the Commons of England very properly refused to ratify. The following year His Majesty sent some of the first English artificers to Holland to beautify the house and grounds of his country seat. A few years ago I paid a visit to the Voorst, but it was sadly shorn of its beams. I looked in vain for the "avenues, terrace walks, fountains, cascades, canals," &c., of which I had read the description.¹ The former pleasure grounds were wholly occupied by a field of rye. The offices had disappeared, the house even was stripped of its wings, and the Albemarle arms on the pediment of the body of the building furnished the only memento of its former possessor.

In 1701 Lord Albermarle married a countrywoman of his own—Gertrude, daughter of Adam van der Duyn, Lord of St. Gravemoor, Governor of Bergen op Zoom, a major-general in the Dutch service, and Master of the Buckhounds to King William. This nobleman was a descendant of Alphert, the ninth Lord of Bredesden, who descended from Sigifried, son of Arnuff, Count of Holland, who died in 999.

In March, 1702, Albemarle, who had served under the King as a major-general in the British service, went to Holland to make the necessary arrangements for the ensuing campaign.

¹ "Description of the Loo and Holland," by W. HARRIS, M. D., Physician in Ordinary to William the Third, page 58.

While so engaged he received the intelligence of the dangerous illness of his royal patron and rushed home to his bedside.

"The King, meanwhile," says Macaulay, "was sinking fast. Albemarle had arrived at Kensington from the Hague, exhausted by rapid travelling. His master bade him go to rest for some hours and then summoned him to make his report. That report was in all respects satisfactory. The States-General were in the best temper; the troops, the provisions, and the magazines were in the best order. Everything was in readiness for an early campaign. William received the intelligence with the calmness of a man whose work was done. He was in no illusion as to his danger. 'I am fast drawing,' he said, 'to my end.' . . . To Albemarle he gave the keys of his closet and of his private drawers. . . . It was now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes and gasped for breath. The Bishops knelt down and read the customary prayer. When it ended William was no more."

In a codicil to the King's will he bequeathed to Albemarle the Lordship of Breevorst and 200,000 guilders, of which latter portion of the legacy I shall presently have to speak.

At the time of William's death, Lord Albemarle was a major-general in the British service, Captain and Colonel of the First Troop of Guards, Master of the Robes of the King, Colonel-General of the Swiss and Grisons in the service of the United Provinces of the Low Countries, and a Knight of the Garter.

On June 5th, 1702, Lady Albemarle gave birth to a son, to whom the names of William Anne were given, the first after his father's late patron, the second after the Queen, who stood god-mother to him in person.

Shortly after the birth of his son, Lord Albemarle retired to his native country and took his place as a member of the nobles in the assembly of the States-General.

The next year he was appointed a lieutenant-general of cavalry of the Dutch forces, and joined the army in the field on the 7th of August.

My ancestor made the acquaintance of the Duke of Marlborough some years before he served under him in the Spanish War of the Succession. "Marlborough," says Macaulay, "studiously ingratiated himself with Albemarle, by all the arts which a mind singularly observant and sagacious could learn from a long experience in courts." Self-interest doubtless first prompted the great captain to insinuate himself into the good graces of the young Dutch favorite, but between two men, both of singularly attractive manners and amiable dispositions, the intimacy thus formed soon ripened into friendship. Nor did the

good understanding that subsisted between them suffer any disturbance from one great point of dissimilarity in their characters—Albemarle was very prodigal in his mode of living ; Marlborough erred in the opposite extreme. But the one was as ready to give, as the other to receive hospitality. Whenever the Duke's business required his presence at the Hague, he became the guest of his friend. In the Spring of 1705 they were to have left England together for the seat of war, but Lord Albemarle being detained by a fit of the gout placed his house at the Hague at Marlborough's disposal. The two letters which follow are from one of Lord Albemarle's private secretaries.

M. DE LA AHARRAI TO ARNOLD, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"LA HAYE, *ce 14 Avril*, 1706.

"MY LORD,—Le Duc de Marlborough est arrivé ici aujourd'hui à trois heures après midi! Il a dîné chez M. Stanhope¹ et immédiatement après dîner, il a été en conférence avec les ministres de l'état. M. d'Obdam² l'attendait. Le Duc de Marlborough l'a pris dans son carosse avec lui ; ils sont allés faire des visites ensemble apparemment. Le Duc ne vous fera pas de réponse ce soir, car je n'ai pu lui rendre la lettre que M. van Huls³ m'a envoyé pour lui."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"LA HAYE, *17 Avril*, 1705.

"MY LORD,—J'ai eu l'honneur de remettre au Duc de Marlborough la lettre qui m'a été adressée de votre part pour lui ; je fus un quart d'heure seul avec lui ; il me témoigna une grande satisfaction de l'amitié que vous lui témoigniez en le logeant chez vous. Vous avez apparemment vu de ses lettres par cet ordinaire, puis qu'il me fit l'honneur de me dire que le soir mesme de son arrivée qu'il vous aurait écrit s'il n'avait pas été si fatigué.

"M. Dopff⁴ demeura chez lui jusqu'à dix heures du soir ; il a vu plusieurs fois my lord Duc depuis. Il veut absolument le

¹ Hon. Alexander Stanhope, Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of St. James's to the States-General ; son of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield, and father of James, Earl Stanhope.

² Governor of Bois-le-Duc, a distinguished general of the allied army.

³ Lord Albemarle's private secretary residing at Whitehall.

⁴ Lieutenant-General Dopff, one of the Duke of Marlborough's best cavalry officers. I have several of his letters to the first Lord Albemarle on the subject of the government of Maestricht. He and Lord Albemarle were appointed by the States-General to serve as lieutenant-generals of cavalry under Auverquerque in the campaign of 1705.

gouvernement de Maestricht; sans quoi il proteste toujours qu'il quittera; si celle-ci est sa resolution il est comme certain qu'il ne reussira pas."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO ARNOLD, LORD ALBEMARLE

"HAGUE, *April 17, 1705.*

"MY LORD,—I have received the honor of your Lordp. letter of the 10th instant, and am sorry to tell you I have had very little satisfaction from what Mons^r Dopff brings me from Prince Lewis. Comte Lescherain¹ is gone this morning post to give him my thoughts at large, and to try whether he may not be brought over to take such measures as may be most for the publick good, so as to act with his troupes on the Moselle. I can resolve upon nothing til his return, which I expect in ten days.

"I have read to the Pensioner what your Lordp. writes to me about Mons^r Shulten,² and find he seems to doubt whether he may succeed in his pretensions, but withal believes if he shou'd an expedient may be found to give you satisfaction.

"I am very much obliged to your Lordp. for my kind reception here in your house, and shal upon all occasions endeavor to owne the obligation, being with much truth, &c.,

"MARLBOROUGH."

M. DE LA CHARRAI TO ARNOLD, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"*Ce 21 Avril.*

"MY LORD,—My lord Duc a eu la conférence cet après diner dans la grande antichambre de votre appartement. Elle a duré depuis quatre heures jusques à six et demy. Ce sont les operations de campagne principalement sur la Moselle, et ne sçais si en cette occasion il n'aura point parlé du bien du service de V. E., M. Frentsman, M. le Greffier Fagel, et le Secrétaire Slingeland³ y estoient. Je técherai de voir my lord Duc, pour lui demander s'il a quelque chose à faire sçavoir a V. E. mais il nest pas encore rentré au logis quoquil soit neuf heures du soir. Le bruit se répand que M. Dopff va

¹ Comte de Lescheraine was employed by Marlborough on diplomatic missions. See the Duke's despatches *passim*.

² M. van Scholten, a Dutchman by birth, a lieutenant-general in the service of the king of Denmark. In a letter to that sovereign Marlborough (1704) speaks "particulièrement de la bonne condite de Monsieur le Duc de Wirtemberg et de Monsieur de Scholten, qui a leur ordinaire se sont comporté partout avec beaucoup de distinction."

³ Lieutenant-General d'Obdam; the name of this officer occurs frequently in the Marlborough Despatches.

servir sur la Moselle en qualité de Lieutenant-genl., sans ce pendant qu'on lui donne le gouvernement de Maestricht, sans mesme qu'on en lui fasse la promesse ; j'ai toutes ces peines du monde à croire qu'il serve sans cela, il a fait la dessus de trop fortes protestations.

"M. d'Obdam est dans une agitation qui (on) ne comprend pas, mais il n'a pas fait grand progrès depuis l'arrivé de my lord Duc ; on conjecture que le Duc ne s'en soucie pas ; cependant il y a des gens qui travaillent pour lui, et qu'esperent qu'on l'envoyera servir dès que les armées seront en campagne.

"My lord Duc a ordonné aux troupes Anglaises d'être prêtes a marcher dans huit jours à peu près, le tems qu'il demeurera ici ; il n'ira pas à Breda y faire la revue on la croyait. Il est dix heures sonnées. My lord qui de M. Stanhope est allé chez M. Schnettare ne rentre à peine."

In a letter dated 24th of April, M. de la Charrai writes :—

"Il (Duke or Marlborough) trouve ici plus de difficultes qu'il n'aurait cru. Il est mesme un peu embarrassé sur la Moselle le bruit vint hier matin que les ennemis campent actuellement sous le Maréchal de Villar entré la Saar et le Moselle et qu'ils y sont forts de quarante mille hommes, d'abord tous les généraux furent en mouvement, on les appela au Conseil d'état et hier il y eut conseil de Guerre chez my lord Duc et outre cela conférence à neuf heures du soir aussi chez luy avec les Deputés de l'état tous les généraux vont partir. M. d'Auverquerque compte de partir mercredi prochain au plus tard. My lord Duc partira incessamment apres ; les bagages et son equipage partira Lundy prochain."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

May 4.

"MY LORD,—I am to thank you for the favor of yours of 28th of the last month, by which I was in hopes you might have come by the convoye that brought my brother¹ into the Meuse yesterday, and then I should have had the happiness of seeing you before I left the Hague, which I did this morning.

"After a good deal of struggle, I think almost everybody are convinced that all the English should go to the Moselle. However, to please Mons^r. D'Auverkerk I consented they should all march to Maestricht, and have assured him as well as the other generals that if they can propose any way for the forcing of the lins (lines) or any other excursion that may be

¹ General Charles Churchill, the Duke's younger brother, made Governor of Kinsale by William III. Was present at the battles of Steinkirk, Landen, and Blenheim.

done by my staying five or six days with the English I shall be very glad to concur with them, but hitherto I do not see that they think anything can be done, so that I reckon upon the English beginning their march from Maestricht on the 1st of this month. I shal at the same time leave them and go to Coblance, wher after having given the necessary orders for making the artillery as well of the Germain Princes as that of Holland to advance to Treves I shall go on to Prince Lewis in hopes we may agree on the methode for opening this campagne. I hope to be at Treves on the 24th and the English will be there the 28th, after which time I shall begine to act if it be possible to bring the Germains so early in the Saar. I do not doubt but Lt. General Dopff has acquainted you with what I wish, and the method I intend to take is that a detachment may follow me about the end of this month with which I flatter myself with the happyness of your company."

Prince Louis, Margrave of Baden, to whom the Duke here alludes, was a brave and distinguished officer; he had served under the famous Imperial General Montecuculi, and is said to have taken part in twenty-six campaigns, twenty-five sieges, and thirteen battles. In the earlier period of the War of the Spanish Succession he did good service, but at the date of Marlborough's letter to Albemarle he seems to have tried to obstruct rather than promote the interests of the Allies, assigning illness as the reason for his tardy appearance in the field. This conduct was attributed to jealousy of his great coadjutor and to the fear that any achievement of his would only tend to increase the renown of the hero of Blenheim.

When in the neighborhood of Treves this same year (1705), Marlborough was compelled to retreat before Marshal Villars, in consequence of Prince Louis not bringing up his troops in time. The Duke wrote to the French Marshal as he was moving off the ground, "Do me the justice to believe that my defeat is entirely owing to the failure of the Prince of Baden; but that my esteem for you is still greater than my resentment of his conduct."

I have already spoken of 200,000 guilders which William III. bequeathed to Lord Albemarle. It was the only property he left away from the Prince of Nassau-Friedland, whom he made his heir. The Prince dying soon after the King, it devolved upon his widow to carry out the provisions of the will, but this was a duty which her Highness showed no disposition to discharge; on the contrary, she resorted to every species of chicanery to evade the payment. Among a mass of correspondence in my possession on the subject, I select a paragraph from a letter of the Duke of Marlborough to Arnold, Lord Albe-

marle. "I have spoken to the Pensioner concerning your business with the Princess of Nassau, and he assures me that he is in good hopes that as soon as you shal come to the Hague that matter may be settled, for that the greatest difficulty is the term of yeares for the paying of itt ; I wish with all my heart it may be as he thinks, but her temper is such that nobody can be sure of quietness til they have nothing to do with Her. My humble service, pray, to Lady Albemarle, and believe me that I am with much truth, &c., MARLBOROUGH."

This great captain's published despatches show that the King of Prussia was another of the Princess's creditors, and that she attempted to treat his Majesty as she had treated Albemarle, but that he threatened to make the furnishing of his contingent of troops dependent upon the Princess's liquidation of her debt to him. The whole matter was placed in Lord Albemarle's hands—with what result I have no evidence to show.

One of Lord Albemarle's most intimate friends was Henry of Nassau, better known to history by his title of Auverquerc (or Overkirk). The acquaintance of these two Dutchmen may probably be dated from the time that they were members of the household of William of Orange before he became king, the one as captain of his body guard, the other as his page. Auverquerc's father was a natural son of William's grandfather Maurice the Stadholder. He attended his kinsman through all his campaigns. At the battle of St. Denis in 1678 he shot a French dragoon just as he was in the act of cutting down the Prince. For this service the States-General awarded him a sword of great value. When William ascended the throne of England he appointed Henry Van Nassau his master of the horse, and gave him the lordship of Auverquerc. At the death of the king, Auverquerc, like Albemarle, returned to his native country. He was now promoted to the rank of field-marshal, and assigned the chief command of the Dutch forces, a post which he held till he died of fatigue and old age at the siege of Lille in 1708. The history of the War of the Succession best attests his merits as a general, and Marlborough's despatches show in what estimation he was held by that consummate commander. For his services in that war he was raised to the peerage by the titles of Earl of Grantham and Viscount Boston, but he never appears to have assumed his British honors.

FIELD-MARSHAL AUVERQUERC TO ARNOLD, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"A LA HAYE, *ce 21 Avril*

"MONSIEUR,—Jugeant bien que vous ne resterez pas long temps après que vous aurez fini vos affaires, à venir ici, je ne vous ai pas fait sçavoir comme aux autres Généraux l'intention de l'Etat pour que vous vous trouviez le quinze de ce mois à Maestricht ou à Liège. J'ai appris avec bien de déplaisir que vous avez esté incommodé.¹ La malheureuse chute du pauvre Milord Buurri² m'a beaucoup affligé ; je serais ravi d'apprendre que cela n'aura pas de mauvaise suite ; je vous prie de le vouloir bien embrasser pour moi, et Madame la Comtesse de l'assurer de mes tres humbles respects.

"Je suis, MONSIEUR,

"Vostre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur,
"AUVERQUERC."

"Milord Buurri," as the gallant veteran calls my great-grandfather, received no permanent injury from his fall. Not many months after, as I find by a Dutch letter in my possession, a formal application was made to Queen Anne to give her godson a captaincy in the army. One of the pleas urged in favor of this appointment was that the father of the boy was "boezem vriend" [bosom friend] of the Duke of Marlborough, and in the Duke's published despatches will be found a lengthened apology to Lord Albemarle for not complying with the request. Parliament, it seems, has begun to question the propriety of placing military commissions in babies' hands. So the young Dutchman was obliged to wait a few years before he was permitted to jump over the heads of all the subalterns in the British army.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Ce 1 May.*

"Vous voulez bien, Monsieur, que ie me donne l'honneur de vous assurer par celle-ci de mes très humbles services, et que ie vous dise en mesme temps que dans ce moment ie pars pour assembler l'armée de la Meuse, laquelle sera fort mediocre touchant la force et que i'aurais affaire à Monsieur l'Electeur de Bavière qui a encor dans les Pays-bas cent bataillons et nonante escadrons. J'espère que i'aurai bientôt l'honneur

¹ Lord Albemarle had been suffering from an attack of gout.

² William Anne, Viscount Bury, at this time three years old, succeeded his father in 1718.

de vous embrasser. Je vous prie d'assurer Madame la Comtesse d'Albemarle de mes très humbles respects, et d'embrasser le petit de ma part. Je suis très parfaitement, &c.,

"AUVERQUERC."

Lord Albemarle returned to Holland soon after the departure of the Duke. On the 11th of June he joined the army under Marshal Auverquerque, who, the following month, arrived just too late to share with Marlborough in the honor of forcing the French lines at Terlemont. "I had no troops with me in this last action," writes Marlborough to his wife, "but such as were with me last year; for Mr. Overkirk's army did not come till an hour after all was over."

[1706.] In 1706 Albemarle was present at the Battle of Ramillies.

And the following year (1707) at Oudenarde. Had a horse shot under him at the siege of Lisle.

[1709.] On the surrender of Tournay to the Allies in 1709, Lord Albemarle entered the town at the head of twelve thousand men, and was that same evening appointed Governor—a post which he held till the town was ceded to Austria by the Treaty of Utrecht.

[1710.] The first event of the campaign of the year 1710 was the attack made by Lord Albemarle, on the 14th of April, on Mortaigne, a castle seated on the confluence of the Schelde and Scarp. The French garrison made some resistance, but was obliged to surrender as prisoners of war. "This was of some importance to the Allies as well as a good omen of their fortune for the remainder of the campaign."¹

In the September of the same year the Duke dispatched Lord Albemarle with forty squadrons, and the Prince of Anhalt, with a like number of battalions, to invest Aire, a town of Artois, situate on the river Lys, surrounded by a marsh on three sides, and only approachable on the fourth. The siege was long and bloody. Rain fell in torrents during the whole month of October. The Marquis de Gobriant, the commander of the citadel, turned the sluices upon the assailants. Still Marlborough considered himself bound, for the credit of the army, to continue the siege. "Take it we must," he writes to Godolphin, "for we cannot draw the guns from the batteries. But God knows when we shall have it, for night and day our poor men are up to their knees in mud and water." On the 10th of November, M. de Gobriant surrendered to the allied forces. The conquest was achieved at the loss of seven thousand men killed or wounded,

¹ Eugene and Marlborough's Battles.

and almost double that number by disease. To the Council of State Marlborough writes on the 8th of November, "Je vous félicite de tout mon cœur de cette heureuse fin de la campagne."

[1711.] On the 30th of April, 1711, Marlborough joined the confederate forces between Lisle and Douay. The Duke's army was formed into two lines, the one commanded by himself the other by Lord Albemarle. In this second line were the generals M. Fagel and the Prince of Anhalt, nine lieutenant and twenty-eight major-generals, fifty battalions, and sixty-three squadrons. The principal event of this campaign was the reduction of Bouchain. Lord Albemarle was not present at the siege, his *corps d'armée* being principally occupied in observing the movements of the French in the vicinity of Valenciennes.

In July of this year Lady Albemarle gave birth to a daughter in the Government House at Tournay. The little lady grew up to be a very pretty woman, if the picture I have of her, by Allan Ramsay, does not greatly flatter her. She married Captain, afterwards General Thomas, one of her father's aides-de-camp. Walpole makes frequent mention of her in his memoirs. Marlborough writes, on the 8th of July, from the camp at Lens, "Mr. Fink¹ left us yesterday, so that I conclude the little one was made a Christian to-day. Pray repeat my compliments to Lady Albemarle. I hope soon to hear she is well up again. Your Lordship need be under no concern to leave her, for you may depend upon my giving you timely notice to come to the army when there may be occasion."

While the works and breaches of Bouchain were repairing, the Duke wrote to Prince Eugene, "J'ai oublié dans ma dernière de ce mois de marquer à V. A. que j'avais persuadé à My Lord Albemarle de faire un tour à la Haye pour tâcher de faire goûter au Conseil d'Etat notre premier projet, et de représenter à ces Messieurs que la raison de guerre demande plus que jamais qu'on s'y conforme"

The "premier projet" here mentioned was to obtain the assistance of the Council of State in laying siege to Quesnoy, the reduction of which town would have entirely broken down the French defences and have protected all the new conquests of the allies. But their high mightinesses refused to furnish the necessary supplies.

In answer to Lord Albemarle's announcement of the ill success of his mission, the Duke writes on the 28th September:—

¹ A general in the Dutch army.

"J'ai reçu ce matin l'honneur de votre lettre du 25 de ce mois, laquelle à la vérité m'a tellement surpris, et me touche si sensiblement que je ne sais ce que vous repondre. J'étais si fortement persuadé que ce projet était le seul moyen de réduire les ennemis à la raison, et les obliger à songer, cet hiver mesme, à la paix, que j'ai été étonné qu'on y a pu hésiter un seul moment. . . . Enfin je ne puis que plaindre notre malheureux sort, et je ne saurais finir sans prédire que nous en repentirons indubitablement quand il sera trop tard. . . . C'est une réflexion qui m'est si sensible que je ne puis rien dire davantage ; ce me sera pourtant une petite consolation que je n'aurai rien à me reprocher. Vous y avez aussi fait votre part et je dois vous remercier des peines que vous avez bien voulu prendre."

Although the States refused to enter upon any new operations at this advanced period of the year, they consented to allow their troops to be quartered in the frontier towns, as well to hinder the enemy from throwing up new lines as to enable their own army to assemble early in the following spring. Having seen his troops established for the winter, Marlborough quitted them on the 27th of October, and was entertained the same day at Tournay by the Earl of Albemarle."¹ It proved to be the end of that great captain's military career. After remaining six days with his friend, the Duke set out on his journey homewards.

In the published Despatches there are several letters from the Duke to Lord Albemarle, written soon after his arrival in England.

One, dated 28th December, refers to Lord Albemarle having advanced to repel the enemy, who had threatened the frontier.

"I have received the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 20th instant. We had before an account of the precipitate retreat of the enemy, which everybody allows is owing chiefly to your Lordship's great care and diligence in drawing the troops together and marching to oppose their designs. The whole I think must turn to their confusion, besides the great loss and damage sustained by assembling so great a body of men at this season of the year. . . ."

[1712.] Upon the recommendation of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Albemarle was appointed to the chief command of the Dutch forces.

"It was with great satisfaction," writes Marlborough, March 4th, 1712, "that I had the honour of your lordship's letter of

the 21st ult., by Colonel Oughton, for none rejoice more than I shall do at everything that may contribute to your advantage. I presume this will meet you at the Hague, and hope you will be so kind as to let me have the pleasure of hearing from you sometimes in my retirement how matters go on on your side, but when you have no other conveyance than the ordinary post, I must caution you to write nothing but what may be seen. An account of yours and Lady Albemarle's good health will be always most welcome, for I am sure I can never enough acknowledge the many obligations I owe you both, and only wish it may be in my power to show how sensible I am of them, for none can be with greater sincerity," &c.

An unusual degree of alacrity was shown by the States-General for an early opening to the campaign of 1712. Arras was fixed upon as the point of attack. It was the last of a line of fortresses that remained to France to arrest the progress of an invading army. Two years before Marlborough had intended to lay siege to the place. "Our project," he writes to Godolphin, June 2, 1710, "was to have attacked Arras as soon as the siege of Douai was over, but the French having drawn together many more troops than we could have imagined, which gives them certainly a great superiority as to numbers, which will make another siege impossible till we have obliged them to send some of their troops into garrison, or decided the fate of Europe by a battle."

On the 1st of March Lord Albemarle, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch army, having previously fixed upon a place of meeting for the garrisons of Lisle, Bethune and Tournay, marched out of the town of Douai at the head of the garrison with two thousand workmen, under the command of Major General Ivoy. He had with him Lieutenant-Generals Hompesch and Cadogan. At four in the afternoon he arrived at the plain of Arras with thirty-six battalions. The workmen soon raised batteries of heavy cannon, mortars, and howitzers. There fell at this time so thick a fog that the place was invested before the besieged were aware of the existence of an enemy. Several sorties were made by the garrison; some were successful, but they were finally repulsed. The bombardment began at five in the evening and continued till the following morning at daybreak. At eleven at night on the third of March, the town and citadel caught fire and were reduced to a heap of ashes. The magazines of wood shared the same fate, "a more frightful scene of destruction was scarcely ever beheld. About an hour before (March 4th) the day broke, the Earl of Albemarle drew off his artillery and his troops and retired in triumph to

Douai, having executed with the greatest *éclat* the enterprise he had undertaken."¹

The Duke of Ormond, who succeeded Marlborough as Captain-General of the British forces in the Netherlands, assured the States on his arrival that he had orders to act vigorously in the prosecution of the war. At that very moment he had in his pocket a letter from Secretary St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, ordering him not to hazard a battle.

The contents of this order St. John communicated to Torcy, the French minister, through a priest of the name of Gaultier. "When I asked him," said Gaultier in his despatch, "what Marshal Villars was to do in case Prince Eugene or the Dutch attacked him, he replied there was only one thing to do—to fall upon him and cut him to pieces, him and his whole army." The hint was not lost on the French commander.

Having brought the confederate forces into the midst of their enemies, Ormond withdrew the British from the field, and declared an armistice by the sound of trumpet. He called upon the contingents in the pay of England to follow his example. Prussia, Denmark, Saxony, and Hanover, refused to share in this infamous abandonment of the alliance, and threw in their lot with the army of the Empire and the States.

After the departure of the British the Prince laid siege to Landrecy, the last of the barrier fortresses on the road to Paris.

Lord Albemarle was posted at Denain, a village with an abbey seated on the Schelde, between Valenciennes and Bouchain. For the security of his position he threw up a double line of intrenchments, extending from the plain of Denain to the Abbey of Beaurepaire. Through these lines the convoys passed from Marchiennes to Denain, and thence to the army before Landrecy.

The only means of communication between Denain and the grand army was a single pontoon bridge. There had been other pontoons, but Prince Eugene, under the impression that Landrecy would be the point of attack, had sent them to assist in the investment of that place.

Albemarle had borrowed some pontoons from Ormond, but the Duke, the day on which he declared the armistice, insisted upon their being returned, "nor could all the earl, the prince, or the States-General say prevail with him to leave them but for eight days."²

Looking to the base part which Ormond allowed himself to play in the transactions of this period, and to the now notorious fact that he was at that time in correspondence with Villars, is

¹ Mil. Hist. ii. 177.

² Rapin's "Hist. of England."

it too uncharitable to suppose that the withdrawal of the potatoes was a preconcerted scheme between the English captain-general and the French field-marshal?

Fully alive to the importance of a readier means of communication with the grand army than a single bridge, Albemarle employed all the carpenters of the force under his command in the construction of a new one, and sent six hundred men in search of timber necessary for the purpose. This bridge would have been finished in a day or two at the most if the position had not been attacked in the meanwhile.

Lord Albemarle's force consisted of ten battalions and twenty-three squadrons. They were posted along the entrenchment from left to right. The artillery was placed in a park in rear of the camp.

On the 19th of July the French army crossed the Schelde above and below Cambray under the command of Marshal Villars, who gave out that he was resolved to fight.

All the movements of the French general for the four following days were executed with a view to make Eugene believe that his design was to raise the siege of Landrecy, whereas his real object was to attack Albemarle in his entrenched camp at Denain.

The first intelligence that Prince Eugene received of this design was at seven o'clock in the morning of the 24th. Lord Albemarle was apprised half an hour later by the field officer of the day, who, on visiting the camp, perceived the French troops in motion in the direction of Avesnes. He now posted his battalions along retrenchments under the command of Lieutenant-General Count de Dohna and other general officers.

Eugene visited the post in person, approved the disposition of the infantry, and ordered the cavalry to recross the Schelde, thinking their presence would be more likely to prove an obstruction than a benefit. The execution of this seemingly necessary order was attended in the sequel by the most disastrous consequences.

The Prince, observing that the force under Albemarle left a great part of the entrenchments unguarded, ordered six Imperial and Palatine battalions to take ground on the right under the command of Lieutenant-General Secquin and Major-Generals the Prince of Holstein and Zobel.

The enemy were at this time in order of battle. Thirty battalions, eighty companies of grenadiers, all the piquets of the army, and the dragoons dismounted, advanced to the attack, supported by two other columns of like dimensions. They were received by a fierce cannonade from the six pieces in the

centre of the camp. The enemy returned the fire from an eminence over against the entrenchment.

Prince Eugene, who was in a redoubt on the other side of the river, desired Albemarle to defend himself as long as possible, and assured him he would support him with the whole of his infantry.

Lord Albemarle, perceiving that the enemy intended to direct their principal effort against his centre, ordered Count de Dohna to attack them in flank. The order was obeyed without the desired effect. At about one o'clock the enemy began the attack. The first place which felt the fury of their arms was a redoubt in which the regiment of Welderen was posted. That regiment kept up a fire against the assailants, who, however, drove them to the retrenchment, the parapet of which fell in, and the enemy entered with fixed bayonets. The retrenchment was forced on that side; the Dutch troops threw down their arms, flying with precipitation, some to the pontoon, others to a water-mill.

Albemarle now attempted to throw some regiments into the houses and abbey on the right of Denain. As some of the troops were in tolerable order, he placed himself at their head, and rushed forward, in the belief that he was followed, but, turning his head, he found himself at the feet of the French general's horse. That officer shall tell his own story:—

"J'entrai dans le retranchement à la tête des troupes, et je n'avais pas fait vingt pas, que le Duc d'Albemarle, et six ou sept Lieutenant-Généraux de l'Empereur se trouvèrent aux pieds de mon cheval. Je les priai d'excuser si les affaires présentes ne me permettaient pas toute la politesse que je leur devais; mais la première était de pourvoir à la sûreté de leurs personnes."

While this disaster was enacting on the left bank of the Schelde, Prince Eugene had brought up fourteen battalions to Albemarle's assistance to the very brink of the opposite side, but they could not pass, because the only bridge, crowded with horse and baggage, had unhappily broken with all upon it. "Military men," says Bishop Burnet, "assured me that if it had not been for that misfortune, Villars's attempt might have turned fatally on himself and to the ruin of his whole army."¹

As might have been expected, severe reflections were made on Lord Albemarle for the loss of the battle; but the States having appointed some deputies of their own to examine his reasons, "it was resolved not only to declare that the Earl had behaved with prudence and bravery in that action, but also to return him thanks for his conduct."²

¹ Burnet's Hist., vol. ii., p. 610.

² Rapin's "Hist. of England," v., p. 285.

At the same time Prince Eugene wrote as follows to one of the ministers:—"I am surprised and troubled to hear of the injustice done to my Lord Albemarle. He performed all that a courageous, prudent, and vigilant general could do, and had all the troops done their duty the affair would not have gone off as it did."

The French have made the most of their victory. On the Paris and Valenciennes road, where it abuts on that to Denain, is a pyramid, on the base of which are Voltaire's lines :—

"Regardez dans Denain l'audacieux Villars
Disputant le tonnerre à l'aigle des Césars."

Upon the trophy the descendant of the defeated general would make one remark. If—as Marlborough at Blenheim, at Oudenarde, or Ramillies—Villars had gained a victory over an enemy of superior force, he might have had good reason to be proud of his achievement, but such an hypothesis could not apply here. Albemarle's whole force consisted only of sixteen battalions and six guns ; that of Villars of one hundred and thirty-three battalions and two hundred and fifty dismounted squadrons which acted as infantry, together with a proportionate quantity of artillery.

The November following, Prince Eugene passed the greater part of the winter with Lord Albemarle at the Hague.

On the death of Queen Anne, Lord Albemarle was sent by the States-General to congratulate her successor on his accession to the English throne, and the new monarch, and his son the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards George the Second, passed the first night of their journey to England with Lord Albemarle, at his house at the Voorst. In 1717 he was nominated by the nobles of Holland to compliment Peter the Great on his arrival in that country, and attended him to Amsterdam : that city which His Imperial Majesty first entered as a journeyman carpenter. Lord Albemarle died the following year.

[1718.] When I had last occasion to speak of William Anne, the first Lord Albemarle's son and successor, he was three years and a-half old, and had been just refused a company in a marching regiment. However he had not very long to wait for his promotion, for at the age of fifteen he was appointed to a company in the First Regiment of Foot Guards, which gave him the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, a grade which his biographer and the present bearer of his title did not reach until he was on the wrong side of forty.

On the revival of the Order of the Bath, George the First appointed him one of the thirty-seven knights, to which number that institution was then restricted ; he placed him as a Lord of

the Bedchamber in the household of the Prince of Wales, and appointed him one of his own aides-de-camp.

At the age of twenty-one Lord Albemarle married Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of Charles, first Duke of Richmond, by Anne his wife, daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenell, and became the father of fifteen children. In 1733 he was constituted Captain and Colonel of the troop of Horse Guards. Four years later he obtained the lucrative sinecure of Governor of Virginia, and became major-general in 1741. In the proceeding year died Charles the Sixth, last male Emperor of the House of Hapsburg. By his will, the famous Pragmatic Sanction, he declared his daughter the sole possessor of his titles and estates. Every reader of history knows how her claim to the imperial throne was resisted by France, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria ; how she threw herself on the protection of her Hungarian subjects, and how they made their patriotic but ungrammatical declaration, "Moriatur pro nostro rege, Mariâ Theresiâ!" The enthusiasm of her subjects for this beautiful young Princess was shared by the people of England, who, in a fit of chivalry, sent an army to defend her cause.

In 1742 the "Pragmatic Army," as it styled itself, set out from England under the command of the Earl of Stair, and was afterwards reinforced by a body of troops under Major-General the Earl of Albemarle. But little was done in that campaign.

In the Spring of 1843, Lord Stair advanced as far as Höchst, a village within four miles of Frankfort on-the-Main. In attempting to cross the river he was repulsed with loss. After this mishap, George the Second resolved to command his army in person. The King took with him to the seat of war his son William, Duke of Cumberland, then a youth of twenty-two ; and his Royal Highness was attended by Lord Albemarle's eldest son, George, Viscount Bury, in the capacity of aide-de-camp—the Duke's junior by three years.

On the 19th of June the King joined the allied army, consisting of Austrians, Hanoverians, and English at Asschaffenburg, a town on the right bank of the Main. On the same day Marshal the Duc de Noailles, Commander-in-Chief of the French army, formed his troops in order of battle, facing the allies on the opposite side of the river. In order to prevent his adversaries from crossing the Main, he made himself master of the fords above and below the confederate position. Another part of his tactics was to starve them out of Asschaffenburg, and to force them to fight him on ground of his own choosing. With this view, he sent out strong detachments which cut off their supplies, intercepted their provision boats, and burnt

those carrying forage. This part of the scheme had the desired effect. After tattoo on the evening of the 26th, George the Second ordered the tents to be struck and the troops to remain under arms till daybreak, when they were to march in two columns in the direction of Hanau, where they would find supplies and reinforcements.

Noailles was informed by some deserters soon after mid night, of the intended movements of the allies. In anticipation of their line of march, he had erected six batteries on the left bank of the river.

At Seligenstadt, a short distance below Dettingen, the French commander threw over the Main two pontoons, and was thus in military parlance *à cheval* on the river. By means of these bridges the French marshal took over with him to the right bank unperceived by the allies, 30,000 chosen troops, which he placed under the immediate command of his nephew, the Duc de Grammont, and selected a position above Dettingen. After giving his kinsman strict injunctions to receive and not to give battle, he returned to the left bank to watch the movements of his adversaries, and placed himself under the cover of his batteries.

On the morning of the 26th, the British army proceeded on their march. Immediately on their evacuation of Asschaffenburg, 13,000 French troops took possession of the town and its surrounding heights. George the Second set out in a carriage, but had gone not far when he was told that the French were in force and in a strong position on the right bank. He accordingly mounted his horse to ascertain the truth of the report.

As soon as the leading column of the allies had reached Kleinostheim, the first French battery opened fire, and the noise of the guns caused the King's horse to take fright, and it would soon have carried its royal burden into the enemies' outposts, if its bridle had not been seized by an equerry. His Majesty now descended from his unmanageable steed, and continued the rest of the day on foot.

The position of the French army was admirably chosen: between it and the allies lay a dangerous morass, a swampy rivulet, a narrow defile, and the village of Dettingen, about which had been thrown up redoubts and other field works: its left flank was protected by a range of hills, its right covered by a battery on the opposite bank of the river. The whole force was drawn up in two lines.

Between the base of the Spessart range of hills and the river opposite Dettingen there are scarcely 1,200 paces of level ground. Within this narrow compass the confederates were

forced to arrange their order of battle. The infantry were formed in four lines, and in rear of each line cavalry were posted. The first line of horse was led by General Honeywood, Lieut.-Generals Campbell, Ligonier, Baron de Cenvrières and Major-General the Earl of Albemarle.¹

It was observed that George the Second wore on the occasion the yellow sash of Hanover. His Majesty took up a position on a rising ground of the Sternberg on the right wing of the allied army. The spot is still shown where he stood. It was here that, according to Frederick the Great, the King was to be seen with his sword drawn, resting on his left leg, and in the attitude of a fencing master. The Duke of Cumberland was posted on the left flank of the front line.

Noailles's plan, which called forth the admiration of Frederick the Great, was to allow a portion of the allied forces to cross the defile, and to bring them under such a murderous cross fire as would compel them to surrender at discretion. He further hoped, by means of his cavalry, to cut them off from the remainder of the allied army, who would be attacked by the French troops from Asschaffenburg in their rear, by the six batteries along the river on their left flank, and by the 30,000 men in their front.

This skilful strategy was rendered abortive by the Duc de Grammont, a hot-headed youth, who, eager for the fray, and relying upon the mettle of the French household troops, disobeyed his uncle's orders, left his vantage ground, crossed the defile, left behind him morass, rivulet and intrenchments, and rushed impetuously to the attack.

To make amends in some degree for the folly of which he had been guilty, Grammont, at the head of the household cavalry, attacked some English battalions with such intrepidity that he compelled them to give ground and forced his way through the first line of the confederates, but unable to penetrate further into the solid phalanx, was repulsed with loss. In the course of the day he made two such attempts and with a like result. As soon as the French commander perceived the blunder his nephew had committed, he hastened across the river in the hope to avert some of its evil consequences, but he seemed fated to be the victim of the insubordination of his lieutenants.

The Duc d'Harcourt, a young man of the Grammont stamp, conceived the design of turning the flank of the Pragmatic army, of thereby bringing the victory to the standard of his sovereign, and of obtaining for himself a marshal's *bâton*.

Taking with him a brigade of French foot guards of which

¹ "Life of H. R. H. William, Duke of Cumberland," p. 64.

he had the command, he issued from Dettingen, marched up stream, and took up a position in front of the French battery on the left bank of the river, which was immediately silenced by his presence, it having up to that time made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the allies. Some Austrian, English, and Hanoverian battalions, under the command of the Imperial General, Marshal Salm, now came to the rescue of their threatened left wing.

The French Commander-in-Chief had given strict orders to his infantry to wait for the first fire of the enemy, and then to rush in upon them bayonet in hand.¹ The corps de garde seem to have obeyed the former part of the order so well as to incapacitate themselves for performing the latter part; for the first fire of the allied infantry proved to be so thoroughly effective, that instead of using the bayonet, the French guards thought only of flight. First they tried to regain the village of Dettingen, but finding the passage barred, they rushed into the river as the only shelter from the pitiless storm of iron that showered upon them—a proceeding which obtained for their corps the nickname of “*Les Canards du Maine*.”

Many were drowned in the attempt to cross the river, and those who reached the opposite bank spread dismay into the other regiments. In this disastrous affair the French Guards lost two hundred and five killed, and two hundred and four wounded—amongst whom was their leader, the Duc d'Harcourt.²

While the allies were employed in repelling the attack made on their left flank, the English cavalry, of which Lord Albemarle's brigade formed part of the first line, were ordered to the front. They had been exposed for several hours “to the most severe cannonade that ever was known,”³ and now found themselves engaged with the French Cuirassiers de la Garde, a body of men composed for the most part of Irish gentlemen's sons. They charged with such impetuosity as to cause a general wavering in the ranks of their adversaries, who, when they beheld the disaster that had befallen Harcourt's brigade, lost all presence of mind, fled in the utmost confusion, and even threw away their cuirasses that they might run the faster.”⁴

¹ “Noailles hatte wohl seinem Fußvolke den Befehl gegeben, das erste Feuer des Feindes abzuwarten, und dann mit dem Bayonette auf denselben loszugehen.” — Archiv des historischen Vereins von Unterfranken und Aschaffenburg.—S. 2.

² Oesterreich-Militärische Zeitschrift. Jahrgang 1880. Heft 10. Seite 17-18.

³ “Life of Cumberland.”

⁴ M. H. Clarke's Geschichtskunde von der Regierung Friedrich's des Großen. 1 B. S. 109.

The panic soon spread over the whole of the French right wing : the left wing, with which was the Duc de Noailles, remained for a short time firm, and it was thought that he would try to carry out his original design of disputing the passage of the defile, but his troops were too dispirited to offer any effectual resistance. The allies crossed unopposed, and victory declared in their favor.

The loss of the French has been computed at six thousand men ; that of the allies at half that number.

Lord Albemarle, who is reported to "have behaved with great gallantry in the action," was honorably mentioned in the despatches. "The horse," writes Walpole, "were pursuing when the letters came away, so there is no certain account of the slaughter. Lord Albemarle had his horse shot under him ; in short, the victory was complete. . . Oh ! in my hurry I forgot the place—you must talk of the Battle of Dettingen."

George the Second was highly delighted, as well he might be, to escape out of the *cul de sac* of the morning, and allowed his attendants to stick a sprig of laurel in his hat.

The winners and losers of the fight had each their jokes on its unexpected issue. The confederate generals were seen drinking the health of the Duc de Grammont, through whose manoeuvres their army had been saved from destruction, and before Noailles's dwelling was suspended a sword with the inscription, "Thou shalt do no murder."

The youthful Duke of Cumberland, attended by his still more youthful aide-de-camp, behaved with the hereditary gallantry of his race. He was to be seen throughout the day wherever by his words or presence he could encourage the troops to do battle at such tremendous odds. He rode a beautiful Turkish horse, which was killed under him, having four balls in its body. "His Royal Highness, the Duke," writes Lord Carteret, "commanding with great bravery at his post of major-general, received a musket-ball which went through his leg." This wound, from his gross habit of body, occasioned him much torture at different periods of his life.

When taken to the surgeons, the Duke insisted upon giving the precedence to Count de Fénelon, a young French officer who had been sabred by some Grenadiers. "Begin," said His Royal Highness, "with the wound of the French officer ; he is more dangerously hurt than I am, and stands in more need of assistance."¹

Smollett places Lord Albemarle and General Huske among the wounded ; this was true only of the latter. John Huske,

¹ "Life of Cumberland," p. 75.

who commanded a brigade of infantry, received a shot through the heel which broke the bone. On the cover of Lord Bury's autograph orderly-book of this campaign, I find the following verses—probably the first and last inspiration of his muse :

“Go on, brave Huske, and tread the paths of glory,
A fate like thine we read in Grecia's story;
Old Homer's hero, most renowned in war,
Except in heel, was proof to every scar;
Immortal honor shall attend his deeds,
Who bravely fights, and like Achilles bleeds.”

[1745.] On the 25th of April, Marshal Saxe, at the head of an army of eighty thousand, invested Tournay. A force, consisting of British, Hanoverian, and Dutch, was despatched to raise the siege. Of that force the Duke of Cumberland was appointed to the chief command. “Poor boy,” writes Walpole, “they call him ‘generalissimo’; he is Brunswickly happy with his drums and trumpets.” From my grandfather's orderly-book of this campaign, I find the following list of his Royal Highness's personal staff :—Captain Napier, Viscount Bury, Captain Honorable Joseph York, Lord Ancram, and Lieutenant-Colonel Conway.

On the 9th of May the Duke first came in sight of the enemy. They had crossed the river Schelde, at the side opposite Tournay. The right wing of the French army rested, one flank on the river and the village of Antoin, and the other on that of Fontenoy. The centre extended from Fontenoy to the Bois de Barri. Its front line composed exclusively of household troops under the Duc de Biron, comprised the Brigade du Roi, the Regiment d'Aubeterre, four battalions of foot guards, two of Swiss guards. The left was composed of several brigades, the most distinguished of which was the Franco-Irish, consisting of the regiments Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Ruth and Buckley, and commanded by Lord Clare. One formidable redoubt was erected in front of the village of Antoin, another at Fontenoy, and two more at the extremity of the Barri wood. These were connected for the most part by field-works, and mounted altogether one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery.¹ Louis XV. and the Dauphin, who arrived on the evening of the 9th of May, occupied a tent near the windmill. Two pontoon bridges were thrown across the river—the one for the King and his household, the other for the troops.

On the morning of the 11th, Cumberland ranged his troops in order of battle; the Dutch, under the Prince of Waldeck, in front of the village of Piéronne, extended almost opposite Fon-

1 “Mémoires de Richelieu.”

tenoy and formed the left. The Hanoverians, commanded by Major-General Zastrow, the centre, and the British the right of the allied army. The operations of the British infantry were placed under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir John Ligonier.

To Lord Albemarle was assigned the command of the brigade of Guards and seven other infantry regiments. His division formed the first line of the allied army. The engagement began at five in the morning. At about nine it was arranged that the Dutch should break the French line between Antoin and Fontenoy, but they suffered so severely from the artillery and musketry of the enemy, that after two attempts they retired out of the range of fire, and "remained," says Richelieu, "for the rest of the day *'paisibles spectateurs du combat,'*" so at this early period of the day the confederates, already inferior in number to the enemy, had to fight the battle *minus* their left wing. The redoubts at the extremity of the Barri wood giving great annoyance to the English front line, General Ingoldsby was despatched with a brigade of infantry and a few squadrons to take them; but by some fatality he failed in the attempt.

The Duke now determined to force the French centre.

Lord Albemarle, whose division led the attack, posted himself with the colors of the Third Guards. The column advanced through an aperture about 600 yards broad, between the Fontenoy and Barri redoubts. Marshal Saxe had neglected to throw up any earth-works here, thinking that no troops would face the murderous fire to which such an attempt would expose them. Regardless, however, of the storm of musketry and artillery that assailed both their flanks, the confederates succeeded in passing through the hollow way and dragging with them six field-pieces—a movement which they effected with as much order and regularity as upon an ordinary field-day. James, Earl of Crawford, who commanded the cavalry, an old campaigner, said it "was the noblest sight he ever beheld."

The barrier passed, the English and French brigades of Guards found themselves confronted with each other at a distance of thirty yards. A pause ensued of sufficient duration to enable Lord Charles Hay to make some chaffing observations to Count d'Aubeterre, and to bring to the front the Duc de Biron, General of the French Household Division, and holding a corresponding rank to that of Lord Albemarle. Then is said to have occurred that strange colloquy between the English and French commanders. Lord Albemarle, taking off his hat, calls out, "*Messieurs les Gardes Françaises, tirez,*" whereupon the French general, not to be outdone in politeness, answers, "*Messieurs les Gardes Anglaises, tirez-vous les premiers; nous riposterons.*"

Although I hold the story to be a myth, I am inclined to believe that it arose from the practice then prevalent in the French army of receiving the enemy's fire before they fired themselves. Now I have already shown that the Duc de Noailles gave such an order to the infantry at Dettingen, and I find that later in the day, at Fontenoy, the Franco-Irish Brigade "marched up to the British line *without firing*."¹ Hence I infer that the Duc de Biron, in conformity with military precedent, gave like instructions to his men—not, however, with either the knowledge or approval of the Commander-in-Chief, Marshal de Saxe, who, in his memoirs, has entered a strong protest against the then prevailing custom.²

This invitation to the first fire has been attributed to others than Lord Albemarle, but it is hardly necessary to observe that no officer of inferior rank would have ventured to enter upon such a dialogue in the immediate presence of the French and English generals of division.

From whatever cause, whether according to tradition of the "*courtoisie intempestive*" or not, certain it is that the first volley of the Guards and the six field-pieces killed eighteen officers and placed *hors de combat* six hundred of the French Guards, nearly annihilated another regiment, beat down the front French line, and caused them to retire in confusion upon their left wing.

Among the victims to this first fire was the young Duc de Grammont, whose rashness led to the defeat of his countrymen at Dettingen.

As the column proceeded it halted at intervals, and facing outward thus formed three sides of a square. Several volleys were discharged, which, together with the field-pieces charged with grape, did terrible execution on the enemy. A French writer has compared the appearance of the confederate column in that position to a hydra-headed monster belching fire and dealing destruction to all around.³

The French King watched the progress of the battle from a windmill, and was hence nicknamed "Louis de Moulin." At the first appearance of the confederates within the entrenchments he left his mill and tried personally to rally his troops. To some he cried, "Allons ! courage, mes enfans ; je vais me mettre à votre tête." Over others he flourished his whip and called them miserable wretches for letting their comrades be slaughtered without flying to their rescue ; but as the hostile column approached the tents of his army his nerve seems to

¹ "Life of Cumberland," p. 223.

² "Mémoires de Saxe." t. v., p. 299.

³ Du Mortuis, "Conquêtes de Louis XV."

have utterly failed him. Here is the account of an eye-witness :—

“*Les ennemis avancoient toujours, et étaient presque maîtres du champ de bataille. Le roi, suant à grosses gouttes, et tout consterné, ainsi que Monseigneur le dauphin, dit dans cette circonstance, ‘Qu’on fasse avancer ma maison.’*”¹

Louis, who twice early in the day had been advised by the French marshal to leave the field, was now strongly urged by his courtiers to recross the river by the bridge that had been provided for him, and he was more than half inclined to act upon the suggestion. If he had done so his panic-stricken army would have undoubtedly attempted to follow him, and the two pontoon bridges being unable to support so large a force in all the confusion of flight, would have afforded the assailants an easy victory. Thus, Maurice de Saxe, one of the first generals of his day, was within an ace of experiencing the fate which befell my ancestor at Denain, without Lord Albemarle’s excuse of having been overpowered by numbers. The French marshal, however, reached his master just in time to avert the catastrophe. “What blockhead,” bluntly asked de Saxe of the King, “gave that advice to your Majesty? I should have been of the same opinion before the action: now it is too late.” The Anglo-Hanoverian column now thought that they had gained the day. A change of position became expedient. Exposure for three hours to a heavy fire had so jammed the column together that the movement became necessarily a slow one. Marshal Saxe skilfully took advantage of the delay. Seizing some field-pieces which had been reserved for the protection of the King’s person, he pointed them diagonally at the angles of the confederate square. At the same time he ordered the troops released from the Fontenoy redoubts to attack its left face, and the Franco-Irish Brigade under Lord Clare its right, while the Duc de Richelieu at the head of the cavalry of the “Maison du Roi” was directed to charge it in the front. In the official list of the wounded, Lord Albemarle is reported as “rode over and bruised.” It was probably in this same charge that he received a severe contusion on the breast.

While Lord Albemarle was thus occupied with the British infantry, his son and heir was in close attendance upon the youthful generalissimo, who, says one of his staff, “was the whole day in the thickest of the fire.”² Another of his aides-de-camp, Colonel, afterwards Field-Marshal, Conway, writes to the younger Horace Walpole—“As to the behavior of the Duke, of which I was witness the whole time, I can say I never

¹ Marshal de Saxe’s valet, see “Mémoires de Richelieu,” tome vii. p. 143.

² Captain the Honorable Joseph Yorke in a letter to Horace Walpole the elder.

saw more coolness nor greater intrepidity, exposing himself wherever the fire was hottest, and flying wherever he saw our troops fail, to lead them himself and to encourage them by his example. His horse received three wounds and he one spent ball on his wrist, which only made a slight bruise and did him no hurt. Of us, poor Ancram and Lord Cathcart¹ are both wounded, but they are both in a very good way. For myself, the balls had the same complaisance for me as for the Duke ; one only hit my leg after all its force was gone, and my horse, which I rid all day, received only a slight wound in the leg. Poor Berkeley is killed, which I lament excessively."²

To the sketch of this memorable battle I have little more to add. Exposed to this "triple ouragan" of horse, foot, and artillery on its front and flanks, cut off from reinforcements to recruit its decimated ranks, with no cavalry at hand to keep up the panic which their presence within the enemy's lines inspired, deprived of all hope of assistance from the Dutch allies, the confederates had no alternative but to retreat, and they succeeded in regaining the ground they had occupied in the morning.

In the *London Gazette*, 11th of May, 1745, the officer in the immediate command of the infantry, and the leaders of the Hanoverian and British columns of attack are thus mentioned:—

"The honor gained by the infantry was in a great measure owing to the conduct and bravery of Lieutenant-General Ligonier and Major-General Zastrow, and Lord Albemarle did all that could be expected from brave and experienced officers."

The conduct of the Brigade of Guards was deservedly eulogized in the public despatches ; but there were two line regiments which should not be passed over in silence : one of them was the 42d Highlanders, or famous "Black Watch." In the "History of the Scottish Regiments" they are stated, I believe incorrectly, to have been brigaded with the Guards ; but they formed together with the Guards part of Lord Albemarle's division, respecting which division the same history says, "It so distinguished itself by its matchless valor that Marshal Saxe said of it, 'These furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest.'" I would also say a few words in behalf of another regiment that served under Albemarle at Fontenoy—the 23d, or Royal Welsh Fusiliers. It had behaved with great gallantry at Dettingen, where its colonel fell fighting at its head ; at Fontenoy its loss exceeded that of any other regiment engaged—nineteen officers and two hundred

¹ Lord Cathcart and Lord Ancram, aides-de-camp to H. R. H. the Duke.

² Captain Berkeley of the 1st Regiment of Guards, a nephew of Lady Betty Germaine and cousin of Earl Berkeley.

rank and file were placed *hors de combat*. Seventy years after Fontenoy I had the honor of being brigaded with this same regiment on the slopes of Waterloo.

Sir Archibald Alison, enumerating the series of land defeats which the French had sustained from English troops, says, "Since the battle of Hastings, Tenchebray, Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Verneuil, Crevont, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Minden, Dettingen, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, Waterloo, were gained by English soldiers. Even at Fontenoy, the greatest victory over England of which France can boast since Hastings, every regiment in the French army was, on their own admission, routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely by want of support on the part of the Dutch and Austrians."¹

The advance of the Confederates at Fontenoy is still pointed out by military men as illustrating the power of a column. Napoleon compared the early operations of the Austrians at Marengo to those of the English at Fontenoy. There are certainly some points of resemblance between the two actions. In both the French were nearly sustaining an ignominious defeat. Neither at Fontenoy nor Marengo did the strategical arrangements of the French armies reflect much credit on either their Saxon or Corsican commander.

But there were also points of dissimilarity. The defeated Austrians at Marengo were put wholly to the rout. The defeated English at Fontenoy effected an orderly retreat and nearly annihilated two regiments of cavalry that tried to stay their progress."²

As soon as the news of the battle reached England, the Duke of Newcastle wrote to Lord Albemarle as follows:—

"NEWCASTLE HOUSE, May 10, 1745.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Nothing has been so great a comfort to me under the loss of so many brave and honest men as the good news that you and dear Bury was safe. I could not avoid letting you know it, and also expressing my great satisfaction to see you so greatly and honorably distinguished by His Royal Highness in the relation of the action which I shall take care shall be printed in the *Gazette* to-morrow. I suffer much for the loss of my poor friend, Colonel Carpenter."³

¹ Alison's *Marlborough*, ii. pp. 434, 435.

² The regiment of Noailles was almost destroyed, and the Carabineers had thirty-two officers killed—"Life of Cumberland," p. 226.

³ Colonel Robert Carpenter, of the 3d Regiment of Guards, related to Lord Carpenter, left a wife and seven children.

It is a most terrible one to me. I have known him to be the best friend and honestest man that ever was. If there were any particular circumstances attending his case, I wish you would let me know them. My love to Bury,

"Ever yⁿ,

"HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

"Lady Alb^{le} is pure well."

WILLIAM ANNE, LORD ALBEMARLE TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

"August 11, 1745.

"MY LORD DUKE,—I fear your Grace is angry with me. I deserve it to a degree, for I own I ought to have answered your letter sooner, but y^e hopes we lived in for some time to be able to write good news to our friends and protectors in England has occasioned my silence. This has not been particular to me, for I share this way of thinking with most of my brother officers. But now, my Lord, that all these hopes are vanished (at least for some time), and that we have nothing left but to make a good defence behind the canal in case we should be attacked,¹ allow me to lay myself at your feet, and to assure that, whether a good or bad scribe, I shall always be y^r respectfull humble servant, never forgetting my obligations to your Grace and Mr. Pelham. To take up your time in presuming to acquaint you with y^e situation of our army, and y^e ground we are encamped upon to defend the passage would be wrong, knowing that you have a very regular and ample correspondence with our Chief. I will therefore only answer a question made by you in your letter relating to poor Bob. That brave man behaved with all the bravery and coolness imaginable during our long and tedious cannonading, and was killed close by me at about one o'clock by the firing of small arms. As he commanded y^e Brigade of Foot Guards, under me, we were close afoot together till y^e time of his death. He mentioned more than once to me that he thought it would please you to know that he and I had attacked y^e enemy at the head of the same regiment. Douglass² was killed a little before him, standing then between us. Haldane,³ who carried the colors, was dangerously wounded, so that of five officers belonging to one platoon, only Ensign Prideaux and myself escaped. I will say no more on this subject, for it must renew in your Grace as it do's in me the sincere grief for the loss of so

¹ The allies had at this time retired upon the canal between Brussels and Antwerp.

² Lieut-Col. Hon. — Douglass, 3d Regiment of Guards, brother of Earl of Morton.

³ Ensign Haldane, 3d Regiment of Guards.

many worthy and honest men, and shall confine myself to acknowledge my fresh obligations to you and My Lady Dutchess for your late goodness to Lady Albemarle, in allowing her to pay her respects to you at Clermont, which she is as sensible of as

“Your Grace’s most obedient humble servant,

“ALBEMARLE.”

Upon the recommendation of Lord Albemarle, Captⁿ the Hon^{ble} Joseph Yorke was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His father, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, thus writes in acknowledgment of the favors shown him :—

“PARIS HOUSE, *June 28, 1754.*

“MY LORD,—I have received a letter from my son so full of acknowledgment of your Lordship’s great civility and goodness to him in the affair of his late promotion, that I cannot excuse myself from owing you the trouble of my sincere thanks on this occasion ; your Lordship will do me the justice to believe that the partiality of a father makes me consider this as a peculiar obligation upon myself, and that I shall rejoice in any opportunity of giving proofs of the grateful sense I retain of it. As the boy is now under your Lordship’s command, I hope and trust that his behavior will be such as will give you no reason to repent of the honor you have done him, and your Lordship may be assured that the stronger grounds he gives you to be satisfied with him, the more I shall be so.

“The only news the last letters from you brought us is that you have changed your camp. I heartily wish that your situation in general were so too. Equality of numbers we don’t think you quite want ; for we are convinced that the superior goodness and bravery of the officers and troops will make up for a great deal. But so great an inferiority we cannot but lament, and wish it were in our power here to remedy. We have done all we can, and we flatter ourselves with uncommon despatch. God grant you some happy and successful event.

“It gave me much concern to hear the danger your Lordship was in, and the hurt you suffered in the late battle, and I do as much rejoice in your safety and recovery. I heartily wish you as much personal honor, less danger, and more success in some more fortunate day.

“I am, with respect and truly, your Lordship’s, &c.,

“HARDWICKE.”

For his conduct at Fontenoy, Lord Albemarle was raised

to the rank of lieutenant-general, and appointed to the colonelcy of the Coldstream Guards.

The town and citadel of Tournay surrendered to the French on the 19th of June. Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Dendermonde fell into the hands of the enemy. Ostend was next invested. Lord Albemarle was sent to its assistance, but did not arrive in time. It opened its gates to the besiegers on the 23d of August.

[1745.] Towards the autumn, the British troops who had fought at Fontenoy were called up to fight a foe nearer home. Prince Charles Edward, James the Second's grandson, landed in Scotland, and with his "seven trusty men of Moidart," came to claim the kingdom of his ancestors, caused his father to be proclaimed, and crossed the Border to England. Nearly the whole of the infantry were re-called from the Low Countries, and a large portion of them, comprising among others, the brigade of Guards, returned home under the command of Lord Albemarle. He arrived with them in the Thames on the 4th of November, and towards the end of the month joined the head-quarters of the Royal Arms at Litchfield. The young Pretender, in the mean while, had taken possession of the castle of Carlisle, and had penetrated as far as Lancaster. The excitement produced amongst the Staffordshire Squires at finding a friendly army quartered in their parks, and a hostile and victorious enemy on the borders of their county, may be gathered from the letters which follow.¹ The writer was Thomas Anson, of Shugburgh Park, Staffordshire, addressing his brother, Commodore, afterwards Lord Anson, who had not long returned from his celebrated voyage round the world, having had for his first lieutenant, Lord Albemarle's second son Augustus, afterwards Viscount Keppel, and first Lord of the Admiralty:—

"November 25, 1745.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Marshal Wade's retiring, and the rebels continuing their march with such rapidity has struck a general terror. They were at Lancaster on Friday, which is the last I heard of them, and they seem to make their point directly at our gentlemen about Lichfield, who take it intended for them. I was yesterday to wait on the Duke of Richmond,² where I met with our old friends, Skelton,³ Price,⁴ and Ellison.⁵

¹ Earl of Litchfield's MSS.

² Charles, second Duke of Richmond, Lady Albemarle's brother, a Knight of the Garter, a Lord of the Bedchamber and a lieutenant-general. He was present at the battle of Dettingen, and was second in command of Sir John Ligonier's Staffordshire army.

³ Henry Skelton, one of Ligonier's major-generals, Colonel of the 13th Foot.

⁴ John Price, a brigadier-general in the same army, Colonel of the 14th Foot.

⁵ Colonel Cuthbert Ellison, a lieutenant-general in 1759.

I made them from my heart, an offer of anything I was capable of accommodating them in. They were entirely communicative, and without reserve; so that I was master of the *carte du pays*. If they are well commanded, and have time to *rendezvous* and come at the rebels, I doubt not but that they will give a good account of them; if not, the Lord have mercy upon this poor country! I shall send my sisters away to-morrow night or next morning by easy stages, the Oxford road, by Henley and Stafford, which is the safest route, and they may perhaps halt a day or two when out of the reach of the disturbance. I look upon Oxford at all times and events to be the safest and most sacred of all places—an easy distance from London, &c. I shall continue hovering about my own fields as long as I can without falling into ill hands, which I shall endeavor to guard against.

“We are, ever most tenderly and affectionately yours,
THOMAS ANSON.”

On the 28th of November, the Duke of Cumberland, attended by Lord Bury and the other aides-de-camp who had formed his personal staff at the battle of Fontenoy, arrived at Lichfield, and superseded Ligonier in the command of the Staffordshire army. Horace Walpole, writing at the period of his Royal Highness's departure from London, says: “The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason, for he has a lion's courage, vast vigilance, and, I am told, great military genius. For my own particular, I am uneasy that he is gone; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of his aides-de-camp, and brave as he, are gone with him. The ill behavior of the soldiers lays a double objection on the officers to set them examples of running on danger.”

At Lichfield, the Duke of Cumberland was joined by Lord Albemarle, who brought with him three battalions of Guards. On the 1st of December, His Royal Highness marched with the whole body of his forces to Stone, a town seven miles south of Macclesfield, in expectation of meeting the Pretender on his way to Congleton, but receiving intelligence that the rebels were advancing to Derby, he returned to Lichfield, and had intended to march towards Northampton, and intercept them in their march to London.

THOMAS ANSON, ESQ., TO COMMODORE ANSON.

“December 2.

“I suppose nothing of consequence has happened in town these two posts, or I should have had the pleasure of hearing

from you. Anything particular, now, is extremely agreeable as I don't find there is any punctual correspondence settled and the Duke was saying yesterday, that since he left London nobody writes to him. I passed all that day at Lichfield where I found myself in the midst of my acquaintance, particularly the aides-de-camp. Everybody in spirits and jollity, impatient for action, and no fear but that the rebels might slip into Derbyshire, Wales, or return by the way they came. The last account of them was that the main body of them was at Manchester,¹ and parties at Knutsford. They do not, by all accounts, exceed 7000, and whatever has joined them, can make no addition to their strength. The last battalion of Guards got into Lichfield at three yesterday, and Lord Almarle came in the moment we sat down to dinner. I left them about eight o'clock, and the Duke proposed to be at Stafford to-day, and the three battalions of Guards were to march thither this morning. About eleven o'clock this morning, Sir W. Bagot² and Sir Philip Musgrave³ called upon me in a violent hurry to let me know that the artillery which halted at Rugby and was gone to Stafford, had passed through Heywood for Stone; and the Duke of Richmond had taken the same route,⁴ which was true, but they added that the occasion was an express received, that the rebels from a misinformation of their strength, taking them to be no more than 2000 or 3000, had advanced near Newcastle,⁵ so that the engagement would probably be the next day. I told them my first care was where I should take my stand to see the battle most commodiously, but that I fancied the thing was premature. We mounted our horses for further intelligence, and at Park Brook saw all the Guards march full of health and spirit. Lord Almarle came in the rear, who told me that soon after I left them, they received an account that the rebels were at Macclesfield and Stopford last night.⁶ I asked where Mr. Wade was,⁷ he shook his head, and said he was not so near them as was expected. He could not stop to refresh himself, though he was so near me, and said he should leave Stafford to-morrow morn-

¹ All the Pretender's army were at Manchester on the 29th and halted there the 30th November.

² Sir William Bagot, created Baron Bagot in 1780.

³ Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart. M. P. for Westmoreland.

⁴ "The Duke of Cumberland had marched from Stafford to Stone; so that the rebels, in turning off from Ashby to Derby had gained a march between him and London. Had Charles proceeded in his career with that expedition which he had hitherto used, he might have made himself master of the metropolis, where he would have been certainly joined by a considerable number of his well-wishers."—Smollett's "England," vol. iii. p. 169.

⁵ On 2d Dec. Charles marched to Congleton, within nine miles of Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.

⁶ This information was correct.

⁷ "Wade lingered in Yorkshire." Smollett.

ing. You will find by this last motion that the rebels incline towards Derbyshire, as if they had a mind to slip both armies, and speak with you in town. If not, we are certainly *à la veille d'un combat*, which I heartily wish, and am in very little pain about the success of it. All the troops, except one or two regiments, may be got together upon a few hours' notice. They consist of between seven and eight thousand foot, old corps and good, besides the horse and dragoons. I don't know how I missed of Lord Sandwich. I met Speed at the head of his regiment at Rugely. They are admirable for the time. '*J'espère que nous ferons bien, je n'en doute nullement*,' was our parting. However heavily the Duke of Bedford may take it, I do not think his rheumatism so grievously timed. No mortal doubts his spirit, but the thing does not require him.

"The post comes in so late that I have but just received a letter from Mytton, who enjoins me to write on pain of his displeasure, so that you will take care to send him this scrawl, and save the trouble of expedition, especially as I am now you will imagine pretty much employed, and have my house full of soldiers.

"Yours ever."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"December 2. Ten at Night.

"Lord Albemarle read me a letter he had just received from your pupil as he calls him.¹ Tell Adair² Lord Bury is the most charming of the sons of men. 'Tis now eleven at night. My servant has just returned from Stafford with an account from Lord Albemarle, that most of the troops are already marched out of Stafford, and he setting out in a hurry upon the arrival of an express. I shall look upon Ligonier as a prophet; four days ago he said, 'About Tuesday or Wednesday we shall certainly be in their Buff.' At the date of the next letter, the rebels were at Derby, where they remained the following day."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

December 4, Wednesday, 4 o'clock.

"You will share my disappointment when I relate the sequel. After the alarm of the midnight march, and the most positive

¹ Captain the Hon. Augustus Keppel, Lord Albemarle's second son, at this time in command of the *Sapphire*, a frigate of forty tons. He accompanied Anson in his voyage round the world, entered the *Centurion*, the commander's ship, as a midshipman, and eventually became her first lieutenant. As long as Anson lived Augustus Keppel was his favorite pupil.

² William Adair, the army agent in Pall Mall, a great friend of the Keppel family, and of Lord Bury in particular.

assurances that the rebels were at Newcastle, I went to Stratford in the morning full of the battle I was to see, and met crowds of people coming back in great consternation, who cried out that the battle was begun. I heard no firing. When I came I found all the troops in and about the town. I found my way to the Duke's quarters, where I learned that the rebels were at Leek. Having been long tired to death, I got home as fast as I could, and found the rascals left Leek at one this morning, and it is supposed will be at Derby to-night. The troops are all returning in great haste, and all measures are taken for forwarding their march, I suppose either to intercept or overtake them, which does not seem to be very practicable. Two thousand are quartered in this parish, and a company at least upon your humble servant."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Saturday, December 7.

"I fancy there has been a general panic about London upon the rebels seeming to make a point that way, but it appears that they understand their business better, and yesterday morning about eight o'clock, marched out of Derby, and lay at Ashbourne and the adjacent villages, as they had done on Wednesday or Tuesday last. This I had certain intelligence last night, which, considering the uncertainty of their motions, roused me pretty early this morning, and I continued prepared to fly at a minute's warning, till a person who was sent to reconnoitre, brought an account, that at about ten this morning he saw at three-quarters of a mile distance, the whole body pass along a valley on the other side of the Weaver Hills, three miles from Ashbourne. The road to Newcastle is Leek, for they might turn either way after he lost sight of them. Our army was last night at Meriden and Coventry. I have heard nothing of them to-day. All the most credible accounts agree that the number of the rebels does not exceed seven thousand, three or four thousand good troops, the rest rabble and boys. The Pretender's son who was generally in the rear before the army was so near them, has since marched at the head. He is something under six foot high, wears a plaid, walks well, a good person enough, but a melancholy aspect, speaks little, and was never seen to smile.—So much for rebels and armies. My situation is still the same—between two fires, and the prospect I fear does not mend upon us. Can you send us any consolation? Let Mr. Legge know I saw them all well at Blythfield¹ yesterday, tho' in the height of alarms."

¹ Blythfield, Staffordshire, seat of Sir William Bagot.

On the 21st of December, the Duke of Cumberland proceeded to Carlisle, which he invested on all sides. After seven days' resistance, the rebels hung out a white flag. The Duke immediately sent a message by Lord Bury and Colonel Conway, his aides-de-camp, to acquaint them that he would make no exchange of hostages with rebels, and that the only terms he would grant, would be that they should not be put to the sword, but reserved for the king's pleasure. This done, confidence and security were given to the northern parts of England, and the Duke returned to London, appointing General Hawley Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Scotland. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the disaster that befell this General at Falkirk, or how the royal army would have been altogether put to the route but for the assistance of General Huske, who with great skill, secured the retreat of the royal forces. There was now again a unanimous call for the Duke of Cumberland, who accepted the office of Captain-General, and arrived on the 13th of January at Edinburgh, attended by Lords Cathcart and Bury, Colonel Conway and Colonel Yorke, four of his Fontenoy aides-de-camp.

Immediately under the Duke were two Lieutenant-Generals, Henry Hawley to give a more general superintendence to the operations of the cavalry, and Lord Albemarle to those of the infantry. The officer with whom Lord Albemarle was thus associated in the operations of the new force commenced active service as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 4th Dragoons in the rebellion in 1715. Civil strife is not a period for acquiring the amenities of war, and probably in that campaign General Hawley acquired that ferocity of disposition towards those who came under his power, and to the Highlanders in particular. He is stated, by the Jacobites, to have been the most remorseless of all the commanding officers employed by the Duke in the suppression of the Rebellion of 1745. "He is called," says Walpole, "'Lord Chief Justice.' Frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter (1745) he had intelligence of a spy to come for the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival, was seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion. 'Well,' said Hawley, 'but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guardroom!' He is very brave and able, with no small bias to the brutal." Such is Walpole's sketch of his character; later, his own letters will fill in the details of the picture.

Early in April, the Duke of Cumberland put all the divisions of his army into motion to advance towards the rebels.

He arrived at Banff on the 10th, and encamped the next day at Cullen, where he was joined by the troops under Lord Albemarle.

On the 15th he arrived at Nairne, and there learned that the rebels had collected their forces about nine miles distant. The Royal Army decamped from Nairne at daybreak the next morning. After a march of eight miles they came in sight of the rebels drawn up in battle array, on the moor near Culloden House, in order, to use their own expression, "to give Cumberland another Fontenoy."

As at Fontenoy, Lord Albemarle commanded the front line of the infantry. His force consisted of the 4th, the 37th, the Scotch Fusileers (21st), the 14th, the 34th, the Royal Scots (the 1st). Ten pieces of cannon were planted in all the intermediate spaces between each of the battalions; the left flank was protected by the 11th Dragoons, under Colonel the Earl of Ancram, and the right by the 10th, commanded by Major-General Bland.

The second line, led by Major General Huske, comprised the 8th, the 25th, the 20th, the 48th.

Brigadier Mordaunt commanded the third line, which consisted of the 27th Bataillon,¹ the 13th, the 3d (Buffs).

The front of the rebel army, formed by the clans in thirteen divisions under their respective chiefs, was commanded by Lord John Drummond, the right wing by Lord George Murray, the left by the titular Duke of Perth. General Stapleton commanded the second line. The Pretender himself, with a small bodyguard, was upon a rising ground to the rear.

The Duke having sent Lord Bury forward within one hundred yards of the rebels, to reconnoitre something that appeared like a battery, the rebels opened fire upon him. Thus began the battle of Culloden.

An incident, which was nearly ending fatally to my grandfather, is thus recorded in a contemporary account of this action :—

"A poor mountaineer, resolving to sacrifice his life for his Prince and clan, approached the line of the English, demanded quarter, and was sent to the rear. As he lounged backwards and forwards, apparently indifferent to what was going on, and even paying no attention to the ridicule with which the soldiers greeted his uncouth appearance, Lord Bury, son of the Earl of Albemarle, an aide-de-camp to the Duke, happened to pass in the discharge of his duties, when all at once, the Highlander seized one of the soldiers' muskets, and discharged it at that officer, receiving next mo-

* Disbanded in 1749.

ment with perfect indifference, and as a matter of course, the shot with which another soldier immediately terminated his own existence. He had intended to shoot the Duke of Cumberland, but fired prematurely, and without effect, at an inferior officer, whose gaudy apparel seemed, in his simple eyes, to indicate the highest rank."¹

The Highland Infantry first made a rush on the right of Albemarle's line, where the Duke was in person to receive them at the head of the 34th regiment. They next made an onslaught on Albemarle's left flank, and discharged all their fury on the 4th regiment. Thereupon General Huske brought the 25th and 26th regiments to its support, and a dreadful scene of slaughter ensued.

All was now confusion in the ranks of the rebels. To complete their destruction, Lieutenant-General Hawley and his dragoons, together with some loyal Highlanders, attacked them in flank and rear. A general fight ensued; they perished in heaps, unassisted by their French allies, who never fired a shot.

In Prince Charles' tent was found a silver punch-bowl, which was given by the Duke of Cumberland to Lord Bury, and is now an heir-loom in the Keppel family.

On the evening of the day of the battle, Bury was despatched by the Duke with a letter to the King, giving an account of the victory.

HORACE WALPOLE TO SIR HORACE MANN.

"ARLINGTON STREET, *April 23, 1746.*

"My friend Lord Bury arrived this morning from the Duke, though the news was got here before him, for with all our victory, it was not thought safe to send him through the heart of Scotland; so he was shipped at Inverness, and then put on shore at North Berwick, from whence he came post in three days to London, but with a fever upon him, for which he had been twice blooded but the day before the battle; but he is young and high in spirits, and I flatter myself will not suffer from this kindness of the Duke. The King has immediately ordered him a thousand pounds, and I hear, will make him his own aide-de-camp.

"The town is all blazing round me, as I write, with fireworks and illuminations. I have some inclination to wrap up half a dozen skyrockets to make you drink the Duke's health."

On the same day the Duke of Newcastle writes to the

¹ Chambers's "History of the Rebellion," p. 247.

Duke of Cumberland,—“Could your Royal Highness have seen the pleasure with which His Majesty received your letter and Lord Bury, I am sure your Highness would have had as much satisfaction as His Majesty and your faithful servants felt, to see your Royal Highness's merit and services so justly acknowledged and so graciously received by the King Poor Bury was much mortified at being tossed about so long at sea. I carried him to the King, and he was most graciously received and very much questioned, and he behaved like a hero and a politician. Had your Royal Highness dropped one word in his favor, his business, I believe, would have been done. We will do our best in our circumstances, but I wish your Royal Highness would enable us by a line from you.”¹

The Duke of Cumberland remained in Scotland three months after the battle of Culloden. He left behind him fearful traces of the havoc and ruin which he had commanded or connived at. With whatever horror we, who live in a more enlightened age, and whose hearths and altars have been free from an invader, may regard the rigorous measures to which he had recourse, no such feeling existed in the breasts of the English people at that juncture; they indeed would have been highly indignant had the march to Derby not been avenged by severe retaliations. The Highland clans were dispersed but not disarmed. The Scottish Jacobites were busy as ever in intrigues or in devising new combinations. The epithet of the “Butcher,” one of those expressive and concise nick-names that stick like burrs, applied to his Royal Highness for the cruel use of his victory, was long retained in men's memories, and is not quite forgotten now. I seek not to justify or even extenuate the rigor of the English Commander, but while condemning his cruelty, it should not be forgotten that the Highlanders then, before and after, never scrupled to indulge their thirst for vengeance and rapine at the cost of their fellow mountaineers. The atrocities committed in '46 were more brief in duration, and can hardly have exceeded in kind those of the Campbells and Macgregors, or those of James the Second while he was Lord Deputy of Scotland, or of Kirke and Jefferies after the rout of Monmouth at Sedgemoor.

To lay waste a rebel's country, to check and disable him from attempting yet another descent on the Lowlands or South Britain, to destroy by famine those whom fire and sword had spared, to intimidate the clans, to break down the power of the chieftains, was thought a necessity at the moment, and was a process akin to that which neither French nor Prussian would, to judge of the one by former and of the other by later

¹ Coxe's “Pelham Administration,” part i. p. 424.

deeds, have scrupled to employ. The truth is, that the march on Derby had produced a panic of which we can form no adequate conception, and when men are thoroughly frightened, the still voice of mercy is never raised or never heard.

"There's no philosopher but sees
That fear and rage are one disease;
Though this may burn and that may freeze,
They're both alike the ague."

On the departure of the Duke of Cumberland from Scotland, Lord Albemarle was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in that country. His Royal Highness set out on his return home on the 18th of July, and reached Edinburgh on the 21st. The inhabitants would fain have greeted his arrival in their city with splendid illuminations and other demonstrations of joy, but he, bearing in mind the reception they had given, only a few months before, to the claimant of his father's throne, declined the proffered honors. "I hear," writes General Mordaunt to Lord Albemarle, "that the people of Edinburgh met the Duke of Linlithgow, with a gold box, but he refused it and treated the Judases as they deserved."

The progress of the Duke further south is recorded in the following letter to Lord Albemarle from Colonel the Honorable John Fitzwilliam, the Groom of the Bedchamber in waiting on His Royal Highness:—

"LONDON, *Saturday, July 26, 1746.*

"MY LORD,—If my letter has the fortune of being open'd within a month after your Lordship's receipt of it, I shall think it has made haste into your hands; but as the handwriting of the superscription is a novelty to your Lordship, curiosity may perhaps induce you to see from whence it comes, and as I trust it to that accident I have taken the liberty of writing. It is to tell you that I overtook my master at Edinburgh, that is, he overtook me there twelve hours after I had been in bed.

"His reception at Newcastle and at York detained him three hours—at both which places he received golden freedoms; and arrived at Hatfield on Friday morn, nine o'clock, where we were met by Colonel Lord Bury, to whom I gave my place in H. R. H.'s chaise, and who led us to Kensington, thro' Durham's Park,¹ and so on the back way to Kensington. Lady Albemarle made her curtsy to my master, *en volant*, and at twelve H. R. H.'s face was covered with the powder of his Majesty's periwig.

¹ Dyham Park, Barnet; now the property of Frederick Trotter, Esq.

"Bury is in such favor with the King, that after having been conversed with six days together after his arrival, is now no more talked to, but is always talk'd of as he deserves. Whatever honors or promotions he receives I shall ever rejoice at, first, because he will merit them, and because I wish well to a family from which I have received many obligations. I am almost at a loss how to apologize for troubling you with this letter, and can account for it no other way but that I had a great inclination of assuring your Lordship how much I am

"Your most obt. sert,

"JNO. FITZWILLIAM.

"My best compliments attend General Huske."

The writer of the next letter, Colonel William Windham, the father of the celebrated statesman of the same name, and the son of Ash Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, Esq., and M.P. for that county, was a great friend of Lord Bury. At an early age, young Windham quarrelled with his father, and set out for the Continent in quest of adventures. Handsome in person, symmetrical in form, a splendid horseman, a dexterous swordsman, ardent in spirit, he was seized with a chivalrous feeling of devotion towards Maria Theresa, the young, beautiful and spirited Empress Queen, ranged himself under her banner as an officer of Austrian cavalry, and fought for and bled in her cause at the battle of Dettingen. At the desire of his father, to whom he had become reconciled, he quitted the Austrian service and was afterwards a member of the Duke of Cumberland's household. A lover and promoter of manly sports and exercises, a man of fashion, the associate of the wits of his day, a good classical scholar, a proficient in modern languages, an author, an amateur actor, he added, as his letter will show, a critical knowledge of the fine arts to his other accomplishments.

COLONEL WINDHAM TO LORD GEORGE BURY.

"MY LORD,—I was this morning at Moriers,¹ and hearing that your Lordship had been there, I beg leave to give my opinion concerning his battle-pieces. With regard to that of Dettingen, his first orders and instructions were, to draw up the allied army in order of battle, making as just a disposition as was possible of the different corps. This, with the group of figures representing the king and his attendants, forms a rep-

¹ David Morier, a native of Switzerland—came to England soon after the battle of Dettingen, was presented by Sir Everard Fawkener to the Duke of Cumberland, who settled upon him a pension of £200 a year—he became celebrated for his battle pieces.

resentation of our army. On the other side is the French army drawn up likewise in order of battle, most contemptible with regard to numbers, and not appearing a quarter so large as ours. However, be this as it will, an army drawn up in this manner, can have no other appearance than that of a review ; yet to give a little idea of the victory, the French line is disordered and torn to pieces by nobody knows what, while our troops preserve a most amazing order, and regularity enough, indeed, to make an enemy run away, but not to destroy them ; in short, if the original plan is to be preserved, another picture must be made to represent the victory, for both together are absolutely incompatible. But as only one picture is wanted, and the victory the most agreeable representation, enough might be expressed to distinguish the battle by representing the most material circumstances, the principal of which was the first attack that begun by the *gens d'armes*, with some other notable occurrences that happened, preserving at the same time the general disposition as far as is consistent with the disorder and confusion of an engagement.

"As to the battle of Culloden, the same objections arise in that picture, from an endeavor to represent a line of battle, and here the same remedy may be applied by introducing the most material circumstances in that affair. Suppose that of Pulteney's regiment recovering their arms at the Duke's commands ; not to mention several other remarkable facts that would serve to illustrate the whole, by which means the picture would be agreeable, as well as instructing, for you must have your incidents and your accidents in a painting as well as a landscape.

"This is the only style and manner that Morier can paint in, for to draw up an army in perspective, is what he never attempted in his life before, and could not have executed any part of it without Sandby's¹ directions.

"To all this, it may be said, would you then leave this genius to his own wild imagination ? By no means. I have taken a precaution to keep him within bounds. Colonel Watson, whom I have conversed with upon the subject, has promised to call upon him constantly when he is at work.

"I beg His Royal Highness's pardon for interfering without orders, but really, the two pictures are at present very ridiculous, and must be altered before they are hung up.

"I am, your Lordship's

"Most obedient and most humble servant,

"WM. WINDHAM.

¹ Paul Sandby, born at Nottingham in 1732, was employed as a draughtsman by the Duke of Cumberland, became a member of the Royal Academy, died in 1809.

N. B.—I take Morier to be as good a battle painter as any in Europe, but then you must indulge him in the same liberties that they all take, and what would Bourignon, or the best of them be, without fire and smoke, blood and wounds, falling men and falling horses? Now, in Morier's battle of Dettingen, I think I am the only man who is killed of our side."

"Great intercession," writes Walpole, "is made for the two Earls (Kilmarnock and Cromarty). The King is much inclined to some mercy, but the Duke, who was not so much of a Caesar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed to present him with the freedom of some Company: one of the Aldermen said aloud 'Then let it be of the Butchers.'"¹

In another letter, the same writer says:—

"Popularity has changed sides since the 'year 15,' for now the City and the generality are very angry that so many rebels have been pardoned. Lady Cromarty presented her petition to the King on Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hope."

General Stewart says that "when Lady Cromarty presented her petition she was accompanied by ten children, while her eldest son, Lord Macleod, was prisoner in the Tower, but not yet brought to trial; herself eight months gone with child, The family threw themselves on their knees before the King and the mother pointing to them said: 'These are your Majesty's petitioners for the life of their father.' His eldest son had also joined the rebel standard, but on account of his youth and the supposed influence of his father, received an unconditional pardon."²

The above quotations will render intelligible some allusions in the following characteristic letter from General Hawley to Lord Albemarle. The tenor of the letter, and of others which follow from the same writer, will bear out Walpole's sketch of him that he is "clever, with a bias to the brutal."

"LONDON, August 16, 1746.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I had the honor of your letter of the first but yesterday here, when I came back, having been downe for a few days to see my little house,³ which is all gone to ruin and decay. Our gen^l has been to see his farme, too.⁴ I have spoken to him but once since he came. He seems to have no more

¹ H. Walpole to H. Mann.

² Stewart's "Highlanders," vol. ii. p. 152.

³ General Hawley had a small country seat near Portsmouth.

⁴ The Duke of Cumberland.

⁵ His Royal Highness had just been appointed Ranger of Windsor Park, and Great Windsor Lodge assigned him as a residence.

business here than he had with us, but I believe his evenings are not so idle. His Majesty looks very sour, and only asked me if I had been at the bathe. What was in his head I don't know ; but they plague him to death for pardons for all those rascalls.¹ This total defeat in Italy² has put him a little into humor again. . . I wish you not only out of camp, but out of the country, which I wish on fire, and nothing but the blood of the natives to quench it. I am purely ill with them all. They say every acte of rapine, cruelty, and murder that the Duke ordered was by my advice. My answer is, that I never offered to give him any advice, but if he had asked it, I would have advised ten times more. The citty are in a flame upon Cro marty's being pardoned.

" You'll see Lord Bury, a grave senator for Chichester.³

" I am, my dear Lord,

" Your most faithful, humble servant.

" H. HAWLEY."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HAWLEY TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

WEST GREEN, *September 8.*

" I had the pleasure of my dear Lord's letter of the first at this place yesterday. I have been three dayes to see the ragged troopes of my reg^t,⁴ as they cross here in their way from Berkshire to Sussex, where they are going to ride downe the smugglers, who are in a sort of snivelling rebellion, depending upon the two Sussex Dukes,⁵ for as long as they live, no Sussex man will be hanged.

" As to the knowledge of the honest people you have to deal withe, I owne you paye dear for it, and I heartily wish you clear of them, for I am sure that sweetening and coaxing the system of two of your Major-Generals is not the way.⁶ I fancy that Skelton and Bland will both dye of the Swiss disease, and Charles Howard,⁷ too, for he has writt to his brother to try by all means to get him recalled. His pretence is, that there is a Hessian made a lieutenant-general, whom he commanded, and therefore he cannot serve. Even Polteney⁸ laughs at him.

¹ Intercession for Lords Kilmarnock and Cromarty.

² The victory gained by the Austrians over the Infant Don Philip at Porto Freddo on the 9th of August, this year.

³ Lord Bury was returned member for Chichester on the nomination of his uncle, the Duke of Richmond. On his elevation to the peerage in 1754, his brother, Captain Honorable Augustus Keppel, succeeded him in the seat.

⁴ 1st or Royal Regiment of Dragoons.

⁵ The Dukes of Richmond and Newcastle.

⁶ Skelton and Bland. To one of these, allusion is evidently made in a letter from General Mordaunt to Lord Albemarle:—"I beg my compliments to the Cup of Mild. Tell him I set out a pupil of his but that I find a zeal of the Hawley quite necessary in my government."

⁷ Lieutenant-General Hon. Charles Howard, Colonel of the 19th Foot.

⁸ Brigadier Henry Pulteney, Colonel of the 13th Foot, died a Lieutenant-General in 1769.

"H. R. H. is so taken up with his lodge, that I have hardly had time to talk with him, but he told me that the Dragoons are to come to England, except Cobhams and Naizon's.¹ 'Tis not certain that Kingston's are not to be broke.

I can give you no account of the court martialls here : they are in for a month. Cope's enquiry was not near finished when I came from London.² Were I one of those officers sent for, I should desire to know who was to pay my charges, but I guess they are glad to come.

"I could not tell you, nor can you conceive the fusse the battallions of Guards are in upon this sudden embarkation from Russell³ downe to the fatt sergeant. Youre two boys⁴ seem to be in the least of a bustle of them all. The captain met me the other day at Colebrook, where I went to see a troope ; he was at Windsor.⁵ He seems quite sound and quite alive, very jovial and a good boy. He is my favorite.

"I tried to seduce Bury the other day, but 'twould not do—he had half a mind, but consulted his master."⁶

There was another man who shared with Hawley the execrations of the Jacobites—the Honorable George Howard, Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding the Buffs (3d regiment), and Governor of Carlisle Castle. The following letter to Lord Albemarle will show the *animus* of the writer towards that unhappy faction :—

"CARLISLE, September y^e 11th, 1746

"MY LORD,—The Judges came back here last Monday ; the tryals are begun, and will be very tedious. The Scotch lawyers, who are come here as Rebell Council are playing all the game already, even so far as to try to suborn the king's evidence.

"We have erected a fine new gallows, which will hold fifteen at a time. God send it may be made a proper use of."

The next letter relates to the use that was made of the same

He was a brother to William, Earl of Bath. "General Pulteney is dead, having owned himself worth a million—the fruit of his brother's virtues."—(Walpole to Mann, Oct. 29, 1767.

¹ Cobham's 10th : Naizon's 13th Regiment of Dragoons.

² Marshal Wade, the Duke of Richmond, Lords Tyrawley and Cadogan and General Foliot have been appointed a court-martial to inquire into the conduct of Gen. Cope and Brig. Fowkes at the battle of Preston.—"Scot's Magazine" for 1746.

³ "Cope is going actually to be tried, but Hawley who is fifty times more culpable is saved by partiality. Cope miscarried by incapacity, Hawley by insolence and carelessness."—H. Walpole to H. Mann.

⁴ Lieut.-Colonel Russell, major of the 2nd battalion of Lord Albemarle's regiment of Guards.

⁵ Colonel Lord Bury and Captain Hon. William Keppel, both of the Coldstream Guards.

⁶ At the Duke of Cumberland's.

⁷ Lord Bury had had a troop in the 3d, or King's Own Dragoons, to the Colonelcy of which he was appointed in 1755.

"fine new gallows," and it derives an additional interest from the event it records, having formed the ground-work of the grand sensational scene in Scott's novel of *Waverley*—the execution of Fergus MacIvor, the last of the Ivan MacIvors, and of his faithful attendant Evan MacCombich. Who does not remember the description of the black hurdle drawn by a white horse, which carries the prisoners to the place of execution a mile distant from Carlisle?—the deep, dark Gothic archway that opened on to the drawbridge?—the momentary stop at this gateway while the Governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power?

The only Highland chief executed at Carlisle was Donald Macdonald, of Kinlochmoidart. In the Duke of Cumberland's list, this laird stands credited with a quota of a hundred men. When the Pretender raised his standard at Glenfennan, Kinlochmoidart entertained him at his house, and was afterwards sent by the Prince on a mission to the two insular chiefs, Macleod of Macleod, and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat.

Here follows the semi-official report of the actual event :—

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HOWARD TO WILLIAM ANNE,
LORD ALBEMARLE.

Carlisle, October 23, 1746.

"MY LORD,—As your lordship might perhaps be desirous to know the exit that these enemies to Truth and Liberty made, I venture to trouble you with the account, and at the same time to acknowledge the favor of your lordship's letter of the 11th.

"The first execution, consisting of nine, was performed here last Saturday in the greatest decency, except on the part of the unhappy sufferers. Buchanan, indeed, behaved with the greatest calmness and resolution, and met his fate as a man should meet death. Nothing can take off from his behavior but his obstinacy in so infamous a cause.¹ The rest, particularly Coppock, died as they lived. He read at his execution one of the most infamous libells that was ever heard, filled with all the inveterate rancor and cruelty that the wildest des-

¹ "The Clergymen were highly charmed with the behavior of Francis Buchanan of Amprior, Esquire. He discovered a sweetness of temper, an undisturbed calmness and presence of mind beyond expression ; his sentiments about religion and dying were just. After the rope was about his neck he said : ' If I have offended any, I earnestly beg they will forgive me, for I am sure I forgive all the world.' "—"Scott's Magazine" for 1746.

pair could suggest.¹ He gave it to the Sheriff, and it is sent up to the Duke of Newcastle. A copy of it was sent from hence into Scotland a fortnight ago: I can affirm it for truth. They all prayed for their p—— (prince), and gloried in their conduct.

"Some may, perhaps, call this dying bravely; if it is, I hope my fellow-contrymen will ever let it remain the unenvied glory of the Jacobite and the Atheist.

"Buchanan's body was afterwards brought into town and interred, at which ceremony Doctor Douglass, Mr. Graham the apothecary, Mr. Lowry, and Mr. Campbell of Brampton assisted publicly; the latter as mourner, the other three as pall-bearers. I think three of the four were for some time prisoners themselves. Three being reprieved, only six suffered last Tuesday at Brampton, who behaved in the same manner. I go to Penrith with the other six² on Monday next.

"The obliging manner in which your lordship mentions what I said to Mr. Grey, if possible, lays me under a new obligation and I have the honor to assure you that I shall ever be most desirous to show that I am with the greatest esteem and gratitude, &c.,

G. HOWARD.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HAWLEY TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

LONDON, *October 2, 1746.*

"MY DEAR LORD,—I have the favor of yours of the 25th. Nothing you can say of the country you are in is new to me. There's no newse of Lestock; the Guards are at last gott safe to Plymouth. The Duke of Richmonde and I have been Evidences at Oglethorpe's tryall.³ Delawarr is a judge, and seems to preside, for he directs. I think 'twill laste some days and I think he'll come off, tho' they should all be broke who were with him. Napper his prosecutor, but the charge seems to be

¹ Mr. Coppock made a long treasonable sermon or speech at the place of execution, prayed for the Pretender, his son Charles and the rest of the Stuart family.

² Some of those taken at Carlisle dispersed papers at their execution saying they forgave all men but three—the Elector of Hanover, the pretended Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Richmond who signed the capitulation of Carlisle"—H. Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.

³ Mr. Chambers gives the names of seven persons who suffered at Penrith, one of whom was the Rev. Robert Lyon, a young Presbyter of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. In Mr. Forbes's collection "is the copy of the Communion office which the Rev. Robert Lyon made use of in consecrating the Holy Eucharist in Carlisle Castle, where he had the happiness to communicate above fifty of his fellow prisoners, amongst whom were Mr. Thomas Coppock, the English clergyman, and Arnprior" (Francis Buchanan)—See note, Chambers's "History of the Rebellion," page 392.

⁴ General James Oglethorpe—born 1696, died 1785:—

"One driven by strong benevolence of soul
Shall fly like Oglethorpe from Pole to Pole."—Pope.

wrong layed. He has one O'Harney as madd as himselfe by way of Councill ; at the same time, he takes every thing downe in short-hand, and behind him are two clerks of the Parliament doing the same, so I guess you'll have the tryall printed. This I never saw at a court-martial before.

"I have moved my camp, and have pitched fronting Grosvenor Park Gate. You must remember a single chattau that fronts the gate, where the Duke has been twice by seven o'clock about his dragoons¹ cloathing, horses, &c. He is so full of them, I thinke he has forgott the Guards ; however, I am reducing the size of my men and horses ; I have sold him 12 of my men above six foot highe for six guineas a man, with their own consent tho'. I am trying to recruit the Horse Guards with my tall horses, and then I'm sure you'll laughe, but pray keep that a secret. Crawford's² troop does bite if they can find the money, and I hope Charley³ and Tyrawley will bite too.⁴ Dell⁵ won't, tho' they are all crowded with pipers and blind ones. Mr. H. M., Lord Cathcart, Lord Cobham, Ligonier and Sinclair have 10lb. (£10) a day. Serviteur ! I had rather have nothinge than the [*sic*] 10lb. and be where you are, and nothinge I am likely to have, so I have sold almoste all my horses, and turned off all my servants, who were all spoiled by the Duke's ; they would soon have reduced me from my colonel's pay to nothinge. *J'ai pendu mon espé au croque.* I have fixed my patrons and I am going home where I shall be, &c.,

"H. HAWLEY."

Upon no subject has public opinion undergone so great revolution as upon that of duelling. The practice was abolished in this country mainly through the instrumentality of the late Prince Consort. These hostile encounters seem now confined to French or American editors of newspapers. What would people now say if a British sovereign were to instruct the Secretary for War to write such letters as the two following to an officer in command of troops ?

¹ The 15th or "Duke's regiment" of Dragoons formed from the disbanded men of the Duke of "Kingston's Horse," who had so distinguished themselves at the battle of Culloden. The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding was Lord Robert Sutton, brother of the famous Marquis of Granby. Lord Robert was taken prisoner the following year.

² James, Earl of Crawford, a Brigadier-General, Colonel of the 4th or Scotch troop of Horse Grenadier Guards.

³ Charles, second Lord Cadogan, served under Marlborough, as Lieut.-General and Colonel of 2nd troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, and no favorite of Horace Walpole. See his Letters, vol. vii., p. 230.

⁴ James, Lord Tyrawley, Colonel of the 3rd troop of Horse Grenadier Guards. At the death of William Anne, Lord Albemarle, he succeeded to the Colonelcy of the Coldstream Guards.

⁵ John Lord Delawarr, Major-General, Colonel 1st troop of Horse Guards.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX TO WILLIAM ANNE, LORD
ALBEMARLE.

"LONDON, *November 27, 1746.*

"MY LORD,—I am to desire your Lordship's opinion with regard to Ensign Campbell and Lieut. Ferguson in a more particular manner than your Lordship has given it in your letter of the 18th instant.

"It do's not appear that Mr. Campbell had any just cause of quarrel with Mr. Ferguson, nor that the former gave the latter any opportunity of deciding the quarrel he had with him before he knocked him down.

"Mr. Ferguson is justly acquitted of the charge against him ; but his complaining to a court-martial instead of resenting in another manner the usage he had received from Campbell, it must be supposed will necessarily prevent the officers of his regiment from rolling¹ with him. H. M. particularly asked if they had not their swords on when this happened, and bids me tell your Lordship that as an officer, not as king, it is his opinion that if Campbell is pardon'd, a hint should be given to Ferguson that he must fight him or be broke.

"I thought it best to say all this in a private letter to your Lordship, and when I have the honor to hear from you again upon the subject, you will I dare say immediately receive such an opinion from St. James's as shall be entirely conformable to your Lordships. You are on the spot, and will be well inform'd of the characters of both the gentlemen.

"I am with the greatest respect, &c.,

"H. Fox."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*December 26, 1746.*

"His Majesty is pleased to pardon Ensign Campbell. With regard to Lieut. Ferguson your Lordship knows His Majesty's thoughts imparted to you in a private letter lately."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*December 4, 1746.*

"MY LORD,—H. M. has order'd the 3rd and 4th Troops of Horse Guards to be reduced, his three youngest regiments of Horse, namely, Honeywood's, D. of Montagu's and Wade's to

¹ The word "rolling" had gone out of use when I entered the army. I presume it to mean "answering the roll call."

be converted into Dragoons and Hamilton's Dragoons to be sent to Ireland, by all which, with the difference of few in number, perhaps encrease of strength to the army, a saving will be made to the publick of £60,000 per ann. It is therefore His Majesty's pleasure that your Lordship should order M. G. Hamilton's regiment of Dragoons to the most convenient port, to embark from thence for Ireland. I take that to be Port Patrick, and shall write to the Lords of the Admiralty to provide transports there accordingly.

"Your Lordship will I am sure excuse me, nor think me idle for postponing a little these businesses, when you consider how much, and not very pleasant work, and to be finish'd before the 24th inst. is by the Resolution mention'd in the beginning of this letter, cut out for, my Lord.

"Your Lordship's most respectful and most obedient, humble servant,

"H. Fox."

The consternation produced upon those colonels who were deprived of their regiments by this reduction may be gathered from an extract of the following letter from General Hawley to Lord Albemarle:—

"MY DEAR LORD,—The cavallery lay their reduction to my door and look very sour, but upon my word and honor, I never knew a syllable of it till I was in the country and the Duke gone,¹ but the poor unfortunate gentlemen make the most pitiful figure of all. I have taken one of the 4th troope for a cooke. I believe it will kill Melloniere.² That rogue Hodson³ put into the papers that the first troope of Grenadiers was to go. It gave D——⁴ such a sweat he has not stirred out since. Charley⁵ won't speake to me. I dare not laugh but to you. I dine withe Charles Howard to-morrow to make fair weather. I have laughed to muche there. He built strongly upon promotion to exclude him, but now there's none. 'Tis not yet sure that Douglas⁶ goes. I hear no Scotche on the staff, but Crawford⁷ out of charity.

¹ The Duke of Cumberland was in Holland during all December concerting measures with Marshal Batthiani, the Austrian commander-in-chief, for the operations of the next campaign.

² Colonel Anthony Lamellionere, Lieut.-Colonel of Lord Tyrawley's or 4th Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, wounded at Dettingen and again at Fontenoy.

³ Captain Studholme Hodgson, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, *vice* Colonel Lord Bury, appointed aide-de-camp to the King.

⁴ "D——" John, seventh Lord Delawarr, a general officer, Colonel to the 1st Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, afterwards a Knight of the Bath; created in 1761, Viscount Cantalupe and Earl of Delawarr, died in 1766.

⁵ Charles Lord Cadogan, a Lieut.-General, Colonel of the 2d Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards.

⁶ General Douglas served in the campaign of 1747.

⁷ James. Earl of Crawford, Major-General.

"My service to Huske—Sinclair¹ don't go. Some talk of Huske, and some of none—only the two deputieses."

It is evident from Lord Albemarle's letters that the chief command in Scotland had been neither sought for, nor desired by him. The nature of the employment was alien from his naturally humane disposition, but whenever he asked to be relieved from the post, he was answered that there would be great difficulty in finding a fit successor. One of his friends, General Douglas, who served under him in the campaign of the following year, writes:—

"I am extremely sorry that your present situation is not easy and agreeable to you. After a violent and raging storm, the ocean can't resume its smiling face of a sudden. Some swell and hollow grumblings will for some time remain. I can't help wishing you had been left the Neptune to compose and settle the troubled waters. I hear you are very acceptable and popular. I should be much surprized if you was not. At the same time have my fears you may have a successor that won't make so good a Neptune."

This letter is dated December 29th, 1746. Two weeks later Lord Albemarle received the following from General Hawley.

"Friday, 16th January, 1747."

"MY DEAR LORD,—'Tis but this day declared that you and Major-General Huske are of the Flanders staff to everybody's joy, and mine in particular. The rest of the staff you'll learn from others. I write to-night because to-morrow I have the honor to salute at the head of the Foot-Guards and the Welche Fusileers who came in here but to-night, but you know 'tis no matter how they appear, anything passes there.² We are in a great hurry. The Duke fancys the transports will be ready in a fortnight here. I give him a month. Mordaunt and I go with the first embarcation. Haye, three battalions, and Riche's dragoons.

"Hamilton's affair³ has made rare work here. There's a certain Duke⁴ takes all sorts of pains to tell everybody there's nothing in it, and it has been wrong represented. His Majesty flames. The Duke swears, and the Scotch dare not speak. I am glad you are quitt of them. Give 'em your curse at parting from the highest to the lowest."

[1747.] The writer of the following letter was Lord Albemarle's third son—the young Guardsman who produced so

¹ The unsuccessful general of the attack upon Port l'Orient.

² An inspection of these regiments prior to their embarkation for foreign service.

³ A Scotch regiment being sent to Ireland.

⁴ The Duke of Newcastle.

favorable an impression upon General Hawley. He writes to his father from his uncle the Duke of Richmond's country seat.

CAPTAIN HON. WILLIAM KEPPEL TO WILLIAM ANNE, LORD
ALBEMARLE.

"GOODWOOD, *January the 2d, 1748.*

"MY LORD,—I hope you'll excuse me for not answering your letter sooner, but I have had an inflammation in one of my eyes, which has hindered me of writing till now. I have been here a fortnight, and have been a hunting once upon my blind horse, who carried me excessively well at the beginning of the chase, but an unlucky hill which I imprudently galloped up tired him so much that I was quite thrown out.

"Upon hearing that our regiment¹ was not to go abroad, I desired Lord Bury to speak to H.R.H. (knowing your lordship would have no objection to it) to let me go a volunteer, and he has been so gracious as to say I should go in some shape or other, as I can't flatter myself with the thoughts of the honor of attending H.R.H., I hope your lordship will be so kind as to take me in your *suite*; if the Duke don't post me to one of the battalions, which I hear he intends to do with all volunteers that they may not be troublesome to general officers and that they may do duty in the line. Perry and Barrington² have offered themselves to go also, and have leave from,

"Your most dutyfull son,

"WILLIAM KEPPEL.

"P. S.—The Duke is expected in town the day."³

Captain Keppel was appointed aide-de-camp to Sir John Ligonier, the general commanding the British cavalry in the ensuing campaign.

It was a characteristic of the armies in the middle of the last century that while the *élite* of the troops of the French King consisted of Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen—witness the names of the regiments of the Franco-Irish brigade at Fontenoy—so, on the other hand, many officers in the English service belonged to the families of French Protestants who had been driven from their hearths and homes by the stupid and barbarous revocation of the edict of Nantes. Take up any army list of that period, and looking over only that of general or field rank, you find such names as St. Hipolite, St. Clair,

¹ The Coldstream Guards.

² Brother officers of Captain Keppel, the latter, the Hon. John Barrington, became a General officer.

³ From Holland.

Dejean, Duroure, Cracherode, Chenevix, Dusseaux, Prideaux, La Faussillé, Trapaud, Guérin, Vignolles, Desmarettes, &c. &c.

A type of this class of men was William Keppel's Chief.

The family of the Ligoniers had been seated for many centuries in the province of Languedoc. The father of the General was Lord of Monseuget, Vairon, and Aillot. At the age of fifteen, John Ligonier joined Marlborough's army in Flanders, as a volunteer, assisted in an attack on the citadel of Liège, which was carried by storm; shared in the victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and at the sieges of Tournay, Douay, Menin, Ghent, and Aire; was in the front line of cavalry at Dettingen, and for his services on that day, was knighted in the field by the King under the royal standard.

The gallant veteran lived to become a Field Marshal, Master-General of the Ordnance, and Colonel of the Blues. In 1766 he was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl Ligonier. Walpole tells us that "he had all the gallant gaiety of his nation. Polished from foppery by age, and by living in a more thinking country, he was universally loved and respected."

[1747.] On the 30th January, 1747, the Duke of Newcastle writes to Lord Albemarle:—

"I doubt not but you are extremely happy with the order you have received for going immediately to Flanders. I can easily see that your situation in Scotland could not be the most agreeable to you, and that the serving under H. R. H. in Flanders must be so in every respect. But I must own the universal opinion of all mankind that you could do the king more service in Scotland where there is great occasion for it than any other man in England except the Duke, was a very flattering consideration, and as it is a great truth, might have induced you and your friends to wish you to stay. But as that is over we must do the best we can."

Two days later the Duke of Cumberland writes to him in the same strain.

"Though I am personally glad that I have you with me on the Flanders staff; yet I fear the king's affairs will not be in such good hands in Scotland, but that's over, so that I'll not name it more.

"When you can get altogether you'll make all possible expedition to join the army which they flatter me, will be in a condition to take the field in the beginning of March (new style). Will you be so good as to take Capt. Townsend of Sackvilles over with you, as I shall make him one of my aide-de-camps,

but he must absolutely not come to London, for I won't have that ——— his mother see him. I can't conclude without thanking you for having answer'd so fully the expectations I had given the king and his servants of your capacity and diligence in the affairs trusted you.

"I remain your affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM."

The lady to whom the Duke so uncourtously alludes in the preceding letter was Ethelrida Harrison, the beautiful and witty wife of the then Viscount Townshend. For her sayings and doings see Walpole *passim*. If half what that writer says of her be true, especially as relates to her conduct during the trial and execution of the rebel Lords, His Royal Highness' dislike of her may be easily accounted for. George Townshend, the Duke's new aide-de-camp, was her eldest son, and nephew of the Duke of Newcastle. He is described by Walpole as "a very particular young man, who with much address, some humor, no knowledge, great fickleness, and with still more disposition to ridicule, had once or twice promised to make a good speaker." He continued on the Duke of Cumberland's staff till 1750, when for some fancied slight he threw up his appointment, went into fierce opposition to his quondam master, lost no opportunity of turning him into ridicule, and of drawing caricatures of him and his household. The Duke keenly felt the ingratitude of Townshend, whom he had made every effort to oblige. One of these burlesque sketches drew upon him a challenge from George, Lord Albemarle, his former brother aide-de-camp. The parties met, but their hostile intentions got wind, and the duel was prevented.

In 1784, William Pitt the younger, wishing to draw Coke, of Holkham, from his allegiance to his rival, Fox, sought to bribe him with the earldom of Leicester, which had been previously in his family. The offer was indignantly refused. To spite Coke, the Premier bestowed the title upon his near neighbor, George Townshend, eldest son of the "Captain" in the preceding letter, who had now succeeded to the family honors. Before accepting Pitt's offer, Mr. Townshend wrote to his father to ask his approval, and received for answer:—

"DEAR SON,

"I have no objection to your taking any title but that of your affectionate father,

"TOWNSHEND."

¹ I had this anecdote from Mr. Coke himself who, in 1837, was raised to the peerage by the title which he then refused.

Three years later the Viscount himself was advanced to the dignity of Marquis. This jumping over each other's heads was likened by the wags of the day to a family game at leap-frog.

Before the opening of the campaign of 1747, Lord Bury, who had already been promoted to the rank of full colonel, was appointed aide-de-camp to the king—a flattering distinction for a youth of three-and-twenty to receive.

The Duke of Newcastle writes:—"I heartily wish you joy of Bury. He is the finest and most delightful young man I ever knew, and I am glad to say my affection descends from father to son.

"Asto your appointments. The treasury is very low; but Bury and I wish to be your solicitors. Tho' really you want none with the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

The Duke was right; Mr. Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer and first Lord of the Treasury, needed no "solicitors" to plead to him in favor of Lord Albemarle, for whom he entertained the warmest friendship. In answer to one of that lord's letters to him to befriend a Scotch *protégé*, he answers, on 2d February:—

"MY DEAR LORD.—I will certainly take care of *John Goorman*, upon the first opportunity. All I desire is, don't do like Sir Everard,¹ encourage all the beggars of Scotland to come up here, and then put us to the necessity of giving them what they want, if it is only to get rid of them from hence. But my dear Lord, whoever you recommend, you may be assured, shall succeed, unless I meet with powerfull and good reasons to the contrary. I heartily wish you a good passage to Holland, and good success when you come there. I don't like the face of affairs in Provence, I hope for better things towards Flanders, tho' I cannot be so sanguine as to expect any decisive stroke even there. Pray God bless you all, and believe me, dear Albemarle,

"Your most affectionate and faithful servant,

"H. PELHAM.

P. S.—Remember me to Huske, to whom I will write in a post or two."

For the campaign of this year the Duke of Cumberland was appointed captain-general. Sir John Ligonier became general of horse, having under him Hawley as lieutenant-general. Lord Albemarle commanded the British infantry; there were also eight other general officers serving under the respective commanders of the horse and foot.

¹ Right Hon. Sir Everard Fawkener, military secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, and a joint Postmaster-General.

"The Duke of Cumberland attended by Colonels Lord Bury, Lord Cathcart, John Fitzwilliam, and other officers of distinction, set out from St. James's on the 1st of February to take the command of the confederate army, consisting of English, Hanoverians, Hessians, Dutch, and Austrians, about 126,000 fighting men."

The French forces under Marshal Saxe continued quiet till towards the latter end of May, when Louis XV. arrived at Brussels. They now made the necessary disposition for an attack on Maestricht. The Duke set his army in motion to thwart this design.

On Saturday both armies were drawn up in order of battle. The French had taken possession of the heights of Herdeeren immediately above the allies. The Austrians, forming the right wing of the confederate army, extended as far as Bilsen. The Dutch formed the centre, and the British and Hanoverians the left, which extended to Wirle, a village a mile to the south of Maestricht. In the front of the left wing was the village of Laffeldt in which were posted several English and one Hanoverian battalion.

The battle began the following morning at 10 o'clock. "The French king," Walpole tells us, "saw the whole through a spying glass from a Hampstead hill environed with twenty thousand men."

The French marched down the hill, and attacked the village of Laffeldt, the key of the confederate position. The place was defended with amazing obstinacy. The assailants, especially the Irish brigade, that had fought so obstinately at Fontenoy, suffered terribly in their approach, and met with such a warm reception from the British musketry that they were broken and dispersed. Fresh brigades of the enemy succeeded each other with great perseverance. The confederates were driven out but soon returned. Four times in this day was the village taken and retaken, and the place exhibited a scene of terrible slaughter.

"The British and Hanoverian troops behaved so well in the line that at noon the Duke ordered the whole left wing to advance upon the French, whose infantry gave way so fast that they were obliged to put cavalry behind them and on their flanks, to drive them on with their swords."¹

Victory seemed about to declare for the allies when fortune took a sudden turn against them. Several squadrons of Dutch cavalry went at full gallop to the right about and overthrew five British regiments that were moving up from the reserve. One

¹ "Life of Cumberland," p. 445.

of these corps, the Royal Welsh Fusileers, was so enraged at the behavior of their allies, that they poured two vollies into them as they fled. Profiting by the confusion thus produced by the cowardice of the Dutch, the French cavalry charged with great impetuosity and penetrated through the confederate line. The defeat would in all probability have been total had not Sir John Ligonier resolved to sacrifice himself to save the rest. At the head of three British cavalry regiments, and some squadrons of Imperial horse, he charged the whole French line of cavalry with such intrepidity that he overthrew all before him, and enabled the Duke of Cumberland to effect an orderly retreat to Maestricht, and to repass the Meuse.

In this charge Ligonier's horse was shot under him, and he was hurried into the enemies' ranks. In the confusion he endeavored to pass for one of their own officers, and even cheered on the French troops, but the Order of the Bath being observed under his coat he was recognized as a British officer and obliged to surrender. He was presented to the French King by the Count de Saxe himself. "Here," said the Marshal "is a gentleman who was thwarted all my measures." Louis received the veteran very graciously, and invited him to dinner the same evening, instead, as Voltaire insinuates he ought to have done, "of putting him to death as a rebel."

I have no particular notice of Lord Bury in this action, but we know that he was in personal attendance on the Duke of Cumberland, which is tantamount to saying that he was all day in the thickest of the fire. One of the Duke's aides-de-camp was killed, and another wounded. "The Duke himself was very nearly taken, having, through his short sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people."¹

Of Ligonier's personal staff, Captain Henry Campbell, second son of John (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll), was killed, and Captain Keppel, another aide-de-camp, was "much wounded," and shared in the captivity of his chief.

"In this battle the French had about twelve hundred horse and nine thousand foot either killed or wounded, but the loss of the confederates did not exceed six thousand."²

"It is impossible," says the Official Despatch, "to commend too much the behavior of the Generals, both horse and foot. Sir John Ligonier, who charged at the head of the British Dragoons, with that skill and spirit that he has showed on so many occasions, and in which he was so well seconded, had the misfortune to have his horse killed in the second charge of cavalry and was made prisoner."

¹ Walpole.

² "Life of Cumberland."

"Lord Albemarle did all that could be expected from an officer, as the behavior of the British infantry fully shows."¹

Fontenoy and Laffeldt both furnish examples of the unskillfulness of the commander, and of the indomitable pluck of his men. No better critique can be given of the latter action than that contained in one of Walpole's letters, which was doubtless an echo of the opinion of his friend Conway:—"We would fight, which the French did not intend. We gave them, or did not take, advantage of the situation. What part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a manner that they could not assist us."

By a curious coincidence Lord Albemarle's second son, Captain Augustus Keppel, was also a prisoner of war in this same year of 1747. He was in command of the *Maidstone* frigate, and was giving chase to a privateer when, by the unskillfulness of his pilot, the ship was wrecked on the coast of Brittany. He wrote to his friend Admiral Anson, "I have now on shore with me 334, which leave forty-eight still missing, besides what were in my prizes. I have written by this post to the Count of Maurepas, Minister of the Marine of France, for a speedy return of my people to England." The Minister, in answer sent him a passport, giving him the choice of returning to England by any route he thought proper, even by Paris, if so disposed.

In 1748 Lord Albemarle was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces serving in the Low Countries, and his friend, John Huske, now a Lieutenant-General, his second in command.

The war party in England, ranking among its members the King, "the Duke," and the Duke of Newcastle, talked of bringing a numerous army into the field for the campaign of 1748, and believed that the progress of the enemy might still be stayed, and that even some of the losses which the confederates had sustained might be repaired. This sanguine view was shared neither by the commander of the British forces nor by his lieutenant. In a letter dated Gertrudenburg, January 11, 1748, Huske writes to Albemarle:

"I am honored by your Lordship's letter of the 10th instant by the orderly officer. Am much obliged to you for the two papers of intelligence, which I believe are mostly true and the real designs of the enemy; and that M. Saxe's design is upon Maestricht and M. Lowendahl's both by land and water. I think ourselves to be in a very unhappy situation to be upon the defensive, when we are so unprepared for it. I have no great opinion of the sea defence, any more than I have of the

¹ "Life of Cumberland," p. 446.

land. I wish, as your Lordship doth, that **the British troops** were out of the scrape, for I think we are **all liable to be lost** while England and Holland are both asleep **and insensible** of their danger. I hope your Lordship takes all **opportunities** of representing to the Duke the situation of **affairs** in these parts."

Much that was foreshadowed in General **Huske's** letters came to pass. On the 3d of April, Marshal Saxe **invested Maastricht** without the allied forces being able to **offer any opposition**. The Austrian army posted in the neighborhood of the fortress were compelled to decamp, leaving their magazines behind them. On the 15th of April the French **opened the trenches** for a regular siege. Shortly afterwards all **hostile operations** were suspended, and in the autumn **peace** was formally proclaimed.

As Lord Albemarle was senior in rank to nearly **all the allied lieutenant-generals**, he came not unfrequently in the **temporary command** of the whole confederate army. To prevent the recurrence, Prince William of Orange, the newly-elected Stadholder of the Netherlands,¹ raised an officer of the name of Burmannia to the rank of full general.

Upon this subject Colonel Hodgson, Equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, writes to Lord Albemarle:—"The promotion of Dutch general officers is most extraordinary and unjust, and gives offence to everybody here, civil as well as military folks. I hope His Majesty will consider it."

As soon as Lord Albemarle became aware of the Stadholder's intentions he tendered the resignation of his command.

In a semi-official answer Hodgson writes to him from the Hague:—"The latter part of your Lordship's letter gives me inexpressible concern, and I am very sensible you have ample reason to be dissatisfied with what has been done in this country; but when will they act from proper motives? I am sure your Lordship's resolutions will give His Royal Highness the greatest uneasiness, and I believe he will hardly ever be brought to approve of them. I am sure if it depended upon him he would soon remove the cause."

The Duke of Cumberland himself, who considered the act of his brother-in-law to have arisen from jealousy towards himself, writes to Lord Albemarle on the 3d of April from the Hague:—

"You may depend upon my getting you relieved as soon as possible. If any of the troops are to stay where you are I

¹ Son of John William Friso, Prince of Nassau Diets, appointed Stadholder of May, 1747, and married 19th March, 1734, Anne, eldest daughter of George II.

should be very sorry that you should serve in a manner that must be disagreeable to you.

"I am,

"Your affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM."

The following is to Lord Albemarle from Lieutenant-General Sir John Ligonier, who, with his aide-de-camp, William Keppel, was taken prisoner at Laffeldt :—

"A LA HAYE, *le* 23 Mars, 1748.

"MON CHER LORD,—J'ai reçu une lettre de M. le General Elliot, par la quelle il me prie de vous recommander M. de Vaux, prisonnier de guerre à Breda, à vostre excellence quoy que je croye la chose inutile, connoissant vostre générosité naturelle et vostre politesse. J'ay été sy bien traité l'année passée dans le même cas, que je ne puis m'empêcher de vous prier, My Lord, de luy offrir de ma part tous les services dont je puis être capable. Au reste, My Lord, vous aurez la bonté d'excuser cette liberté puis que vous êtes bien convaincu avec quel attachement je suis, &c.,

"LE CHEVALIER LIGONIER."

RT. HON. H. PELHAM TO WILLIAM ANNE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"September 6th, 1748.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I had the honour of your Lordship's letter of ye 10th N. S. from Eyndhoven, and am very glad to find by it that you continue in good health, and have not quite forgot your old faithfull friends in England. You are yourself the best judge as to the propriety of your application for a garter, because you only know whether it is improper for you. Your rank and figure in the world, as well as your publick character, entitle you to all the marks of honour His Majesty can bestow upon a subject. When I have said this it is rather to bare my testimony of the regard and value I have for your Lordship than with any other view ; for you must know I am not likely to be much consulted in the disposition of those kind of court favours.

"I do not in the least know to whom His Majesty has any intention of giving the vacant garters.

"I presume Prince George¹ will have one, and I think I have heard of some foreign prince for another. But as you

¹ Afterwards George the Third.

have spoken to the Duke, and wrote to my brother, you have done everything that is necessary on such an occasion. They will undoubtedly know whenever the King makes a promotion. I conclude the Duke will return to you very soon. He seems as eager to be with you as you are to have him. And it is with great pleasure that I can assure you there is no one for whom His Royal Highness seems to have so great a regard, nor upon whom he in a military way so much depends as your Lordship.

"By this, you see, I think you stand a good chance for whatever you desire. And I flatter myself you believe that as I always have been so I shall continue to be a sincere well-wisher for your success in all your undertakings."

"Last Thursday the king gave away the six vacant ribands, one to a Margrave of Anspach, a near relation to the queen, others to the Dukes of Leeds and Bedford, Lord Albemarle, and Lord Granville, the sixth, is, at last, given to Prince George. The ministers could not prevail for it till half an hour before the ceremony."—WALPOLE TO MANN, *June 25, 1749.*

1749.

The following year Lord Albemarle was appointed ambassador at Paris, and remained in the post till the day of his death. When the diplomatic history of that period shall be better known, I think it will be found that he ably discharged the duties of his high office. I wish that his conduct in the domestic relations of life could be as easily defended. Walpole, in a short paragraph, gives us a glimpse of his mode of living, certainly not that of a poor man and the father of a numerous family. "Everybody," says he, "goes to Paris, Lord Albemarle keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen. His aides-de-camp invite everybody; but he seldom graces the banquet himself." One of his guests at that time was Augustus Henry, Earl of Euston, better known in after times, as the "Junius," Duke of Grafton. In 1753, being then a youth of eighteen, he was travelling with a tutor. Here is a passage from his autobiography, to which I have had access by the kindness of his great-grandson, the present bearer of his title. "Our stay in Paris and Fontainebleau was not less than five months, and I had, through the means of Lord Albemarle, our ambassador, in whose family I was intimate, the opportunity of seeing the best company at Paris, which I cultivated, much to my satisfaction. We received particular civilities from various quarters during our short stay at the old and respectable Duke of Biron's. I dined with a numerous

set of officers and his reception was flattering. He had commanded *les gardes Francaises* ever since the battle of Fontenoy." ¹

If the letters of the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Albemarle were any indications of his real sentiments, there were few persons for whom he had a more real regard. Not that this feeling exempted the subject of it from suffering in common with other friends of that minister, from his fretful, and jealous capricious temper. At the date of the letter which followed, the Duke was in one of his peevish moods. He had quarrelled with Lord Sandwich, because he exceeded his instructions as Ambassador to the Hague. He had quarrelled with the Duke of Cumberland, because he sought to make them friends again : he had even been uncivil to the Princess Amelia, because she was the Duke's sister. At this time, also, Lord Albemarle had become one of the objects of his resentment. Either he was jealous of a man who had owed his advancement in life to the Prince, with whom he was now at variance, or perhaps he thought the Duke of Cumberland's friend must of necessity be the Duke of Newcastle's foe. Something of this kind must have occurred to draw from Lord Albemarle the following letter :—

"MY LORD DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,—I am sorry that my want of apprehension has given you any uneasiness. It is true my desire to pay my duty to my Royal Master was great, and without any compliment, next to that, assuring your Grace of my just regard and respect, and I may venture to affirm, I was prompted to this from no self-interest but real inclination. My disappointment I must own, hurts me ; but when I consider my station here, and that my journey to London might have created suspicions amongst some people, even numbers less *clairvoyant* than Mons^r Puyseulx (who himself would not have [been] alarmed at it), I shall bear my present confinement with y^e utmost resignation, but with the flattering hopes that whenever public affairs are settled to the King's satisfaction, your Grace will then use your endeavors to procure leave for your humble servant to be recalled from y^e French Court, and receive from my Gracious Sovereign the tokens of his approbation for my present conduct.

"I shall not obey your Grace's orders in showing a translation of your last letter to me, to Mons^r Puyseulx to prevent further explanations, but only tell him that the business I had at home has been transacted by my friends, and your Grace may depend upon my discretion not to speak of the contents of your

¹ Lord Albemarle's special adversary in that action, and the man with whom he lived on terms of most intimacy when accredited to the French court.

several preceding ones, which were all meant to give me such advice as might hasten y^e future happiness that I flatter myself I am about to enjoy."

Although Mr. Pelham condemned the imprudence of his brother, which had brought down upon him the resentment of the Duke of Cumberland, he at once espoused his quarrel, and discontinued those attentions to his Royal Highness, which he had hitherto been in the habit of paying him, and thereby caused the withdrawal of the protection of his powerful influence from the *Adelphic* Administration. Indeed, the first Lord of the Treasury, seems not only to have shared Newcastle's likes and dislikes, but also to have adopted his suspicions. Like his brother, he distrusted the friendship of Albemarle, but when assured by him, that his surmise was unjust, he wrote to him as follows:—

RABY CASTLE, Aug. 9th, 1750.

"MY LORD,—Seeing an answer dated from this place, your Lordship will, I hope, conclude, that I had no opportunity of returning you my thanks for the honor of your letter of August 1st, N.S. till I arrived here. I set out with Lord Lincoln¹ and Lord Ashburnham² upon a ramble the very day your letter came to me, and we have been flying from place to place ever since, till Harry Vane³ made us voluntary Prisoners here. I cannot, however, suffer any longer time to pass, without expressing to you the real satisfaction I had in the contents of your kind letter. I hope I am not of a very jealous temper, and yet I will own to you, that many concurrent circumstances had led me to fear I was not so kindly thought of by your Lordship, as I once flattered myself I was. But all is vanished, and I am almost ashamed to own so much as I have done. I ask your pardon for having entertained the least suspicion of your good wishes; what made me hint so much as I did, was, that I wished to have those suspicions removed, which your last kind letter has entirely effected. Were I to have the honor to see you, I could then, *to you alone*, explain a certain very tender point, which has given me the greatest concern, *that* may have

¹ Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, Cofferer and a Lord of the Bedchamber. His mother was sister to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham; he married Mr. Pelham's daughter, was created a Knight of the Garter, in 1752, and became Duke of Newcastle in 1768. Walpole, who hated the whole Pelham connection, says "he was the mimic of Newcastle's fondnesses and follies, but with more honor and more pride: as the Duke, his uncle, was a political weathercock, he was a political weather glass—his quicksilver being always up at insolence or down at despair."

² John, second Earl of Ashburnham, was at this time talked of for Governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Third.

³ Harry Vane, eldest son of Gilbert, second Lord Barnard, one of those who came into office upon the breaking up of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. Horace Walpole calls him "*Pulteney's toad-eater*." He was created Earl of Darlington in 1753.

influenced my judgment, and carried me to a wrong object. I am almost cured even there; but it is a great struggle, as I could explain to you, if I had the honor of half an hour's conversation with you. Your own good sense and discretion will tell you it is not to my intention to say more now; we shall have a time of conference and confidence: till then, give me leave to wish you all the success in your foreign embassy you can hope for, and all the happiness and ease in your private life which you so well deserve.

"I won't trouble your Lordship with foreign Politicks, you know my way of thinking too well to want a key for information. I heartily pity the Duke of Newcastle, he does not deserve the treatment he has met with from a certain quarter.¹ I hope and trust, however, that upright dealing will carry him well through what he has begun, and experience will convince him he is not, for the future, to trust those who are scarce to be trusted, even in their own affairs.

"I am, with the truest affection and esteem, &c.,
H. PELHAM."

Many circumstances arose to widen the breach between the Court and the Pelham administration. By the sudden death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, it became necessary to provide for the contingency of a demise of the Crown during the minority of the successor. The choice of Regent lay between Frederick's widow as mother to the heir apparent, and the Duke of Cumberland, as first Prince of the blood. The Pelhams declared in favor of the Princess. Their decision greatly exasperated the Duke of Cumberland, who believed that they had excluded him because of the countenance he had shown to Bedford and Sandwich (Bedford's protégé). Newcastle soon after procured the dismissal of Sandwich from the admiralty, which, as he hoped and anticipated, was followed by the resignation of the Duke of Bedford, of the Foreign Portfolio. Pelham's Bill, in 1752, for investing the forfeited estates of Scotland in the crown, was opposed by the Duke of Bedford at the secret instigation of the Duke of Cumberland.

In September of this same year, Pelham thus unbosoms himself to his friend Albemarle:—

"MY DEAR LORD,—I am extremely concerned that any expression in my letter from Raby could leave you room to think

¹ The "certain quarter" is evidently the Duke of Cumberland. While Pelham was thus pitying the Duke of Newcastle, the world thought that he was at daggers drawn with him. Lord Chesterfield said he would not be President of the Council because he would not be between two fires, and likened the two brothers to Arbuthnot's *Lindamira* and *Indamora*, the latter was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling and kicking, and as they grew together there was no parting them. (Walpole.)

that I was so unreasonable as to retain the least doubt of your goodness to me. I can assure your Lordship I meant quite the contrary; and if I had any, which upon my honor I had not, your great condescension in writing a second time to me upon the subject, must have removed it entirely. I meant only to justify myself a little in some kind of suspicion by pointing out to you the quarter from whence it arose, I had not any letter of yours to my brother in my mind, nor was *He* the least cause of my uneasiness with your Lordship or any one else for I can assure you, of what I am certain you will be glad to know, there never was a time that he *poor man* and I, were better together than the present. I pity him, as he does me, most exceedingly. The crosses he has met with in publick affairs, and the great distress he has been under for some time on account of the Dutchesse of Newcastle, who has for above a month been afflicted with that strange distemper, which almost his whole family have had, must call for compassion from all his good-natured friends, and now at last to hear, almost of a sudden, of the loss I have had in my family,¹ your Lordship may imagine makes him almost distracted. Poor Lord Lincoln and my daughter are melancholy companions to me, they had set their hearts too much upon their eldest son, not most keenly to feel the loss of him, tho' Providence has been so good to 'em as to leave 'em two more, I hope in a fine way of doing well. You see, my Lord, what I think of you, by venturing to trouble you with the afflictions and distresses of my own family; which I should not do, if I did not think your friendship and good nature would make you take some little share in the misfortunes of your faithful servant. I have been too much used to strokes of this nature, and am therefore the better able to support those whose time of life cannot have furnished them with these kind of misfortunes. Since you desired I would explain to you what I meant, I will do it in the best manner I am able to do by letter, and I have done it as soon as my present circumstances would allow me to do. My thoughts were directed *Higher* tho' not *so near* as my Brother, the returns I have met with for a long series of attachment, and I may say, without vanity, for real and substantial services, from that quarter, joined to the coolness which I have seen from many, the natural consequence of the first alteration, might perhaps sour my temper, and make me suspicious where I ought not to be, and interpret silence, which was meant to avoid giving trouble, to a consequential coldness, which I am now satisfied I was not the least founded in. Forgive me, my

¹ Mr. Pelham's grandson, Lord Clinton, died on the 19th of August, 1752.

dear Lord, for what is pass'd, and assure yourself you shall never have reason to converse with me on this subject again. I have told you the truth, and the whole truth ; I have own'd more to you than I have ever done before, and I am certain it is safe in your hands. When you see the Duke of Richmond, assure him of my firm attachment to his real interest, and believe me with the greatest truth, affection, and regard,

“My dear Lord Albemarle, &c.

“H. PELHAM.”

“P. S. I must desire you to burn this letter.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“June 4th, 1753.

“MY DEAR LORD,—This letter will be delivered to you by Jack Shelley ; who he is, you know very well, and what he is, I will tell you in a very few words ; as honest and as good-natured a young fellow as ever you met with. Had his father been as generous as we suppose him able, your Lordship would probably have been acquainted with him some years ago. But nobody can persuade Sir John to part with his money ; and, till very lately, it was not in my power to put him in a capacity of going abroad without some considerable assistance from the knight. He proposes making a stay at Paris for a few months. If your Lordship honors him with your protection you will greatly oblige his friends and relatives. All I desire is, that he may see some good company, and be a little better fashioned than the University of Cambridge, one tour to Hanover, and a great deal of Ranelagh and Vauxhall have taught him. Your friendship will, I am sure, give him good advice ; and your example I hope will, from his natural good sense, be his best instructor. We are now, I thank God, drawing to the end of our Session of Parliament. I hope this will be our last day in the House of Commons where I have had a fortnight's fret upon a subject that I thought could have interested few people, but upon speculation. You will probably hear particulars from your young correspondents. What vexes me is, that the Secretary att War has taken this affair up with great violence, done himself, I think, no service, but fed the common enemy with vain and, I hope, fruitless expectations. Foreign affairs have slept here for some weeks. We don't know whether we are or are not to have a king of the Romans. For my part, save but the honor of our King and Ministers, and I shall be easy either way, the difference between His Most Christian Majesty and his Parliament taking up the thoughts of all our

wise politicians, may that difference long continue ! for what ever weakens you must serve us. I believe the *friends* to the Parliament are the better men ; but if I can judge at all, had their measures been pursued, this country would have felt the weight of 'em whenever France should be disposed to quarrel. That is the time I dread ; till then, and forever,

" Believe me,

" MY DEAR LORD,

" Your most faithful and affectionate Servant,
" H. PELHAM."

From the endorsement of the above letter, I find that it was the last that Mr. Pelham addressed to Lord Albemarle. He died on the 6th of March of the following year, and his brother became sole minister. In the letter which follows the Duke of Newcastle announces his elevation.

[*Private.*]

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE TO WILLIAM ANNE, LORD
ALBEMARLE.

NEWCASTLE HOUSE, *March 28th, 1754.*

" MY DEAREST LORD,—Your Goodness to me at a Time, when I want all the comfort, That my friends can give me, shall never be forgot. I have the greatest loss a Man can have, and have now no view but to endeavor to pursue his measures, Serve his Friends, and particularly to do everything that can best comfort His poor family.

" The King's Charity, Goodness and Confidence are not to be expressed, and I have no Comfort so great, as that of following my dearest Brother's Example, to the best of my Power, to do the King the best Services, and give Him the greatest Satisfaction.

" It is for that reason, that His Majesty has commanded me to go to the head of The Treasury ; as thinking (and in that the King, shall not be deceived) that nobody could so punctually observe all that has been intended, as myself. I shall endeavor to have the same friends by doing the best to deserve it. Be assured my Dear Lord, that I reckon you amongst them. I spoke on Sunday to the King to give one of the prebends of Windsor to your son Frederick,¹ and His Majesty has been so good as to consent to it.

" I shall always remember Your Goodness to me, upon this

¹ Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel, afterwards Bishop of Exeter.

occasion, and endeavor to show you how much and how sincerely

"I am,
 "Ever and most affectionately Yours,
 "HOLISS NEWCASTLE.

"[P.S.]—M. de Puysieux has gained my heart. I have endeavored by the enclosed letter (which I beg you would give him,) to show him the sense I have of it. The Duchess sends you her best compliments."

The next letter from the Duke of Newcastle illustrates the anomalous position in which France and England stood at this time towards each other. Although nominally at peace neither country disarmed—and in America they were actually at war.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE TO WILLIAM ANNE, LORD
 ALBEMARLE.

[*Private.*]

NEWCASTLE HOUSE, Oct. 10th, 1754.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I must now write very freely to you upon the subject of our North American Expedition. You know how much I was, and am for it, to put the Complaint and laboring oar upon them.

"But as I would have it done *effectually*, I would, as far as it was practicable have avoided *éclat*. A most ill judged Advertisement from the War Office has set all the foreign Ministers on fire; and made them believe that we are just going to war, which is, I hope the furthest from our Thoughts. It is to be supposed that the French will take *alarm*, and I own I should not be surprized if they should, as they did in Cambis's time, make some strong declaration, and then we shall be engaged in earnest. Another Inconvenience from that silly advertisement is, that the French will know our Strength, or rather our weakness, or the utmost that we intend to do, or at least send from Europe.

"But, however, that is over, and we must make the best of it. The fact is, that two Irish Regiments, to be fill'd up here to 500 private men, will go from hence to Virginia, These, with the Independent Companies, and such Americans as may be rais'd in those parts, we hope may be sufficient for reinstating us in our Possessions, from whence the French drove us by a regular Force.—We shall also send orders for raising two American Regiments in New England and the northern parts

of our Colonies. The French have done more than this every year, since the Peace, Troops have been sent from Europe to the Mississippi and Canada, Indians have been collected, with which Force they have actually hostilely invaded our Possessions, drove us from our Forts, and are making a Chain from Canada to the Ocean by the Mississippi, to cut all our Colonies off from their Commerce with the Indians, and are building Forts on the Back of our Possessions on ground actually belonging to the Crown of Great Britain; all this done in full peace, without saying one word to us of it; during the peacemaking of the commission of the Commissaries, established for examining into these very Limits, and what is more than all the rest, making these Encroachments, and Invasions, building Forts for their Protection, contrary to the express agreement made by the Duke of Bedford, and I think your Lordship, that during the Conference or Negotiation of the Commissaries, nothing should be done, no possession taken on either side; and yet after they have done this, if we endeavor to defend ourselves, prevent their further progress, or endeavor to restate ourselves into our possessions, *we then begin the war.*

"But whoever begins it it will be the greatest misfortune to this Country, wherever it is begun, and therefore everything should be done to prevent it consistently with the carrying on our necessary measures for securing ourselves in North America against them: nobody can do it better than yourself, and therefore I should hope that you would (as from yourself) give such a turn to all these necessary defensive measures, as may make the French Ministers ashamed to complain of them, willing to avoid taking such notice of them as may bring on such consequences as they don't seem at present to wish. The Marquise and Miresson may be made good use of. Excuse this free Letter. But we are on a precipice, and I am sure you will help us out, if you can, and I think you may.

"I am,

"My Dear Lord,

"Ever Yours."

From "grave to gay." The Duke in another letter thus thanks Lord Albemarle for engaging a French cook for the royal kitchen:—

"MY DEAR LORD,—A thousand thanks to you for the *Sieur Fontenelles*. Il est fort content de moi et de lui même, et je le suis aussi. Il est certainement bon et grand cuisinier. Il n'a pas la façon simple de Cloe,¹ que est tant à la mode ici,

¹ Cloé, the Duke of Newcastle's cook, was a great personage. His name appears in

mais celui ci est la façon du jour, et l'autre viendra ; send me some great names who are vouchers for him. He talks of Dukes, Peers, and *Cordons Bleus*. The president Hénault and the president *Montfort* have set La Grange above all the world : my Lord Albemarle with a French name or two, Monsieur et Madame la première, of whom he brags, and any others of that *vogue* would do Fontenelles and me service. The only objection I have to him is that he lived three years with that *Booby Loss*, and but one year with *Haute forte*, the Prince de Taxis, &c. He is certainly, as he calls himself, *le plus honnête homme du monde*, in short the Dutchess of Newcastle is in love with him, and once more many thanks to you for him. As to my wine, let me have it soon, that I may drink some of it, tho' not fit to drink on the birthday. Let De Cosne¹ draw for the money.

"The king was vastly pleas'd with the *Bataille des Belles*. Send me such amusements, when you can, they will help both you and me, by diverting our master. The Dutchess of Newcastle sends her best compliments. All your secret service is paid. The king should know a little *to whom*."

"Ever most affectionately yours."

WILLIAM ANNE, LORD ALBEMARLE, TO THE DUKE OF
NEWCASTLE.

"FONT^{an}, October 23, 1754.

"MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—By the nature of our constitution nothing is kept from the knowledge of the whole world ; even intentions and thoughts are guessed at and made public by those abominable writers of daily papers. In this country I experience every day the reverse. Secrecy is recommended everywhere, and nothing transpires till the King their master's will is put in execution. I wish the same could be said and established in England, but I fear I shall not live enough to see that blessing. I thank your Grace for the information you have given me of the particulars of the intended expedition to America ; but I must own that I had been acquainted with them by many private letters long before I had the honor to receive yours, and even those from Sir Thomas Robinson upon the same subject, which is proof of what I have mentioned before,—that nothing can be kept secret in England. This court had very early intelligence of H. M.'s intentions, by what I could fish out of my friend Rouillé. But hithertoo they

more than one of Walpole's letters. He figures in the printed letter of the Duke of Grafton about Fielding's "Miss Lucy in Town," and is also mentioned by Walpole in the "World." (Cunningham).

¹ Colonel Ruvigny de Cosne, Lord Albemarle's private secretary.

prefer silence to clamor, and they have so far succeeded that not a word is mentioned of it in publick, and that I verily believe very few people are acquainted with it except their ministers, some of my brethren, and some merchants. Your Grace is pleased to order me to treat with M. Rouillé on this point as from myself. I have already, at two several times, with the greatest caution, as my dispatch of the 16th inst. and that of this day will inform you. But I must own that it requires a better head than mine to distinguish with proper nicety what we are now doing from hostile preparations. However, I have done my best by throwing the blame, and with reason, upon them as being the aggressors, having already, and for several years, for they begun soon after the late peace, sent troops and warlike stores to the Mississippi, which unwarrantable conduct forced us (*malgré nous*) to act in the same manner to defend His Majesty's possessions and the undoubted rights of his subjects in his colonies now attacked by the French troops without giving any previous reason for their unjust proceedings. What turn this great affair will take will soon be known, but I must confess I look upon it in a very dubious light. We certainly may depend upon the Marchioness's¹ peaceable dispositions; but Argenson is still Minister, and at times has much influence with the King his master. Your Grace mentions M. de Mireson as a proper person to talk to, it is true, but I am certain that he has directions to avoid me; for since he came from England in June last, I have never been able to have any discourse with him. At Compiègne he put me off to his return to Paris. There he has never been at home to me; he said soon after that his health required Country Air, and he went to Meudon: I pursued him there, but then I was told that he rid out; he has never been at my house but at hours that he was sure I was not at home. He is nowhere, and I have made three attempts at the door of his lodgings; once I was told that he was asleep; next that he had taken Physick, and ye last time (yesterday) that he was gone to ye King his Master. I flew upstairs after him but could not find him in the apartments, and I was told that he was not there. He has left his name twice at my door, but he knew that I was gone to the Opera at Court. All this behavior looks very suspicious to me.

"I am, with the greatest Respect,

"&c., &c."

¹ Madame de Prampadour.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

FONTAINEBLEAU, Oct. *ye* 30th, 1754.

"MY LORD DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,—I should not so soon have given your Grace the trouble of a letter, as I took that liberty last week, and that my messenger with the despatches of last Thursday from England is not yet arrived, was it not to relate a short conversation I have had with the Duc de Mireson, whom I met last Sunday by chance at the Dauphinesse's apartments, and who has since eclipsed himself from my endeavors to see him. After some compliments, *de parte et d'autre*, he told me that he had writ a letter to y^e Grace to scold you in M. de Pompadour's name for not answering another, he writ to you about three months since by her orders, with a taste of several sorts of Liqueurs that she had sent you to choose amongst them that y^e most to y^e liking. If that is true, I must take the liberty to say that your Grace is to blame. This subject of talk being over, I asked him when he proposed returning to England to assist me in convincing his ministers of H. M.'s just and upright measures. 'Why,' said he, '*je ne sçay pas bien ; ma santé est foible. L'air d'Angleterre m'est contraire—la saison est mauvaise.*' We were then interrupted, but by what I conjecture from his manner of speaking, and from what Mons. Rouillé let drop inadvertently to me some days ago, I believe that your friend's scheme is to delay his leaving his country as long as he can, that he may enjoy his appointments till after H. M.'s return from Hanover, and then desire his recall, and in y^e meantime endeavor at some settlement at his Court, as I well know he covets the Honor of being appointed Governor to the Duke of Burgundy.

"This is y^e only subject of my Letter, and to intreat y^e Grace not to forget sending the fruit trees you have promised him, for the Duc de Biron, who every day is asking me whether I have heard any tidings ab^t them. He is a great friend of myne, and of a most valuable Character."

A few weeks later the writer of the above letter had ceased to breathe.

On the evening of the 2nd of December, 1754, as Lord Albemarle was going home from supper he was taken ill at Paris, and died in a few hours. "Lord Bury," says Walpole, "was at Windsor with the Duke when the express of his father's death arrived : he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. 'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!'

'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am, but a little *flustered* with something I have heard!' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle. 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord! madame,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William, who is just gone to Lisbon for his health.' 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!' and immediately swooned away." Lady Temple tells much the same story. In a letter to Lord Temple she says that Lady Albemarle "thought she saw her husband dressed in white; the same thing happened before the Duke of Richmond's death, and often has happened before the death of any of her family.¹ Methinks I see you laugh!"

When the new peer delivered to the king the insignia of his father's Order of the Garter his majesty said to him, "Your father had a great many good qualities, but he was a sieve:"—"It is the last receiver," maliciously adds Walpole who gives the anecdote, "into which I should have thought his majesty would have poured gold."

The accession of Lord Bury to the peerage effected no change in his habit of living. He took up his quarters with the Duke of Cumberland at Great Windsor Lodge. In 1756 he was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

Among my family papers I find the following:—

"George Van Keppel, present Earl of Albemarle, sold the estate of Voorst on 9th 12, 1756, to Otto Frederick, Count of Lynden." By this act my grandfather deprived himself and his family of all claim to the nobiliary prefix of "van" to their surname.

The following year Lord Albemarle accompanied his royal master to Germany, the Duke having been appointed to the command of the army of Hanoverians to resist the invasion of the Electorate by Louis XV. Lord George Lenox, Colonel West and Colonel Carleton were the only other British officers who attended his Royal Highness on that expedition. The issue of the campaign is but too well known. Out-numbered and out-generalled, the Duke was totally defeated at Hastenbeck, and compelled to sign the same famous convention of Closter-Seven, by which 38,000 Hanoverians laid down their arms and were dispersed into different quarters of the cantonment, Hanover being placed in military occupation of the enemy.

¹ Lady Albemarle's brother, Charles, second Duke of Richmond, died in 1751.

The Duke was immediately recalled. He arrived in England on the 11th of October. The following letter was written the next day to the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland:—

RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

"HOLLAND HOUSE, *Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1757.*

"MY DEAR LORD, . . . I am now to tell your Grace all that has passed since he (the Duke of Cumberland) arrived. I went to him as soon as he arrived last night, to give him information (of which I had collected all I could). He came into the room to Windham, Napier, Sir E. Fawkner, and myself.¹ When I kissed his hand, he said, 'You see me as well as ever I was in my life, both in body and in mind.' I said I had heard with great pleasure that he had quite recovered his health, but I feared I should not have seen him well in mind. 'You have always mistaken me, Mr. Fox. With respect to the king, I am perfectly easy; I have the king's orders in writing for what I have done, and I have done better for him than I thought the exigency would have allowed of.' He then dressed while we stood by; and then talked military to Napier, till the king came to the princesses, when he went to his majesty. . . . He saw H.M. for a few minutes, when he left us. His reception was bad (of which he entered into no particulars). He then went to the card playing, and after the king retired desired Lady Yarmouth, in the most respectful and most submissive manner, to let the king know that he had it not in his power to serve H.M. any longer, and that he had no favor left to ask, but leave to quit. Lady Yarmouth, desired him to take no resolution. . . . I told H.R.H. that your Grace expressed your dread of this step, and that it was likewise the Duke of Devonshire's and Lord Waldegrave's opinion that it would add greatly to the distress and danger of this country, already in a deplorable situation. He said a point of honor was in question, on which nobody should ask advice. His submission, his duty, his regard to the king were without bounds on any other subject; but, dear as the king was to him, his own honor was dearer to him even than the king. . . . The king sent Munckhausen² who by the way must be mad, for he has treated the convention to the whole world, and even to General Napier, as *infame, indigne, lache*, &c. The king sent this Munckhausen to the *conciliabulum*, to show the letters which were to prove that

¹ Lieut-Col. Windham, Comptroller of the Household, General Napier, Equerry, and Sir Everard Fawkner, Secretary to the Duke.

² The Hanoverian Minister.

H.R.H. had acted without orders, and these letters proved the contrary to the conviction of every minister present. 'I must,' says Pitt, "as a man of honor and a gentleman, allow everywhere that H.R.H. had full powers to do what he has done.' Your Grace knows that before this H.M. wrote a cruel letter to the Duke, and had it translated into French, and shown to every foreign minister, and disclaimed the treaty to the king of Prussia in particular, and I believe to almost every court in Europe. H.R.H. this morning showed me the king's letters, which are not full powers only, but directions to prevent the army from becoming prisoners of war at any rate, and to sign a treaty for that purpose if necessary, without waiting for any formality or further directions from hence whatever."

The original documents that would have proved the Duke of Cumberland's justification have probably been destroyed; but I find, among my grandfather's papers, the following in the handwriting of His Royal Highness's private secretary, which is evidently a transcript of one of the letters to which Mr. Fox alludes :—

COPY OF H. M.'S LETTER TO H. R. H. THE DUKE, DATED
AUGUST THE 9TH, 1757

"DEAR WILLIAM,—I just received your letter of the 2d August, by which I see the distracted situation of my affairs in Germany. I am convinced of your sense, and capacity, and zeal for my service, therefore, you will receive powers to get me and my country out of these difficulties, at the best rate you can, by a separate peace as elector, including my allies the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, the Landgrave, the Duke of Saxony, and Count Buckebourg. Nobody attributes your bad success either to you or the troops under your command, to any cowardice or want of precaution. But it seems, fate is everywhere against us. I trust my affairs entirely to your conduct. You will talk with my Ministers and choose those you think properest for this negotiation, as in the case of war I depend upon your courage and skill, so I now depend upon your affection, zeal, and capacity, to extricate yourself, me, my brave army, and my dearly beloved subjects, out of the misery of slavery they groan under.

"I am, dear William,

"Your loving father,

"GEORGE R."

"P.S.—I hear with great concern your leg is not well, and your health none of the best. Pray take care of a life that is

so dear and so necessary to me, and when you have settled everything, come to a father that esteems and loves you dearly. Take care in your negotiation about cavils, and that there may be no tricks played either to my army or the troops of my allies."

The Right Hon. Richard Rigby, Secretary for Ireland, writes to Lord Albemarle from Dublin Castle, on the 28th of October, 1757:—

"MY DEAR LORD,—I hope H.R.H. and you enjoy your healths at best in your retirement. Whether you begin to grow popular yet in England I don't know, and I have so good an opinion of your understandings as to be certain you don't care. In this country, I can tell you, if it signified, H.R.H. is idolized, and the toast is now changed from the Duke of the army to the Duke of the battle of Culloden. They don't cease to drink the army because they are not fond of it, for in this country they do love the army, but they have no opinion that it will fight till he is again the general of it. They are more singular in many other things than in this notion."

* * * * *

[1762.] In the seventh year of the "Seven Years War," England found herself confronted with a new foe. I will not stop to inquire who brought the calamity upon our land. Suffice it to say that in the month of January 1762, war was proclaimed against the Spaniards, and at the same time was set on foot a grand secret expedition, which proved to be destined for the conquest of the Havannah, the capital of Cuba, then the greatest emporium of the western hemisphere, and the *dépôt* of the precious metals of Mexico and Peru before their final embarkation for Old Spain.

The undertaking was first suggested by Admiral Knowles, after having made a careful survey of the Island, and the plan was submitted by the Duke of Cumberland to the government, who gave him, as the first military authority of the day, the nomination of the officer by whom the operations of the enterprise were to be conducted. His choice fell upon Lord Albemarle, his friend and pupil, for nineteen years his inseparable companion and the comrade who had fought by his side in all his battles.

The new Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, who received the local rank of full general, was assisted by Lieutenant-General Elliot, the second in command, and by Major-General La Fausillé, and his brother, William Keppel. To the latter,

whom this narrative left a prisoner at the battle of Laffeldt, were assigned the siege operations against the Moro Castle, the fortress which commanded the Havannah and defended the entrance of the harbor.

Admiral Sir George Pocock commanded the fleet. This officer had been four-and-forty years in the service, and had distinguished himself in various parts of the world, but India was his principal scene of action. In 1757, he led the attack on Chandernagore, and though he received seven wounds would not quit his deck till the end of the action, which lasted for three hours. He was the conqueror of the brave but unfortunate General Lally, who when brought a prisoner to England, desired to be introduced to his conqueror. "Dear Sir George," said the gallant Frenchman, "as the first man in your profession, I cannot but respect and esteem you, though you have been the greatest enemy I ever had. But for you I should have triumphed in India instead of being made a captive. When we first sailed out to give you battle, I had provided a number of musicians on board the *Zodiac*, intending to give the ladies a ball on our victory, but you left me only three fiddlers alive, and treated us all so roughly, that you quite spoiled us for dancing."

Lord Albemarle's brother, Captain Augustus Keppel, was second in command of the naval forces, with the distinguishing pendant of commodore. Upon him devolved the active operations of the fleet during the siege.

From the time that as a boy of ten he "went foreign" as a midshipman on board the *Oxford* man-of-war, up to that in which he was appointed to this post, his trips on shore had been almost limited to the brief intervals of hauling down his pendant from one ship and hoisting it in another. He sailed with Anson in his famous voyage round the world. At the burning of Payta he wore a Jockey cap, the peak of which was shot away in the action.

In 1755 he commanded the naval force of the expedition to America, in which his military colleague, General Braddock was killed.

In 1758 he captured the island of Goree.

In 1759 he took part in Hawke's famous action off Ushant.

In 1761 he was associated with General Hodgson in the reduction of Belleisle, which, on the 7th of June of that year, surrendered to the British arms, and he had only returned to England a few days when he was appointed to the new command.

Lord Albemarle lost no time in repairing to Portsmouth, whence he purposed to embark for the New World :—

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"WINDSOR GREAT LODGE, Feb. 24th, 1762.

"MY DEAR LORD,—A thousand thanks for your letter of the 22nd. I have felt the bad weather that has lasted ever since we parted, both in body and mind, for I have had a sharp attack of the gout, which, by y^e way, is going off; but the contrary winds were still more unpleasant, as I dread the loss of one single day at present, and that not the less for Knowles company, who is here, and croaking every day at dinner. Any bystander would think me the projector and *fitter-out* of the expedition, but the truth is the subject is so tender, that I cannot allow even suppositions which are perhaps not quite groundless. I must not omit saying that I gave your brother false intelligence about the *Moro Fort*, for he asked me whether ships could anchor before that Fort, and I answered in the negative, but on further enquiry of Knowles, he says the men of war may anchor as near as they please in from four to six fathoms of water. Though he assured me he had told your brother, yet I thought it safest to write it myself. I have a million of compliments and good wishes from my sister Mary,¹ and you know too well how much she loves me, not to think her sincere on the subject.

"Dear Albemarle, get away as fast as I wish, judge whether I don't love my easterly wind more than ever. Nobody can tell better what you have felt on this occasion for our feals [*sic*] have truly sympathized as I am in hopes they ever will.

"Yours for ever,

"WILLIAM."

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND TO GEORGE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"WINDSOR GREAT LODGE, Feb ye 27th, 1762.

"MY DEAR LORD,—We here had sent the transports round from the Downs long ago, but I was greatly disappointed to see by yours to Hodgson of the 23rd that they were not then arrived; the inclosed note of your drafts is a pretty strong proof in favor of your report of Tonym's regiment. I am glad you like the bodies of both the 34th and 56th, though thier are many raw men in them both.

¹ Princess Mary, seventh child of George the Second, married in 1740 Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. Princess Mary is coming over from Hesse to drink the Bath waters that is the pretence for leaving her brutal husband, and for visiting the Duke (of Cumberland) and Princess Caroline who love her extremely. She is of the softest, mildest temper in the world."—Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.

"Old Wall came down here yesterday, and as you may be leave, you made great part of our conversation tho' I had once liked to have taken Wall's civilities amiss, as no one has a right to make you and I compliments from one another as none can tell but ourselves the regard and affection we both have for one another, but you know Wall can't help saying a civil thing. All I can tell you of politicks is Russian Affairs go to admiration, and that begets present unanimity at home ; long may it last.

"Many thanks for your kind enquiries and wishes about my gout ; the fit is quite over, and (I) have had very little pain, were the swelling quite gone nobody would see I had had a fit as my strength returned sooner than it has yet done. Pray make my hearty and sincere compliments to your brothers,

"And believe ever the same, yours,

"WILLIAM."

The expedition set sail on the morning of the 5th of March, and arrived off the Havannah on the 6th of June.

LORD ALBEMARLE'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

June 6th in the evening, being got near our destined port, Sir George Pocock gave Commodore Keppel orders to take six ships to the line and some frigates under his command to protect the transports and whatever else related to the carrying on the siege. After which the admiral bore away with the rest of the fleet, consisting of seventeen ships of the line, the greater part of the frigates, and all the tenders.

1762

GEORGE, LORD ALBEMARLE TO H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"COXIMAR UPON THE ISLAND OF CUBA. HEAD QUARTERS.

SIR,—We made our landing on the island of Cuba, between the forts Boca nao and Coximar, which was completed in less than an hour, without the loss of a man, upon the 7th of June, in the morning. The Spaniards had a considerable body of militia in arms ; both horse and foot have been very troublesome to us, time driving all the cattle from us and picking up of our stragglers and marauders. Upon the 8th, I marched to attack a body of 8,000 of them, mostly cavalry, with the regiment of Edinbro dragoons, and two companies of grenadiers, and with several Spanish officers with them. They made an appearance at first as if they would stay for us, being very

strongly posted. Their cavalry, to the number of 1,500 or 1,600 came down upon the light infantry who were upon the right of the line in so formidable a way as to give me some uneasiness. Their hearts failed them at about 100 yards from the line, when they went off with their whole corps towards the Havannah. I took post at Guanamacoa, the village they quitted, I have kept it ever since, as it gives me the command of the plain, from whence you command part of the harbor, and see almost everything that passes in the town."

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE POCOCK TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"NAMUR OFF THE MORO, 9th June, 1762.

"MY LORD,—We keep them (the enemy) upon the alarm as much as possible to the westward, had our marines in the boats ready for landing by way of feint ; frigates close in shore with the boats sounding, so that they must apprehend we have a design to make a descent on this side. It would be an excellent scheme to be able to land 3,000 or 4,000 men on this side of the town to invest it, but you know that is not practicable with our force at present, but might be very serviceable if our American troops were here ; surely they were fighting with one another last night, parties coming in might occasion such mistakes. They seem to endeavor to prevent our coming into the harbor ; at five yesterday evening they sunk one of the large ships, and at eight this morning another, and a third seems preparing to go down by the boats being so busy about her. Pray let me know whatever may be serviceable to the great object in our way, and your Lordship shall be immediately supply'd. I am sorry the woods are so troublesome, it is a great impediment to the marching of men. Your North Americans will be serviceable in felling of trees."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"NAMUR, 10th June, 1762.

"I have the honor of your Lordship's by Captain Holmes, and shall make the feint this evening by sending in the *Belleisle* to destroy such another fort as Coximar, and two frigates to keep firing in the woods near the fort. All the marines shall be in boats rowing close to the shore in the night, which probably will have the desired effect to facilitate the attack of the hill opposite the Moro.

"I much approve of your Lordship's measure to land a considerable body of troops on this side, and no person can be chose more proper to command them than Colonel Howe.

"G. POCOCK."

"My next step," continues Lord Albemarle in his letter to the Duke, "was to take possession of the famous *Cavannos* or Quarry hills, which Colonel Carlton did with the Light Infantry and a battalion of Grenadiers, driving about 1000 Spaniards from a redoubt lately made, which we could not keep, as it was within the reach of the grape-shot of the Moro. At this time the *Cavannos* and all the wood between the *Moro* and *Coximar* we were masters of, and began to look for the most proper places to erect our batteries upon, and make our approaches to the Fort, perhaps the most advantageously situated of any fortress in the world, upon a high rock commanding every approach to it with the advantage of the *Town Purta* and *shipping* in the harbor to prevent the works being enfiladed.

"I forgot to observe to your Royal Highness that the Spaniards had twelve ships of the line in the harbor, have nine now, having sunk three in the mouth of it."

It will be seen from the foregoing extract and from the letter already given from Admiral Pocock that the Spaniards at the Havannah in sinking ships at the mouth of the harbor adopted an expedient to which the Russians had recourse at Sebastopol; nor was this the only point of resemblance between the two sieges. In both the British sailors, by erecting and manning batteries on shore rendered most valuable assistance to the military operations. The blue jackets so employed at the Havannah were not, it is true, styled the "Naval Brigade," but the nature of the service was strictly identical.

What makes the coincidence the more striking is that, in both cases, at the interval of nearly a century, these field operations by seamen were conducted by a Commodore Keppel.¹

While on the subject of family coincidences I may mention the following:

I have in my possession a water-color drawing representing the capture of Goree by Commodore Augustus Keppel in 1758. In juxtaposition is a print of Commodore Henry Keppel's action in the Fatshan creek in 1857.

In Augustus Keppel's autograph log-book of Anson's voyage round the world is the following entry, under date of,

Fryday, 14th October, 1743, at 4 P. M.—Commodore Anson, Captain Saumarez, and myself put off from the *Centurion* in ye Barge for Canton."

Before that time no Englishman was known to have entered that Celestial City, and for a whole century afterwards its gates were closed to the outer barbarians, when, as Henry Keppel finds, by reference to his log, he gained admittance into Can-

¹ Commodore the Honorable Augustus Keppel in 1762. Commodore the Honorable Sir Henry Keppel, K.C.B., Commander of the Naval Brigade, in 1856.

ton on the 21st of October, 1843, having smuggled himself within its walls under the guise of a doctor's assistant.

In the last century "Little Keppel" was the idol of the navy, and in these days we have a "Little Keppel" who is on tolerably good terms with "all hands."

SIR GEORGE POCOCK TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"NAMUR, *June 10th, Thursday Evening, 7 o'clock.*

"MY LORD,—Your letter came while the *Belleisle* was battering the Fort, and all our boats ready to land rowing to the shore ; but we shall keep the alarm all night, and I hope it will answer the good intent.

"I perceived some men on the top of the hill this evening."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

NAMUR CHORERA, *June 14th, 1762.*

" . . . I am glad Gully and the seamen act their part so much to your Lordship's satisfaction. Our hearts and hands joyn in the public service."

LORD ALBEMARLE'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"On 15th (June) I detached Colonel Howe with two battalions of grenadiers and two of marines draughted from the men-of-war, and six field pieces, to secure a pass at St. Lazane, to observe the enemy and to protect our men while they were taking in water at the mouth of the river Chorera."

Writing on the 2nd of July to Lord Albemarle, Admiral Pocock says :—"I am apt to think the Moro will not be given up till Don Velasco cannot retain it a moment longer than his force will admit ; therefore we may presume he will stand a storm, and the fort is absolutely necessary to be as soon as possible in our hands. I have desired the commodore to supply the army with guns, ammunition, and men as far as he finds proper to bring us so far nearer to our possession of the Havannah.

"Our seamen are not very expert in the business in the field, but if your Lordship approves of Colonel Howe's moving to cover more ground upon the expedient proposed, it shall be immediately followed."

The sailors' batteries were named the Namur and the Valiant, after the ships of the admiral and commodore. The Valiant battery, manned by Keppel's squadron, mounted eighty thirty-two pounders, and was worked so effectually that it was fired in the ratio of three to two oftener than any other work.

GEORGE, LORD ALBEMARLE, TO H. R. H. THE DUK

"The want of earth, the great thickness of the battery, and the slowness of our engineers, brought it to the 1st of July before we opened our batteries. Two or three days before the batteries were completed the Spaniards made a sortie from the Havannah of a thousand chosen troops and as many negroes and mulattoes, some of them passed our advanced posts, while others engaged them and passed to our guns that were just behind our batteries, where they found some of the working party sleeping, and amused themselves with cutting the tent-poles and strings of our magazine tents till the picquets advanced and drove them back. We killed and took about 200, with a loss of about ten killed and wounded. Since that time they have been very quiet and kept within their walls, the gentlemen of the sea being very desirous of sharing in the reduction of the Moro, a scheme of Capt. Hervey's, who commanded himself and behaved very well, prevailed upon Sir George Pocock against my private opinion (and would not aske for them), to send three ships against the fort, viz., the *Cambridge*, *Dragon*, and *Marlbro*, they anchored under the Moro with great skill and resolutions, especially the *Cambridge*, whose captain was soon killed, and whose ship was soon demolished, with above one hundred killed and wounded. - The *Dragon* lost about half that number, the *Marlbro* very few, being more out of the line of fire. The commodore, seeing the little service they were of, ordered them off, and very opportunely, or they would all have been lost. The damage they did the forts was very inconsiderable, it was too much above them, and commanded them so as to destroy them with grape; the only service they did us was to draw some of the fire from our batteries. They fired with great success, and if it had not been for the misfortune of the great batteries taking fire and consuming to the ground, I am persuaded I should have been in the fort before this. I am sorry to say that almost everybody who depended upon the success of this battery, upon the loss of it began to *despair* and *despond*. Your Royal Highness may be assured I did not, and we have been hard at work ever since to get up more guns; the enemy in the meantime, who are very active, seem determined to defend this fort, have repaired their *almost destroyed works*. I have mounted as many guns, and every one of our new batteries opened yesterday with great success. I shall open another of six guns to-morrow and another of four next day. I have no doubt myself, if my soldiers last, who grow very sickly, that I shall take both fort and town."

Lord Albemarle's account of the dispirited state of the

besiegers at this juncture is confirmed by a letter from Mr. Rigby to the Duke of Bedford:—

“Your Grace is acquainted with the news from the Havanah; I have a letter from there of the latest date from Jack Hale,¹ whom I recommended to Lord Albemarle, of which the inclosed is a copy. He is not of a desponding turn, like his brother Berney,¹ which makes me not like the contents of it, more especially if the news of yesterday should prove true. That part of the North Americans going to Cuba are taken by M. Blenac's squadron. Will. Keppel is very ill; I believe his family do not know it; the others are well. I wish Lord Albemarle and your Grace well rid of your Spanish difficulties.”

LORD ALBEMARLE TO THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

“Howe has been on the other side with the grenadiers, 2,300 light infantry who were much fatigued at first and whom I am nursing now. For some time, he has turned the aqueduct. Tho' he cannot extend very far harrasses and distresses them very much. The Moro is relieved twice a day. Their guns are served by the sailors and the fort commanded by a captain of a man-of-war, Don Lewis de Valesco, a gallant man, we see him frequently exerting himself. Neither he nor his can last long.”

Lord Albemarle writes again, July 15th, to the Duke:—

“Sir James Douglass's stay has been longer here than we expected, and since the date of my letter, by a great superiority of fire, the Moro is silenced. We are beginning our approaches and hope soon to get up our guns to batter in breach, the ditch is broad and deep. I enclose your Royal Highness a very accurate sketch of the country of Dundass; you will see, Sir, the difficulties we have labored under in the woods, sickness increases daily, and I have been obliged to abandon Guanavacoa, and bring back the troops to support the siege. The obstinate defence of this little fortress has made me expend more ammunition than my scanty provision will allow of. Nothing can prevent my taking the town as well as the fort, if men and ammunition does not fail. I have heard nothing of the N. Americans; if any accident happens to them I shall be undone. I have wrote to the Governor of Jamaica for 500 seasoned men and 1,000 barrels of powder. I wish he may have nothing to

¹ The fourth son of Sir Bernard Hall, of King's Walden, Herts, military secretary to Lord Albemarle. He afterwards became a general and colonel of the 17th Light Dragoons; he died in 1806.

¹ Bernard Hale afterwards a general and Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital; married Mr. Rigby's sister, and died in 1798.

fear then, and comply with my request. We have found a good harbor to the westward, called Mariel, and Sir George says he will stay there if I can establish myself upon the island till a reinforcement comes from England. That your Royal Highness may see what a zealous colleague I have, I take the liberty of enclosing you a letter just received from him. I have been obliged to reduce the remains of Fréron's corps (who is dead himself), having lost thirty-five of them by desertion, and the rest were very willing to follow. I have sent them to work their passage home, and recommended it to the Secretary of War to send them back to prison. I did myself the honor of writing a few lines by the packet, which probably will arrive a fortnight or three weeks before this."

"P. S.—This hot climate does not agree with my constitution. I have never been thoroughly well since I left Martinique, I hope I shall hold it out. We have fluxes, but no black vomits and yellow fevers. We have lost many men by the heat of the weather, few dye in our hospitals; Sir Clifton Wintringham¹ takes great care of them."

1762.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOWE TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"ST. ANTONIO, *July 16th.* 11 o'clock A. M.

"MY LORD,—Our gentlemen engineers were cautious, being afraid the shot might go over the fort entirely. I think we shall disturb them at the landing-place very much. The *Punta* will be a certain object that they will strike almost every shot, and if your lordship would have the frigate moved we can do it.

"The enemy's not firing upon us gives us some *uneasiness*, but we are in hopes it rather proceeds from a want of ammunition than their not thinking us worth their notice.

"If the consumption of tea at the head-quarters will allow Shannon to send me a pound, the gentlemen here will be obliged to him, mine brought from England being finished, and none to be bought that is drinkable. I believe your Lordship's aide-de-camp has it in great quantities."

An officer writing home says:—

"Our sea-folks began a new kind of fire unknown, or at all events unpractised, by artillery people. The greatest fire from one piece of cannon is reckoned by them from eighty or ninety times in twenty-four hours; but our people went on the

¹ First physician to the Hospital.

sea system, firing extremely quick, and in the best direction ever seen, and in sixteen hours fire three guns 145 times."

The effect of this rapid fire upon the enemy will be seen by the following letter.

GENERAL HOWE TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"ST. ANTONIO, *July 17th.*

"MY LORD,—This morning the *Namur* battery has so provoked the Dons that they have been firing all day, and continue at it from four thirty-two pounders from the town, and four or five twenty-four pounders from the *Punta*, but have only hit the battery twice, without doing it any damage; the situation of it, I believe, will prevent their doing us any great hurt—it is covered by a hill which throws their shot over it; but they have obliged us to move our magazine at the red house by the walled enclosure, a shot having broke five barrels of powder into pieces, and lodged in the sixth without setting it on fire. The want of shot and wads prevents our firing in return, and the want of powder has stopped the mortars which have thrown very successfully this morning into the town near the Point Bastion. The seamen are not so well managed on this side as with your Lordship."

1762. July 22.

As the English approached the Moro they began to indulge the hope that they were rapidly arriving at the completion of their labors, but a new and formidable obstacle now met their view. This was an immense ditch, cut for the most part in the solid rock eighty feet deep and forty wide. It seemed at first sight impossible to fill up such a chasm in any expeditious way. Fortunately for the besiegers a thin ridge of rock facing the sea had been left to protect the ditch from the action of the waves. Along this ridge, which would only allow one man abreast, our miners wholly uncovered made their way, and soon burrowed themselves into the wall. By the 22d of July they had penetrated eighteen feet under the face of the bastion, opposite to the British right.

It now became evident to the Governor of the Havannah that some desperate effort should be made to arrest the progress of the besiegers. Accordingly, at daybreak this same morning (July 22d), a body of two thousand five hundred Spaniards climbed the hills and made three attacks upon our posts, who, though surprised, defended themselves with resolution. Each *sortie* was unsuccessful; the posts attacked were speedily reinforced by Major-General Keppel, who ordered the brigades

on the left to the Spanish redoubts and marched himself with the Royal Americans to the right of the British batteries. The enemy fell into terror and confusion, and were driven down the hill with great slaughter. Some gained their boats, others were drowned. In death alone the Spaniards lost in this sally four hundred and eighty-five men.

B. GENERAL HOWE TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"ST. ANTONIO, *July 22d, 1762.*

"MY LORD,—Your Lordship's obliging note I have got by Captain Nugent,¹ and most heartily congratulate you on the reception you gave the enemy this morning. This second defeat² will show them that on the Moro side they cannot succeed as they did with us on this. How excessively unlucky Colonel Carleton is, but hope from Nugent's account of the wound that he may do well.³

"I was beyond our advanced sentries when the enemy began to ring the bell, as I suppose for a signal, and saw as much as any person could at a distance ; distinguished the Spaniards' fire and ours at Stuart's post, and saw them retire and ours pursue them and fire into the boats.

"I shall expect the Dons again on this side when they give up all thoughts of the Moro, and will take all the care we can not to be surprised, and to give them the warmest reception in the position they may find us."

This was the last effort for the relief of the Moro, but the enemy made no sort of proposal to capitulate.

On the 30th of July, the mines were sprung, a part of the wall fell into the ditch, and a breach was made, but scarcely broad enough to admit one man abreast. "Major-General Keppel relying on the experience and bravery of his troops, lost not a single moment in making the assault."⁴ From childhood I have been familiar with paintings and prints showing, from various points of view this entry into the Moro by storm. The troops are seen passing in single file along the ridge and scrambling up the steep and narrow opening in the wall. On

¹ Aid-de-camp to Lord Albemarle.

² At daybreak, on the 29th of June, the Spaniards made an attack on our Moro batteries and attempted to spike the guns, but were repulsed with the loss of 200 men killed and made prisoners.

³ Colonel, afterwards Lieutenant-General, Guy Carleton, Quarter-Master-General to the Havannah Expedition. In this attack on the Moro redoubts his arm was broken by a musket-ball. He served with distinction in the first and second American wars. Walpole, writing in 1776, says :—"The provincials have again attempted to storm Quebec, and been repulsed with great loss by the conduct and bravery of Carleton, who Mr. Conway all along said would prove himself a good general." For his services General Carleton received the red ribbon, and in 1786 was raised to the peerage as Lord Dorchester.

⁴ MANT'S "Late War in America."

arriving at the top of the breach the besiegers formed with extraordinary celerity and precision. The Spaniards were drawn up to receive them, but were so astonished at their resolution that they fled on every side, making but one stand against a small tranverse thrown up in one of the bastions. An indiscriminate slaughter ensued. General Keppel made every effort to prevent the effusion of blood, but not till one hundred and thirty Spaniards had fallen victims to the fury of the assailants. The loss of the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners made, on the whole, seven hundred and six men. The Marquis de Gonzales, the second in command, was killed while making an ineffectual effort to rally his people. Don Louis de Velasco the governor collected an hundred men in an intrenchment he had made round his colors, but seeing that all his companions had either fled or were slaughtered before him, disdaining to call for quarter received a mortal wound, and fell offering his sword to the conquerors.

Thus after a vigorous struggle of forty-four days the Moro fell into our possession.

"An idle spectator," writes Colonel Howe to Lord Albemarle, July 31st, "begs leave to congratulate your Lordship on the glorious action of yesterday. The British troops have not seen its fellow for many years past."

ADMIRAL POCOCK TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"NAMUR, CHORERA, 30th July, 1762.

"MY LORD,—I most heartily congratulate your Lordship upon possession of the Moro. The mine was sprung to our wishes, as it paved the way for our gallant men to enter the fort, which we perceived was soon abandoned by the enemy. We made the signal for the entire quitting of it, and every ship testified their joy by following the *Namur* with three cheers. I had wrote this when the honor of your Lordship's came to my hands; I now add my great satisfaction and joy to General Keppel, his officers and brave men. I saw them march up with a determined (as it appeared to me) calm and undaunted air."

The day after the fall of the Moro, Lord Albemarle repaired to the west side of the town to reconnoitre the ground. In the meantime, the Spaniards continued to fire with great fury against the Moro. By Lord Albemarle's orders, General Keppel erected some batteries on the Cavannos. On the 10th of August, the Commander-in-chief being prepared to break ground, sent an aide-de-camp with a letter to the governor Don Juan de Prado, and summoning him to surrender, "thereby to

prevent the fatal calamities which always attend a siege," and pointing out to His Excellency that, "however much his disposition might incline him to humanity, it might not be possible to extend its influence to the preservation of the Spanish troops in a manner so recently experienced at the reduction of the Moro." The governor's answer was civil but resolute, he would defend the town to the last extremity, and immediately re-opened fire.

At daybreak the next morning, by the signal of a rocket, the batteries, which consisted of forty-five pieces of cannon and eight mortars, poured into the enemy with such fury, that by ten o'clock, the Punto, the fort commanding the harbor opposite the Moro, was completely silenced, and the north bastion very nearly so.

MAJOR-GENERAL HON. WILLIAM KEPPEL TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

(By the "Echo,") CAMP, August 11th, 1762.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Everything goes as I could wish. The Punto is almost demolished, and I think you may take possession of it before night. The guns in that fort are also mounted on the town's side, and the batterys are now all pointed to complete a breach on yours. The north fort has likewise suffered much, and the curtain is enfiladed properly, but the damage not yet so great, on account of the height of the walls and being strongest.

"The shell and carcasses do now execution, but at first they played them abominably as likewise some of our batterys, that amused themselves too much against the floating batterys, but after much swearing on my part, and one or two on theirs, the defences were undertook with infinite success. We fire like devils, that's true, but, at the same time, you must allow, that we fire like angels, both artillery and sailors.

"If we can do as much mischief to-morrow as we have done to-day, which may enable you to storm the Havannah, I propose proceeding in the same manner, else shall (re)strict all my batterys to seventy pounds in the twenty-four hours.

"I think it absolutely impossible to proceed, should the enemy continue obstinate, for want of supply of men to supply the b^{ty} with ammunition and the troops with water and grogg. Therefore, as you allow that I am to clear the way for you, pray send me a strong detachment of provincials. The Governor by this time, I dare say, repents his rashness. I won't receive his flag of truce here, but will send him towards the fleet.

"I will send you another report by Captain Nugent to-night. That gentleman hardly took notice of me in the Moro, where I found him, having left your letter and orders at my tent, on his way, without taking further notice of me—but I despise Puppys.

"My compliments to Keppel, who I hope is better. If 32-lb grape and wadding for that calibre can be sent us, do, for with Captain Arbuthnott,¹ and an impertinent Captain Napier,² I can do nothing.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. KEPPEL."

"About three o'clock flags of truce were hung out all round the town, and on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, and one soon after arrived at the English head quarters, with the town mayor and an interpreter. Upon this, Sir George Pocock was immediately sent to and a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, till the 12th, at noon. During this time, there arose some disputes between the different commanding officers, with regard to the capitulation."³

It would seem from the following letter, that among the disputants was the commander-in-chief's brother, William, who writes from Camp, August 11th, 1762 :—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart—as the batterys upon the Cavannos made the breach, I flatter myself you will, by your orders, allow (my division) and me at their head, to take possession of the Havannah. I think they deserve it, for they have worked hard for the reduction of the place, which the returns can show, being this day reduced to 1,968, all publick posts included.

"I hope you won't allow them military honours, but (will) make them prisoners of war. The Punto being totally demolished, and a breach begun at the North Bastion, which would have been completed to your wishes before morning, having ordered the [word illegible] to be opened to the left.

"As the Governor did not inform me what he beat the chamade⁴ for, but only sent me word he had sent to you, I acquainted him that I expected to have his message to you, or I would begin to fire upon him immediately.

¹ Captain of the *Orford*, sixty-six guns.

² Captain of the *Cygnets* frigate.

³ Mant's "War in America," p. 447.

⁴ *Chamade*,—The beat of the drum which declares a surrender.—JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

"If you have any commands for me, I shall lay at the Moro, and shall continue there till I receive your orders.

"I send you this day's report.

"The Governor sent me an ensign of marines who knows nothing, impertinent enough considering we have forty-eight pieces of cannon and seventeen mortars, on this side, but not half so much as your aide-de-camp, Captain Nugent, which Dalling,¹ Grant, and every body present, can inform you of.

"Pray don't give them too good terms. Indeed, they don't deserve it from you."

"The following is of the same date as the two preceding :—

"DEAR BROTHER,—I have just received your letter with a copy of the Governor's to you. I own I was not the least surprised to see the white flag and hear the drum beat the charge made upon that part of the north bastion on which a breach was commenced, and would have been practicable to-morrow with the assistance of a few ladders, and perhaps without. The Punto, I must repeat, was quite demolished, so that I think that Don Juan de Prado for his own sake, as well as the inhabitants, was commendable, though not quite so judiciously as an officer ought to have acted after his letter of yesterday. However, I thought at that time, the Cavannos application would have more effect upon him than the St. Lazare.

"Upon the Governor's sending me a dirty ensign, I sent Fraser² to him to acquaint H.E. that I could by no means approve of such a measure, as I thought myself entitled to an officer of greater rank, and likewise as his flag was hoisted upon the breach made by the Cavannos battery, I had a right to be informed of his message, tho' the messenger was very properly sent to you. I likewise sent him word that several boats with cattle had been sent since the cessation towards [illegible] that, I not only insisted upon no more boats being sent the Havannah, but that he should order those back that went from the town. About seven o'clock the floating battery was brought opposite the redoubt, and the Spaniards were at work at the fort called La Fuersa, which occasioned a speaking trumpet message, that if they were not ordered back immediately, I would open my battery again and burn his town to ashes. Poor Fraser was in the Havannah all this time, and the governor made a thousand excuses about it, and sent orders to have them towed all back, and to leave (off) working. The poor man was in tears, but I hope, tho' of a compassionate disposi-

¹ Major John Dalling, 36th Foot, had a battery called by his name. He was afterwards a Major-General and Colonel of the 60th Foot.

² General Keppel's aide-de-camp.

tion, you won't allow him a third of the terms he'll demand—if so much.

"I must repeat my requests for the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 5th brigades to take possession of the town passing thro' the breach we have made in the Punto ; it will make the corps happy, and they deserve it, and you popular, though it will be attended with a little trouble about the boats which the admiral and commodore will now give you without grumbling, and I am sure you'll allow the troops on this side deserve it. The grenadiers having done nothing on the other, but being surprised since they have been there. Don't tell Howe, or I am undone for ever in his opinion.

"The thirty-two pounders have done extremely well and likewise the Orford and Lindsay batterys, but I must not forget in justice the Dalling and Provosts, which also did great execution. Those on the left again very little.

"I am now in the Moro, and shall continue there till you order me in the town, or elsewhere, which I shall ever obey with the greatest cheerfulness.

"I am told Captain Arbuthnott has a complaint to make against your aide-de-camp, Captain Nugent.

"Yours,

"W. KEPPEL."

August 12, 1762.

The following morning, August the 12th, the day on which George the Fourth was born, articles of capitulation were agreed upon and signed by the British and Spanish commanders. The terms were more favorable to the conquered than General Keppel would have been disposed to grant them. They were allowed in consideration of the gallant defence they had made to march out with drums beating and colors flying, and all the honors of war.

"We have dealt," says Burke, in the Annual Register of 1762, "on the operations of this memorable siege a longer time than we have allowed to such transactions ; because it was without question, the most decisive conquest which we have made since the beginning of the war ; and because in no operations were the courage, steadiness and perseverance of the British troops and the conduct of their leaders more conspicuous. The acquisition of this place united in itself all the advantages which can be acquired in war. It was military advantage of the highest class. It was equal to the greatest naval victory by its effect on the enemy's marine, and in the plunder it equalled the produce of a national subsidy."

Lord Albemarle would have liked to send the announcement of his conquest by his senior aide-de-camp, but thinking that it would be more agreeable to George the Third to receive the intelligence by one of his own servants, he consigned his despatches to Captain Hervey, one of His Majesty's grooms of the bedchamber.

The news of the victory caused great rejoicings in England. Even the bearer of the intelligence came in for his share of the honors. In the broadsheets of the day appeared the following poetical greeting to Captain Hervey:—

“Welcome, brave hero, to thy native shore,
Blessed with thy news, Britannia asks no more.
The king hereafter to young George shall tell
How Hervey fought when proud Havannah fell.”

To Hervey's mother, the charming “Mary Lepelle,” Walpole writes, “Nobody partakes more of your satisfaction for Mr. Hervey's safe return, and now he is safe, I trust you enjoy his glory, for this is a wicked age; you are one of those un-Lacedæmonian mothers that are not content unless your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my Lady Albemarle without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head. However, pray, madam, make my compliments to her, one must conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it.”

Lord Albemarle's younger brother, Frederick, who had married Horace Walpole's niece Laura, was at this time raised to the episcopal bench. Upon which Horace writes to his friend Sir Horace Mann:—

“Mr. Keppel is made Bishop of Exeter; how reverently ancient this makes me sound! my nephew the bishop! would not one think I was fourscore? Lady Albemarle, there's a happy mother! Honors military and ecclesiastic raining upon her children! She owns she has felt intoxicated. The moment the king had complimented the Duke of Cumberland on Lord Albemarle's success, the Duke stepped across the room to Lady Albemarle, and said, ‘If it was not in the drawing room I would kiss you.’ He is full as transported as she is.”

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND TO GEORGE, LORD
ALBEMARLE.

“WINDSOR GREAT LODGE, Oct^r 7th 2d, 1762.

“MY DEAR ALBEMARLE,—You have made me the happiest man existing, nay, you have almost repaid me for the severe

anxieties I have gone through for this last three months, beside the disagreeable and tedious time your absence gave without reflection of what you was to go through upon the whole, no joy equall mine, and I strut and plume myself as if it was I that had taken the Havannah. In short, you have done your king and country the most material service that any military man has ever done since we were a country, and you have shown yourself an excellent officer ; all this I knew was in you, but now the whole world see it and own it.

" Militarily speaking, I take your siege to have been the most difficult that has been since the invention of artillery. Sixty-eight days in that climate is alone prodigious ; without my partiality to you, 'tis a great action in itself, setting aside the immense service you have done your country, I am so wrap'd up still in your share of honour and glory, that I don't yet quite feall that pleasure I have to come to as an Englishman and an *old soldier*. Pray make my most sincere compliments to both the brothers ; I hope before you receive this they will be both recovered. The storm of the Moro does William's heart and head great honor.

" I must thank you for your kind and informing letters, your difficulties my heart shared with you, but I must say I grudged even myself the trouble and pains you were at in the middle of all your happiness and ill health to give me that satisfaction. I am sorry to say the minister is not quite so much obliged to you, for you have removed the peace ;¹ by this time you know the change of hands, and great as you and the army have made us appear abroad, as little are we at home by unavoidable divisions that increase daily. You may judge the part I take when I tell you *Permis*² is once a fortnight for four hours at least in the library here, you will see too much of all this at your return, and it is an improper subject for a letter. The king was very gracious to me yesterday, and seem'd to allow you and *family* the merit you and they deserve. I won't answer for the *reward*.

" We make you as rich as Cresus (*sic*) ; I hope in God it is so, if not, it is the least matter, health and own'd merit are sufficient ingredients for hapiness, so much the better if you add wealth to it. Beighton illuminated his thatch'd church,

¹ The Minister, Lord Bute. " Yet such a victory seemed to infuse as little joy into the court of St. James's as into that of Madrid. The favorite and his creatures took no part in the transports of the nation ; and when he declined availing himself of any merit in the conquest, it was plain he was grieved either to have more to restore at the peace or less reason for making that peace but on the most advantageous terms."—Walpole's *George the Third*, 1, p. 191.

² "Permis," the Duke of Newcastle, with whom the Duke of Cumberland had become reconciled. He was so called because whenever he entered the Princess Amelia's apartment, he asked the question, "*Est-il permis ?*"

and all Egham was on fire, and even **Bishopsgate** had its bonfires and illuminations. I hear **London**, the city especially, were nobly lit up.

"Keep yourself well and return to us soon, it has been a long absence for two friends like us, may it be the last.

"Ever your hearty and sincerely affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM."

Under date of the 1st November, 1762, Lord Albemarle writes to the Duke of Cumberland:—

"Your Royal Highness has given me leave to say what my wishes are, and nothing should prevent my flying to Windsor if I thought I could decently leave the *Havanna*, perhaps I may carry my notions of that too far; if I do, I hope it will be thought an error on the right side. I think a month will settle everything here to my satisfaction, when I shall return to England, and, with the continuation of your Royal Highness's protection, be the happiest man in the world, amply rewarded by His Majesty for my services in the share of booty I receive in the distribution of it, which is, by all precedents, a third between the land and sea commanders, and will from first to last amount to £100,000 for my share."

As the Havannah was restored to the Spaniards a few months after its conquest, the wags said in reference to the share of the three brothers' prize money—that the expedition was undertaken solely to put money into the Keppels' pockets.

[1763]—On his return home in the beginning of the year, Lord Albemarle went to court, and was most graciously received by the king.

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"WINDSOR GREAT LODGE, February 3^d 27th, 1763.

"MY DEAR ALBEMARLE, — A thousand thanks for letting me know your reception, as I was a little anxious that your real and great services would perhaps have been overlook'd on account of our friendship, but I am heartily glad I was mistaken, and I don't doubt but that *St. James's* will put a stop to the silly idle censures of people that thought to pay their court by it.

"As I have been cool enough not to follow and plague you in town these five days, I hope to have you at dinner to myself next Saturday; if it can't be let me know, I won't keep you so long as I did Monday last.

"Yours most sincerely,

"WILLIAM."

[1764]—At the latter end of 1765 Lord Albemarle's military services were rewarded by the blue riband.

THE MARQUESS OF ROCKINGHAM TO GEORGE, LORD
ALBEMARLE.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *November 1st, 1765.*

"MY DEAR LORD,—I am to acquaint your Lordship by His Majesty's orders, that it is his gracious intention to honor your Lordship with the Order of the Garter. I imagine this intention will not be long before it is carried into execution, but in the meantime, it was His Majesty's directions to us to notify it to your Lordship, and to take opportunities of letting it be known to the public.

"I am, &c.,

"ROCKINGHAM.

"Friday, near four o'clock, P. M."

[1766]—On the evening of the 31st October, 1766, the Duke of Cumberland dined with Lord Albemarle at his house in Brook street: after dinner they both proceeded to His Royal Highness's house, in Upper Grosvenor Street, to attend a cabinet council. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Norman-ton (the Lord Chancellor), had just entered the room, when the Duke of Cumberland was seized with a shivering fit, and exclaiming to Lord Albemarle, "It is all over," sank lifeless in his arms.

[1770]—Up to this same year, 1770, Lord Albemarle and his brothers, the Admiral and General, were unmarried, and had no intention of changing their, to them, state of single blessedness. Their younger brother, Frederick, Bishop of Exeter, was the only Benedict of the family, and he had a son (Frederick) ten years old by his wife, Horace Walpole's niece. Unfortunately for the boy, his mother had somewhat of her uncle's waywardness of temper, and gave such grave offence to her bachelor brothers-in-law, that they tossed up which of them should marry, with a view to cut out the lad, who was looked upon as heir presumptive to the title; Lord Albemarle won the toss, proposed to and was accepted by Anne, daughter of Sir John Miller of Froyle Place, Hants, whom, two years after, he left a widow, and had by her a son and successor, born the 14th of May, 1772, and at his father's death a boy four months old.

That son and successor was my father, William Charles,

fourth Earl, who married in 1792 the Hon. Elizabeth Southwell, daughter of Edward, twentieth Baron de Clifford. The bridegroom was twenty, the bride sixteen ; they became respectively, not only husband and wife, but father and mother, while they themselves were still infants in the eye of the law.

There issued from that early union a numerous progeny, of which the writer of these memoirs is the fifth child, third son, and the eldest survivor of the family.

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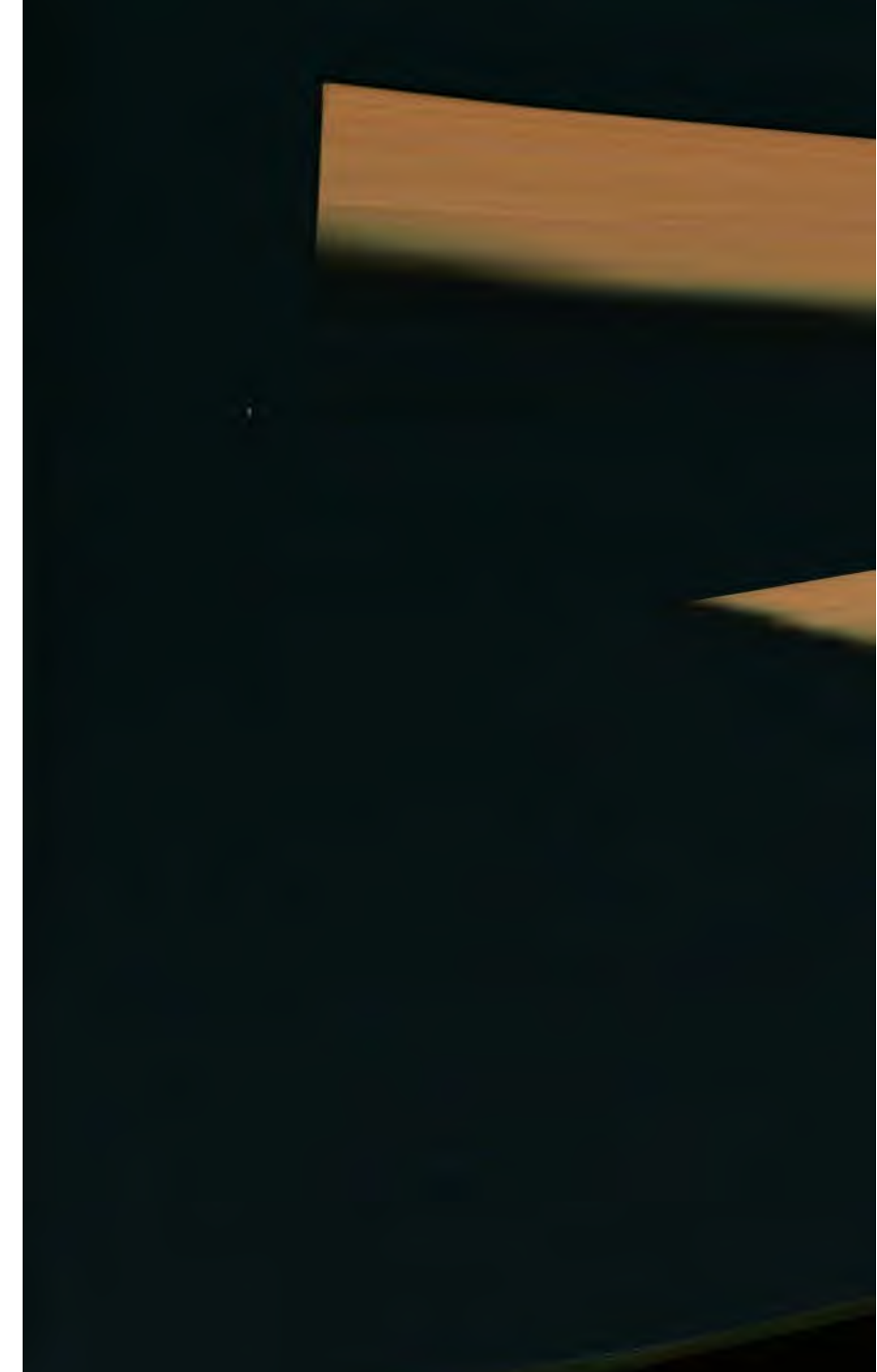
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